AUSTRALIAN

PLAYBOY

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

NOVEMBER 1980 $2.50*

EXCLUSIVE INTERVIEW
ALAN JONES
ON THE CARS, THE RACES, THE FIGHTS, THE MONEY

PROPHETS OF DOOM: RIGHT OR WRONG?

SPYING AND BUGGING – EVERYBODY'S DOING IT

FREE BO DEREK POSTER

Plus Erotic Twins on Pleasure Island

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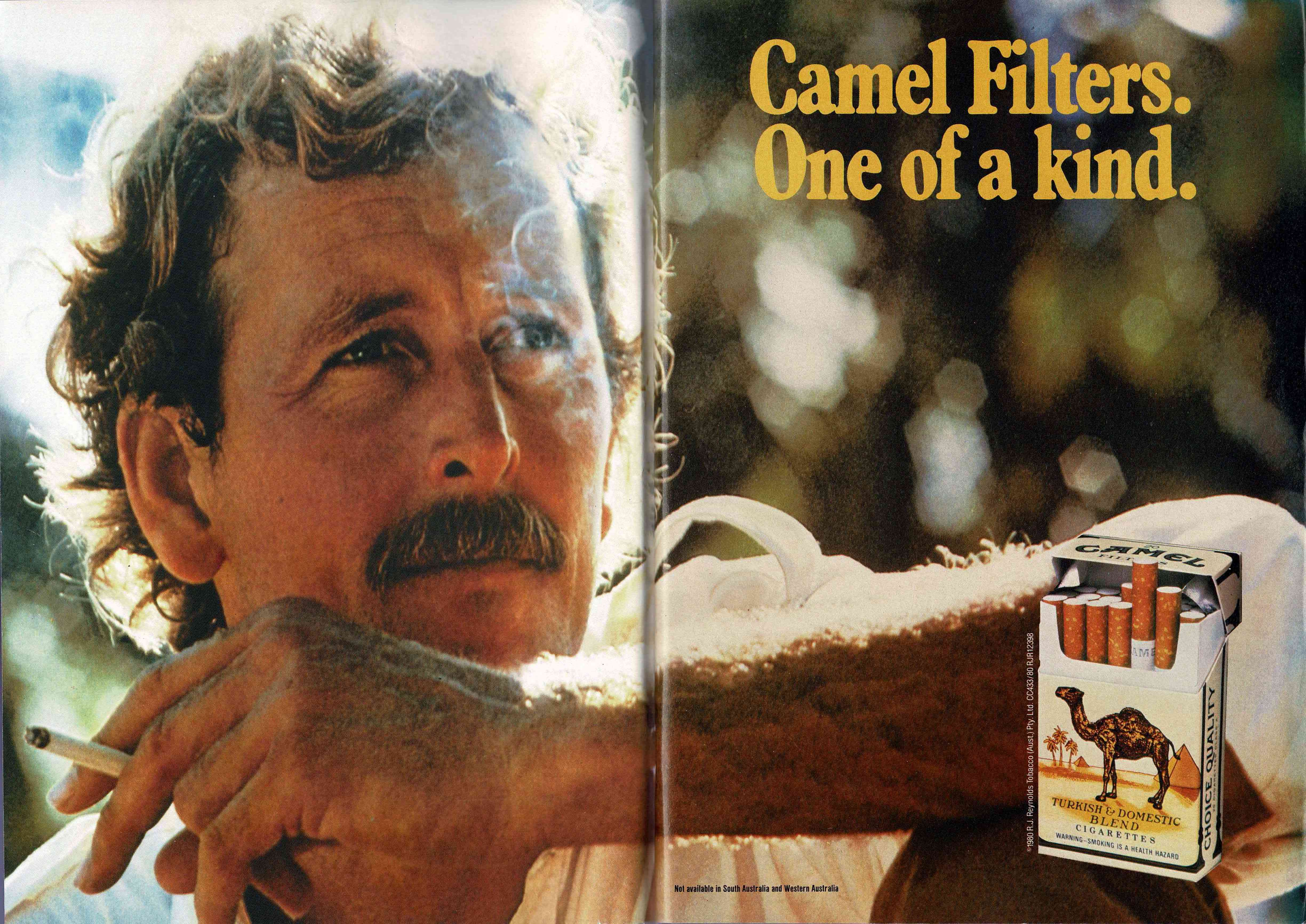
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PLAYBILL

Alan Jones, Australian racing driver, elusive target for numerous press interviewers, has finally been tracked down (in London) by Australian Playboy staffer **Russell Deiley**. Jones, whom many expect to become the second Australian after the legendary Jack Brabham to win the World Grand Prix Drivers' Championship, performs as well for PLAYBOY as he does for the millions who follow grand prix racing. Jones gives a superb interview, reviewing his career and casting an ironical eye over the on- and off-track shenanigans of international motor racing.

Astro-physicist **Dr John Gribbin** is the author of several best-selling books, including the controversial *Jupiter Effect*. We sought him out because we wanted to see if there is any scientific basis at all for the numerous disaster theories currently being retailed around the world. The Gribbin analysis of disaster predictions is illustrated with a dramatic graphic, created by **Phil Colville** and photographed by **Luis Martin**.

We've got some pictures to make you optimistic this month, too — the amazing Willoughby twins, Anne and Helen. Both Anne and Helen could easily qualify to grace the pages of Australian PLAYBOY as individual models, but together, well, they add up to something very special, very sensitive. Photographer **Robert Butcher** joined the girls on Magnetic Island for a pictorial assignment which all will agree has been a great success. And if that isn't enough, we offer you the ravishingly beautiful Karen West (from Melbourne) as our centrefold. Karen came close to winning the VFL Premier Girl title. The ultimate winner, Siv Richards, was featured in last month's edition and it is PLAYBOY'S judgement that the judges must have flipped a coin to decide the ultimate winner of that quest — both girls are sensational. **Rico Mettbach** photographed Karen.

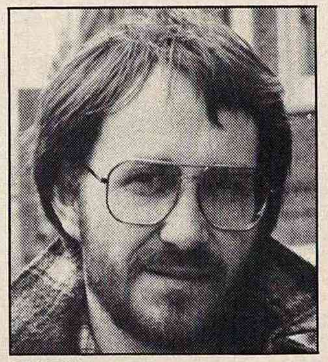
Don't ever accuse us of not trying to do the right thing. After countless requests for more pictures of the Bodacious Bo Derek, we yielded to your anguished pleas and decided to publish one, yes, one only, of her. The good news is that we put the picture on a poster, a full-size, pin-up-and-admire poster. And if your eyes need a rest you can turn the poster over and gaze on Peter Brock and his HDT Commodore. The poster is an insert and it won't cost you anything extra.

This November edition provided us with an opportunity to review those summer months when all Australia goes a little mad. So we got staffman **Neil Jameson** (sometimes we wonder if his tongue is permanently jammed in his cheek) to write an essay on summer and all the crazy, zany things that go with it. Jameson was a very busy lad this edition — he also got together with the mighty **Ian Chappell** to produce a practical and informative guide to cricket this coming season. **Mark Salwowski** provided the explosive illustration.

Bugs, phone taps, electronic surveillance and measures to protect privacy and scramble the eavesdroppers are big, private (as opposed to police) business these days. They've been finding bugs in company board rooms recently. PLAYBOY'S **Tony Maguire** has mounted a superb investigation into electronic phenomena, interviewing those people who sell devices (and simultaneously provide services to render them ineffective), and reviewing what is available on the market. No sooner had he completed his investigation into bugs than we sent him to probe into the childish lives of our political leaders. **Ward O'Neill's** accompanying cartoon sums up their schoolboy pranks.

So there it is: great reading, superb pictorials and a pin-up of Bo Derek. No wonder we're the biggest selling men's magazine in Australia: PLAYBOY'S the best value in town.

DEILEY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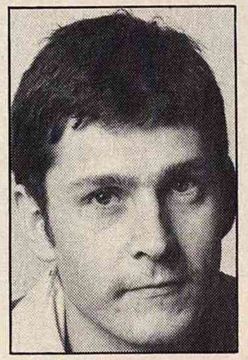
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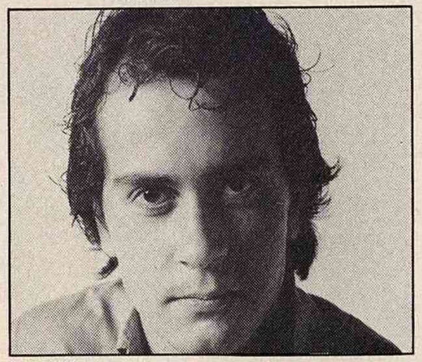
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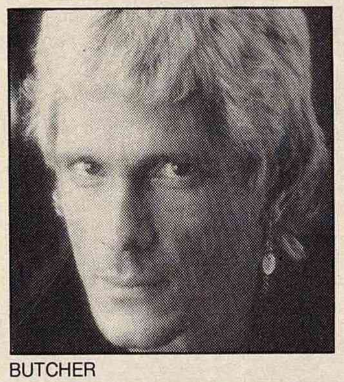
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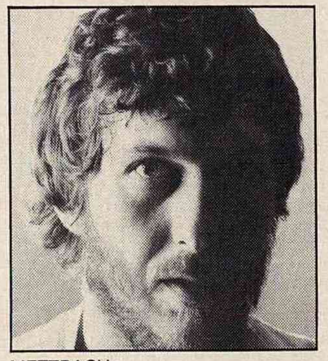
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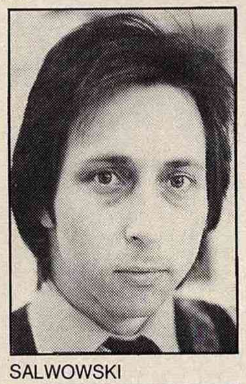
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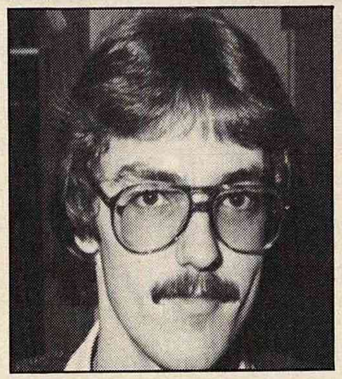
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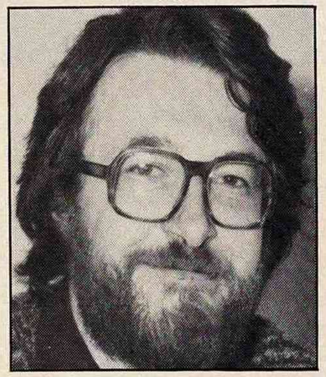
O'NEILL

AUSTRALIAN

PLAYBOY

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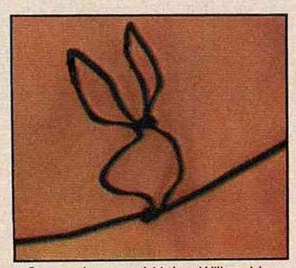

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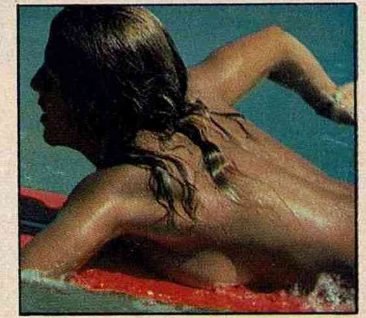

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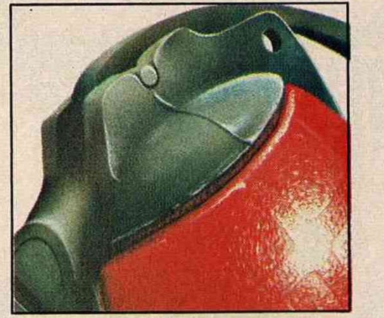

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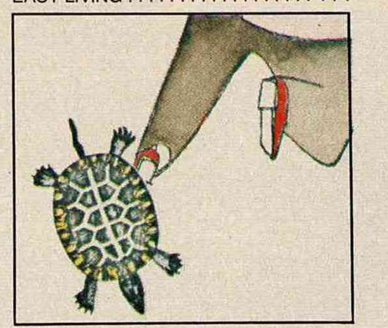

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DEAR PLAYBOY

ADDRESS YOUR LETTERS TO DEAR PLAYBOY, BOX 4088, GPO, SYDNEY 2001

HAPPY CHANGE

In your mini-interview with Miss Jane Priest in July of last year it was stated that Miss Priest, a staunch royalist, had been offered princely sums to remove her clothing and reveal what Charles had missed, but she had declined for fear of embarrassing the royal family. Now, in your March issue this year, we are treated to the sight of her quite naked.

You could not have assumed that after such a time people would not connect the lovely lady with the prince as the headline introducing her was The Girl Who Kissed Prince Charles. Below it was the now famous beach photo.

Can you explain?

K. Kitson and friends
Brunswick West, Victoria

The only thing you can rely on in this world, K. Kitson, is change, and certainly a girl has the right to change her mind. In Miss Priest's case we feel it was a happy about-turn and, judging by our mail, the readers did too. As for Prince Charles, he was obviously delighted. We received no letter of complaint about the issue we mailed to him!

HERO WORSHIP

Let's stop the hero worship of Raymond Denning. Regardless of how he was convicted of bashing the warder (On the Run, PLAYBOY, September) he was in jail for breaking the law at the time.

J. Richards
Bathurst, NSW

BO-UTIFUL

I would like to congratulate you on your pictorial of the lovely sex goddess Bo Derek featured in your September issue. This even supersedes your previous pictorial on Bo in March.

Bo's sheer beauty is quite unbelievable. She has the most perfect features of any woman, and is the ultimate "10". Her beauty is enriched by the Japanese bath-house and the very sexy young Japanese woman with her.

Brian O'Donnell
Arncliffe, NSW

JUSTICE DONE

I was most impressed with David Marr's article on Garfield Barwick (PLAYBOY, August). He is truly a great Australian. It is about time the achievements of his long-standing career were fully recognised by the Australian public.

In the new High Court building Barwick has left a great monument to the Australian nation. PLAYBOY has certainly done "justice" to this fine man.

D. Creagh
Paddington, NSW

CH'I CRAZE

Having read Geoff Pike's article, The Power of Ch'i (PLAYBOY, August) I was interested to learn more. Can you please give me details on Mr Pike's book?

C.T. Harris
Mount Lawley, WA

We have been inundated with letters inquiring about The Power of Ch'i, Mr Harris. We're happy to tell you it has been published by Bay Books and is sold at book stores for $7.95.

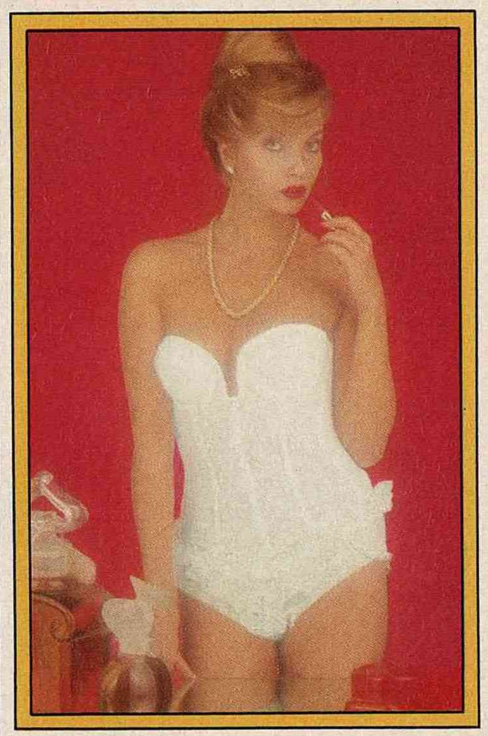
MORE THERAPY

I was an avid fan of *Number 96* and since then have been a great admirer of the voluptuous Abigail. I was interested to read that she was a medical student, as I am one too. It shows that it is possible to combine beauty and brains in one package. I believe you would go a long way to find a more lovely set of boobs.

I only wish all medical students had her sultry good looks.

David Bell-Allen
Clayfield, Qld.

Just as a favor to a fellow medical student, Mr Bell-Allen, Abigail has decided to show you why she never completed her lessons. Australia's number one sex star was not destined to bring health and happiness in the conventional medical way.



SAM'S OUR MAN

Your article on the ANZUS treaty (PLAYBOY, August) was most thought-provoking. Although the treaty gives no guarantee that America will defend Australia in an attack. I believe that it does provide Australia with a certain degree of security.

Australia, with its large area and small population, would be facing a mammoth task if it had to defend itself. For this reason, I believe that our ties with the US, through the ANZUS Pact, are vital for the welfare of the country.

By the way, I loved your exposé on Hawaiian girls in the August issue. I am a tits man, and those tits on the girl on page 61 are a knockout. If it wasn't for stunning Australian girls like Abigail and Susie Stark I might seriously think about migrating to Hawaii.

Paul Pincus
Stafford, Brisbane

GO NORTH, DAVE

I was amazed to read that some people are upset by Dave the Rave. Having lived in Newcastle for four years I find Dave's Newcastle adventures remarkably true to life.

My only query is, when is Dave heading north to sample the utopian lifestyle of Port Stephens and the wonders of Shoal Bay, e.g. the Country Club?

P.R. Kellick
Carnegie, Victoria

GET LOST, DAVE

I find Dave the Rave about as funny as being kicked in the balls by a horse. And that, I assure you, is not at all funny.

So please throw Dave the Rave in the rubbish bin where he belongs.

B.T. Sprnder
Whyalla Norrie, SA

STAY PUT, DAVE

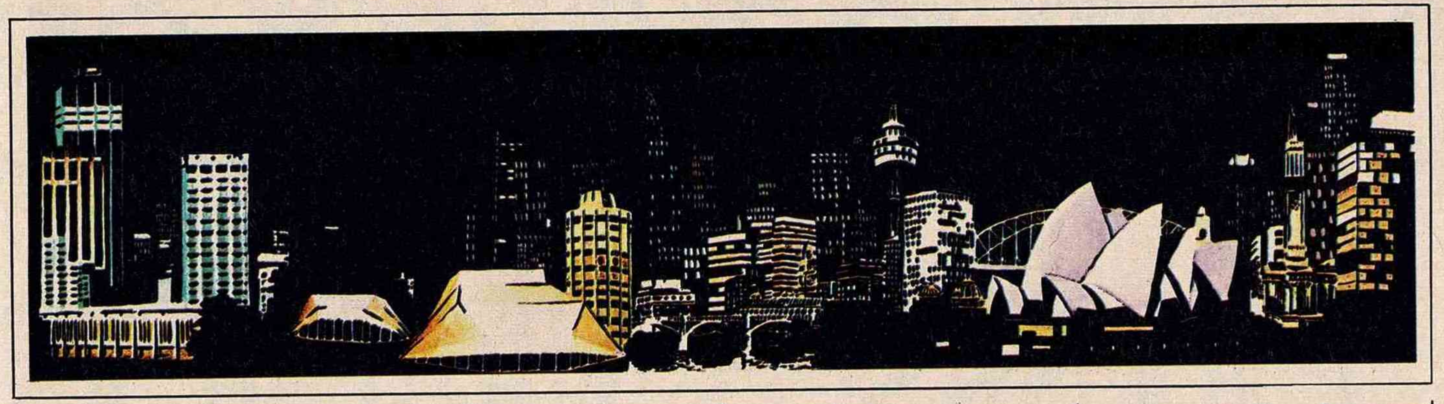
Mr Charles Thompson's letter on Dave the Rave (*Dear Playboy*, August) suggested that Dave go raging round Australia. I don't agree with this.

Having lived in Newcastle — but not in the same fashion as Dave, his friends and family — I'm sure Terrance Harrison can still find plenty of adventures for Dave there.

I don't think Dave is ready for the rest of the country, or the country ready for Dave, so please have him stay in Newcastle to give your readers the enjoyment of the many and varied happenings in a modest, quiet city.

Lloyd Wellard
Nhulunbuy, NT

PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



SUCKED IN

The medical profession is concerned over a recent upsurge in injuries associated with vacuum cleaners which, oddly enough, appear to be a very real danger to the male sex organ. Two London surgeons became so worried that they wrote to the *British Medical Journal.*

Dr Neil Citron of University College Hospital and Dr Peter Wade of St Thomas's entitled their article Penile Injuries From Vacuum Cleaners and listed a number of cases in which the male organ had been unaccountably damaged by the domestic vacuum cleaner.

The first case cited concerned a 65-year-old railway signalman who told doctors the injury to his member was sustained when he went down to pick up his bag of tools. He said it was caught up in his wife's Hoover Dustette which happened to be switched on and lying nearby. The second case involved a 60-year-old man who happened to be in the nude changing the plug on his wife's vacuum when it inexplicably switched itself on. The third victim was vacuuming a friend's staircase in a loose-fitting dressing gown when he leant over to switch the machine off and, he said, his dressing gown became undone and he was somehow "sucked into the vacuum cleaner".

The two surgeons found that in most cases the offending appliance was a Hoover Dustette whose fan blades were about seven centimetres from the inlet.

Said a Hoover spokesman. "We try to make our appliances accident-proof. But this is a contingency we had not envisaged."

HERE'S THE BUZZ

Geraldton, the West Australian coastal resort, has a record number of visitors in October, but they're a non-paying variety that the Sunshine City fathers would dearly like to be rid of. Flies — millions of them — converge there, making it possibly the worst place for an October holiday.

A CSIRO entomologist, John Mathieson, caught 5000 in 20 minutes, "just by standing still and letting them come within netting reach," he said.

NUTTY LOVE

Macadamia nuts have been successfully used to treat a woman's sexual phobia. To help "Mrs X" overcome her anxiety following a harrowing abortion, sex therapists at Nova University, Florida, decided to pair the act of sexual intercourse with something she was nutty about — macadamia nuts. It was agreed that Mrs X be allowed to dip into her jar of nuts only during the act of sex. The *Journal of Behaviour Therapy* jubilantly reported: "She noted that eating the macadamia nuts had helped her to fully relax enough to enjoy herself with Mr X!"

The breakthrough raises all sorts of possibilities in Australia, where husbands could put a nice big slice of pavlova or a lovely cup of tea beside the bed on a Saturday night.

SEX INVASION

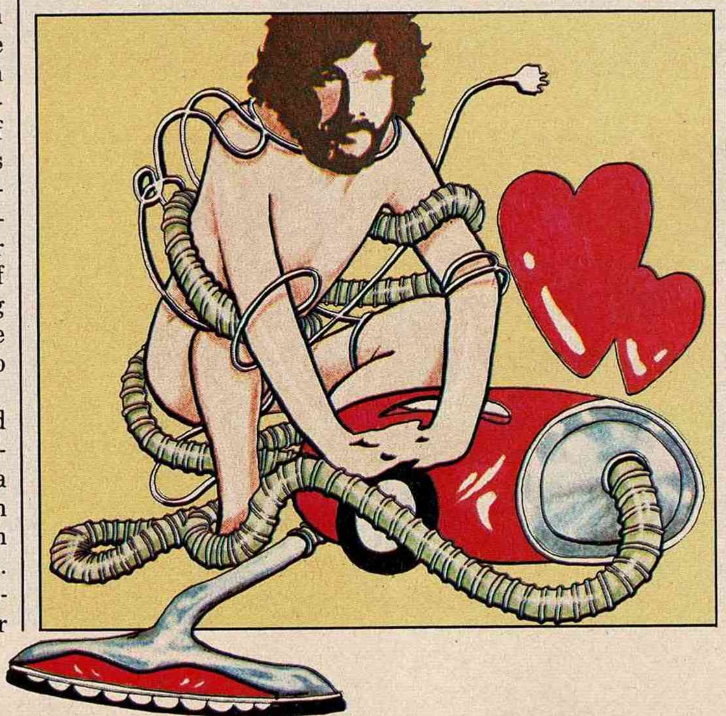
In any number of Asian capitals you can see columns of them marching behind a tour party leader waving a flag. The Japanese are again invading — but this time the "invasion" is in the pursuit of pleasure.

Sex tours are such big business that, according to a member of the Japanese Asian Women's Association, Ms Mayumi Oishi, Asian countries are complaining that Japan "is invading us again but this time sexually and the army is dressed in a business suit".

In South Korea, prostitutes are given an Association for International Tourism health licence. But they are first told they "must be prepared to make sacrifices to get foreign money, and this self-sacrifice is a matter of great pride for you and for our nation."

Other countries being "invaded" are Taiwan, the Philippines and Thailand. And Australia has come in for attention because of its "escort services". Japanese writer Mr Hisasht Inoue, in an article in *Asian Woman's Liberation* magazine headed Dirty Japanese Men, wrote: "Boasting about economic power, not being able to speak English, giving away money, Japanese men go out to buy women. Even over in Australia the situation has become awful."

If things get tougher economically, we could take a lesson from South Korea and let our escort girls join the RSL and march on Anzac Day.



TIGHT SQUEEZE

Conversation overheard in the crowded lift of a Melbourne office block:

Operator: "Where to?"

Voice at the back: "Ballroom, please."

Woman's voice: "Sorry, I didn't know that I was crowding you."

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WORLD OF PLAYBOY

top beauties from playboy editions world-wide

DORIS

"The best half of being a Playmate," says Doris Anders of Germany, "is the first half. I love to play — and feel good."

ANNY

Anny Papa, Italy's former Miss Cinema, is kept on the run at Rome's major film studio, Cinecittà, but somehow found time to pose for Playboy. Yet acting remains her great love, says Anny, "because in the cinema I use all of my talents." And we agree wholeheartedly — the girl does have talents!

CANDY

Can Candy cancan? No, but she can boogie — and evidence can be found on her nightly forays to the wilds of Chicago's fabled Rush Street area. Pantheon to the disco gods and the saints of singles, Rush is a nonstop social whirl, and the perfect environment for this candescent fashion model. But, like all Geminis, there's another side to Candy — languid, reflective, tender, and very, very sweet.

THE PLAYBOY ADVISER

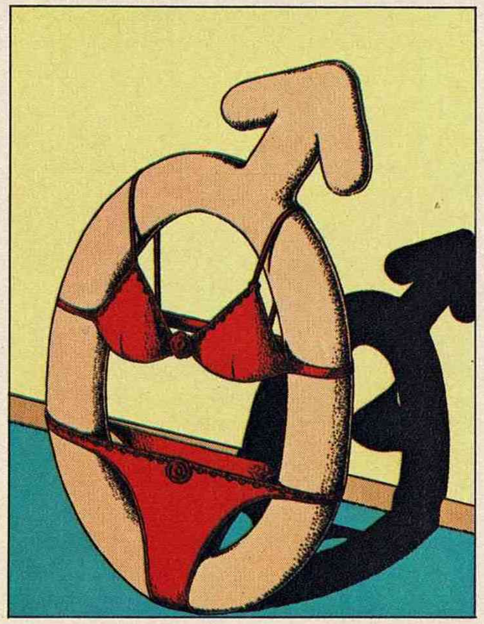
After finishing "Tenth Course" in the July, 1980, issue of PLAYBOY, I am curious about how a chastity belt works. How does it allow a woman to relieve herself, while at the same time preventing her from having sex? — M.P., NSW.

It all comes down to the size of the opening. The medieval chastity belt took various forms, but its basic principle was the clamping of a metal or heavy leather barrier over the entrance to the vagina. In shape, some were not dissimilar to the modern day jockstrap. This cover incorporated a narrow slit which was sufficient to allow basic hygiene but too narrow to allow the entry of any object large enough to be considered undesirable by the lord and master.

There seem to be a number of cars on the market advertised as having a Targa top. From what I've seen, it just appears to be a coupe with a removable section in the roof so that it resembles a convertible. Can you please tell me why cars with this body style are called Targas? — J.E., South Australia.

The term Targa comes from Targa Florio, a great long-distance sports car race that was held in Sicily for many years but which has, sadly, been discontinued. In the early 1960s, when international racing regulations set a minimum windshield height for open sports cars, Porsche found they could improve the streamlining of their vehicles by extending a small section of the bodywork up over the roll bar. The Porsche sports-racing car first appeared in that format at the 1965 Targa Florio event, and when other teams adopted the style, motor racing journalists of the time always referred to it as the Targa. Porsche used the name when they brought out an open-topped version of their roadgoing 911 model in 1969, and a number of other motor manufacturers such as Ferrari, Lancia and Fiat have all subsequently built Targa versions of their grand touring cars.

I am a 23-year-old male, and have a normal sex life except for two things. First, I have a fetish for women's underclothing and, second, I am a transvestite. Dressing up in lingerie may sound like the province of an effeminate homosexual but is not true in my case. I consider myself to be strongly heterosexual



and know that I come on as straight to the outside world. I have been unemployed for the past eight months, and during that time, my "cross-dressing" urges seem to have grown stronger. I am undecided as to whether I should take up my habit seriously (buying dresses, shoes, etc) or continue just as I am. What do you think? — L.W., NSW.

Your inclination to dress up in women's clothing does not necessarily conflict with the view you have of yourself as being strongly heterosexual. Transvestism and homosexuality are not as inextricably linked as is popularly believed. Many men much more deeply involved with cross-dressing than you apparently manage to maintain a stable heterosexual existence. Unlike the transexual who, by dressing up and other means, seeks to become as much like a woman as he can, the transvestite usually obtains pleasure simply through the act of dressing up in women's clothing, without otherwise attempting to disguise his male characteristics. Many of them indulge in cross-dressing only for very brief periods at a time, finding that it relieves sexual tension. Your reference to having been unemployed for eight months suggests that you're under considerable stress, which has caused you to become inordinately obsessed with whatever transvestite inclinations you might possess. If you're finding it difficult to adjust to these tendencies and do not wish them to develop any further, you should seek some sort of medical counselling.

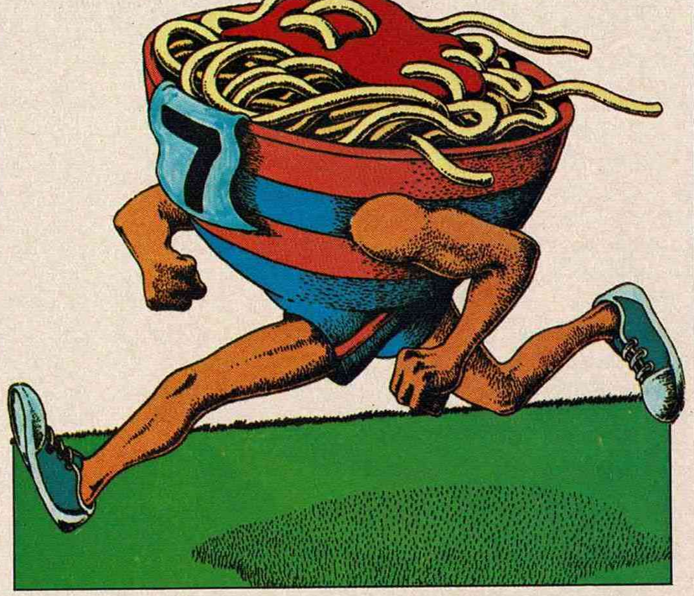
I am 19 years old and have a steady girlfriend. We'd planned to get married but now a problem has arisen which may postpone the wedding. I think, because I have been working 16 hours a day in a delicatessen and am exhausted, the relationship isn't as exciting as it was originally. Everything was beautiful to start with, but now I think I might have been stupid in giving everything I had all at once. I used to think that I was some kind of sexual Superman, and would make love three or four times a night, five nights a week. But for the past two months, working as hard as I do, I find I can't keep going. When I go to my girlfriend's place at night, I'm only able to make love one time before I fall asleep. My girlfriend hates this, and she tells me she thinks I might need someone else. I'm very upset about what is happening to us and hope you can suggest ways to get things back to normal. — W.L., Victoria.

The intense level of sexual activity that you describe as having been a part of your relationship in its early stages is fine, so long as it fits in with the rest of your life. But you shouldn't think of it as compulsory however. Sex doesn't have to be exhausting. It can also be the most relaxing, comforting way of unwinding after a hard day. If you're really as fond of each other as you say, you should both be making allowances for each other's needs. For your part, you might consider that she actually just likes having you there all night, no matter how many times you've made love. If you can show her that she's more than just a convenience, she may feel more willing to help soothe some of the stress you have taken on in your work. Being together is supposed to make life easier, not more difficult.

As an avid reader of your fine column, I would like to ask you for some advice and information. I have recently finished writing my first novel. It has taken me nine solid months of research to make it as realistic as possible. I have shown the final manuscript to a number of friends and relatives and the bulk of them enjoyed it, saying it had all the qualities of a good thriller. Could you please tell me how I should go about trying to get it published? What should I look for in a contract and what should I avoid? And are there any avenues to which I could turn for further information? Finally, what are the chances of getting it published, here or overseas? — L.R., NSW.

Your first step is to send the book off to a publisher. Have a look through the thriller shelves in a bookshop or a library, and take note of which books are published by which companies. Try to work out which companies specialise in books

most similar to yours. The publisher's address is usually given opposite the title page, but if in doubt, you could check the Writers' and Artists' Yearbook. *This is an international publication having an Australian section, and also carries details of copyright regulations and contractual procedures. If you have a number of copies of your book, you may wish to send it to several publishers simultaneously, but be sure to keep one copy of the manuscript for yourself. Enclose a self-addressed, stamped envelope, and expect to wait months for a reply, because publishers receive an enormous number of unsolicited manuscripts in the mail. Contracts are negotiable, but the writer usually receives about 10 percent of the book's profits. As to your chances of finding a publisher, that depends both upon the quality of the writing and upon how well it meets the demands of the current market. We can only wish you luck.*



What can you tell me about the Monteverdi motor car? Apart from being an exclusive Swiss-made luxury car, I know very little about it. I would like to know how much it costs, how many are produced each year, if it is available in Australia, and how many there are in this country. I hope you can help me. — P.H., Tasmania.

The Monteverdi company was founded in the late '60s by a Swiss ex-racing driver, Peter Monteverdi. The company has produced only a small number of cars, all of them hand built, and mostly to special order. The current model is the Monteverdi Sierra, a large grand touring car available in both a hard- and soft-top version; both are powered by a six-litre Chrysler V8 engine. They also build a four-seat touring car, powered by a smaller Chrysler engine of 5.2 litres capacity. Their high fuel consumption in a time of diminishing petrol supplies has prevented them from ever establishing a secure place in the market. There is no Australian Monteverdi dealer, and as far as we know, none of the cars has yet been imported into this country. If you were to bring one in it would probably cost more than a Rolls by the time you got it on the road.

During the past year, I've become a keen long-distance runner, competing in events like the City to Surf in Sydney and the Fun Run in Melbourne. I'm now at the stage where I usually finish in the first 25 percent of the field, and am starting to get serious about it. Sometime soon I hope to be able to tackle the full marathon distance. My question concerns a technique I've heard about for improving one's performance, which involves a special heavy diet a few days before the race. Can you tell me how this works, and whether it's worth it for someone like me who is a reasonable runner but nowhere close to Olympic standard? — J.S., Victoria.

The technique you refer to is commonly known as carbohydrate loading and has become popular not only in long-distance running, but in the other events where a prolonged output of energy is necessary. The crucial factor is the rate at which different types of foods can be converted by the body into glycogen, the material which produces energy. Carbohydrates (appearing in foods such as spaghetti and cake) are particularly good for packing the muscles with high levels of glycogen but, if taken to excess, can lead to weight problems. Carbohydrate loading is therefore carried out for a very short period, usually only beginning about a week before the race. The runner goes for a very long, exhausting run; then, for the following three days, goes on a diet very low in carbohydrates but high in protein. During the three to four days before the race, he consumes abnormally large amounts of carbohydrates. Research actually has shown that all this increases the muscles' capacity to store energy-producing glycogen by as much as 300 percent. As a relative newcomer to competitive running, you should use the technique in moderation, however. Tackle your first marathon with the basic intention of simply finishing — after that, you can experiment with ways of finishing higher up the field.

My problem started when I was having lunch with a really good female friend of mine. While we were talking, another girl joined us. My friend introduced me to her and, checking her out, I nearly fell over backwards in amazement. She was beautiful. I think I've fallen in love. I'd like to take her out, but I'm very shy with people I don't know well. I'm not sure where to start. Could you please give me some advice? — R.K., WA.

When you say you're in love with this lady, do you really know what you mean? By all means, lust after her and do everything you can to attempt to find out whether there's any chance of something happening between the two of you. But don't mistake your infatuation with her physical beauty for anything more than just that. As to finding a way of making that initial approach and asking her out, a lot will depend on the situation in which you next meet her. Don't, however, be so overawed by her physical beauty to imagine she'd be granting you some enormous favor by agreeing to go out with you. That's the surest way to fluff the whole thing. Convince her that she has as much to gain from going out with you as you with her. If she accepts, great. If she does not, you've lost nothing, and will just have to ask somebody else.

Now and again, in ads for women's sexy underwear of the frilly lace and satin variety, I've seen pictures of crotchless underpants. It's pretty easy to see why the gap is where it is (you'd have to be an idiot not to figure that out), but I wonder if women who buy them would wear them anywhere else but in their bedroom. Are they as uncomfortable as they look? — C.J., Victoria.

We asked a couple of women we know to road test the garments you mention, and when it came to everyday practicality their response was definitely hands down. Woman A had walked only 50 metres in the panties before she found them too uncomfortable to continue; Woman B got to 75 metres before she too was forced to make a pitstop. You could say that the test was a failure, but at least it was over with quickly, leaving us with the rest of the day to consider the results.

As a 30-year-old female and avid reader of PLAYBOY, I feel it is my turn to seek your advice. My boyfriend of 12 months and I have a very active sex life, but he isn't adventurous, preferring to limit his sexual activities to

THE ULTIMATE. BUT DON'T JUST TAKE OUR WORD FOR IT: TRUST YOUR EARS.

More than half a century of technical innovation has put JVC in the forefront of modern electronics manufacture. Super-A Power Amplifiers, Metal Cassette Decks, Quartz Turntables, S.E.A. Graphic Equalisers, Super ANRS — these are just a few of the JVC achievements which have contributed so much towards bringing JVC high fidelity closer to the musical truth. We believe you'll hear what we mean.

THE RECEIVER. JVC Super-A FM/AM Stereo Receiver, model R-S77, lets you pre-set six FM stations and six AM stations for true push-button control. Power is 65 watts per channel, more than you'll ever need for normal listening pleasure, plus S.E.A. with five 'tone zone' controls to allow thousands of tonal combinations. This helps overcome any shortcomings in the acoustics of your room, and even compensates for deficiencies in poor or old recordings.

THE DECK. JVC Stereo Cassette Deck, model KD-A8, with extraordinary sound fidelity befitting our top-of-the-line deck. It's metal tape compatible, and features JVC's exclusive B.E.S.T. computerised tuning system which automatically analyses any type of tape and sets the machine for optimum reproduction. Also includes S & L (Search & Lock) automatic level setting!

THE TURNTABLE. JVC Electro-Servo Controlled fully automatic Quartz Turntable, model QL-Y5F — the first with our electro-dynamic servo tonearm, which provides the most effective way to end annoying tonearm resonance (it works so well, even warped records sound better!). There's also double-servo Quartz control, electronic Q-damping/tracking force and anti-skate controls, and computerised fully automatic operating convenience.

THE SPEAKERS. JVC 3-way Speaker System, model SK-1000 II, with massive 200 watts peak input — computer designed to allow the sound signals to fall into natural order and reach your ears simultaneously, without delays between the highs and lows. But all the technology in the world can't fool two of the most sophisticated testing devices known: your ears. Trust them.

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the right choice

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1860

the very ordinary. I have talked to him about this on many occasions, only to be put right off. All my efforts to persuade him to try different things have been to no avail. I was married for 10 years, and have had numerous affairs, so I am becoming very frustrated with the whole boring scene. I feel that if his attitude continues, it will bring about the demise of our relationship. Maybe I'm selfish, but I feel there's more to lovemaking than just the same old missionary position, performed in five minutes, late at night in bed. What can I do to change him without pushing the issue too far? — P.P., South Australia.

Before you can hope to see your boyfriend's tastes begin to coincide with yours, you will have to find out exactly what it is that's inhibiting him. If it's something as basic as laziness or fear of innovation, there may be little you can do to bring him round to your way of looking at things. After all, some people detest the taste of champagne, caviar or Vegemite so vehemently that no amount of discussion can persuade them to try them again, and the same differences inevitably apply to sexual preferences as well. In that case, you may be faced with the choice of either finding other ways of spicing up your sex life or seeking someone else more attuned to your needs. You'd better spell out your discontent clearly and try to work things out, or else your frustration will hasten the end of the relationship.

Any time I get into a lift and find the only other passenger is a nubile young woman, I get all kinds of fantasies going and find it hard to control myself. A couple of times, when the woman's been really beautiful and it's been a long, slow lift ride, I've come so close to ripping her clothes off and falling on top of her it's scared me. Once, though, something did actually start happening, but we never got beyond the feeling stage because the lift stopped and two cleaning ladies got in. That disappointment only served to make the fantasy be even stronger the next time. I keep telling myself that, sooner or later, it's bound to happen. Am I unusual, or do other men feel the same way in lifts? — B.G., Tasmania.

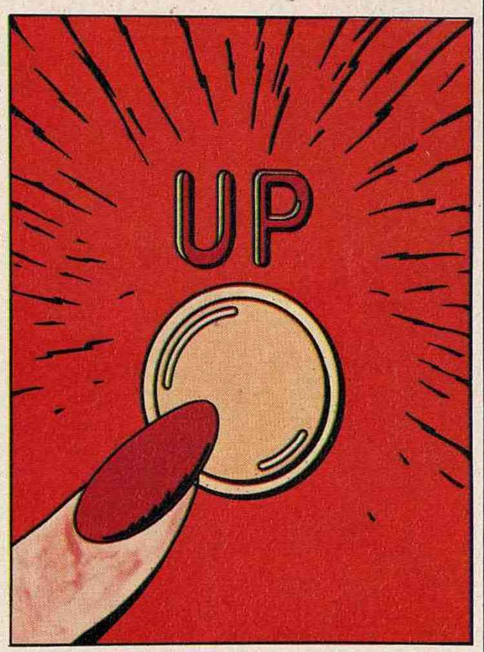
All the time, and as ever taller buildings are put up in Australia, the problem is bound to rise. The confined space, plus the knowledge of the limited time in which to perform is enough to get just about anyone's adrenalin pumping. Legend has it, too, that high-speed lifts have been known to dislodge knickers without the aid of human hands, though this has yet to be verified scientifically. Up, up and away.

I'm 19 and, when younger, I masturbated very often. The result is a crooked penis. Can you help me to straighten out my problem? — A.C., South Australia.

Masturbation has been blamed for many conditions, including the one you describe, but has rarely been proven guilty of anything. As such a stigma seems to be attached to the activity, it needs saying yet again that self-stimulation is at various times useful, necessary, and just plain fun. As for your supposed "injury", there is no standard size or shape to which every penis is expected to match up. A curve in an erect penis is not especially unusual, and is certainly no obstacle to sexual pleasure.

My wife and I have a few more weeks of holidays to burn up before the end of the year. I'd like to go back to Bali, sit on the beach and contemplate the bottom of a pineapple rum cooler. She feels that she has enough souvenirs from our last visit and would like to try someplace new. Now, for the first time, we are considering separate vacations. Is this a danger signal? — T.P., WA.

Nope. One man's sun tan is another woman's slow burn. Psychologists have started studying our vacation habits and have discovered that there seem to be sexual differences. For example, men like to go to familiar places and not spend a lot of money. Perhaps as a result, they seem to enjoy their vacations less than women. The ladies are



more inclined to view vacations as prime-time adventures and splurge accordingly. They think men don't know how to enjoy themselves. Vive la différence! Our advice is to try to figure out what you'd really like to do on your time off. If the ideas overlap, try to find a place that will satisfy both of you. If not, well, researchers may have identified a new trend toward separate vacations (only half of the people interviewed get away together). Don't force your wife along on a mountain-climbing expedition to the Himalayas or a fortnight of scuba lessons at Hayman Island. If work permits, break your vacation time into a few long weekends — some of which you can spend apart. Send us a postcard.

A few months ago, I broke up with a man I'd been dating for almost four years. We had had a very fulfilling sex life — at least until the months preceding the break-up. At that time, I was convinced that the sparkle had gone out of the relationship. The true reason for that change was the shock of my life: one night, I walked into our apartment and found him with another man. That incident has made me feel sexually inadequate. Obviously, I can compete with another woman, but not with another man. Men still find me sexy, yet that experience has put a damper on what sexual activity I have had recently. I was totally shocked to find him preferring the same sex. If we had anything, we had sex. Our relationship was almost over-sexed, if that's possible. Since he's come out of the closet, I feel that I was his cover for all those years and, on top of that, rather stupid, for I was the last to know. How do I get over these feelings of inadequacy? — B.L., Victoria.

When it comes to sex, the only dumb questions are the ones you don't ask. If you had talked things out with your former roommate, you might have emerged from all this with a clearer idea of his confusion — as well as yours. Sex is not a contest. You do not win or keep a lover by being better in bed than the next girl or guy. You are not responsible for your partner's pleasure, or sexual preference. If you are competent, consenting and in reasonable control of your own responses, then you're good as they come. In the future, don't make sex the single criterion ("If we had anything, we had sex") for judging yourself or the relationship. Are you great at giving dinner parties? Are you a world-class backgammon player? Do you have a fashion sense? The more things you do together, the better you'll feel.

The Playboy Adviser *will answer all reasonable questions about your lifestyle, pub arguments, hangups or fantasies. Send them to* Playboy Adviser, *Box 4088, GPO, Sydney 2001.*

There's a certain art to choosing the right colour for any occasion. Take red for instance. A colour which must be treated with some reverence. A little too much and it will clash. A little too little, and you achieve nothing.

Red must be chosen with the utmost discretion. Then and only then will it achieve the right kind of result.

It's like choosing a fine red wine. Take McWilliam's Cabernet Sauvignon for instance. It's a classic claret style with a pronounced varietal aroma and flavour, excellent balance, firm tannin finish and good colour.

McWilliam's Cabernet Sauvignon is the right red for almost any occasion. Chosen with the utmost discretion it will achieve the right kind of result...no matter what you're trying to achieve.

McWILLIAM'S

AB 478/80

THE PLAYBOY FORUM

a continuing dialogue on contemporary issues between playboy and its readers

LAWS OF ISLAM

You are unjust to Islam in publishing an article such as Khomeini's Kommandments (PLAYBOY, May). It was composed of out-of-context excerpts that no one who is not of our faith could begin to understand.

Chastity is of such importance to us that, at the age of three, every girl must get circumcised. This involves the removal of the entire clitoris and adjacent nerves, which makes sexual orgasm an impossibility, thus removing from her the temptation to premarital sex. The possibility of rape is excluded by infibulation, which means that the inner skin of the outer labia is scraped away and the labia are stitched together to close the genital area. By the time the child can walk without pain, this forms a scar so thick that penetration must be achieved by knife.

Since marriage is compulsory, the fact that, for our women, intercourse is rendered permanently unpleasant by this operation can cause problems. However, Islam in its mercy eases their suffering in the following three ways:

(1) A man may have four wives. All must be treated alike, so each wife is spared three nights out of four.

(2) A woman is not to be touched during menstruation, so the discomforts of menstruation are not added to the pains of intercourse.

(3) As an alternative to four permanent wives, a man may have one permanent wife and as many *temporary* wives as he pleases.

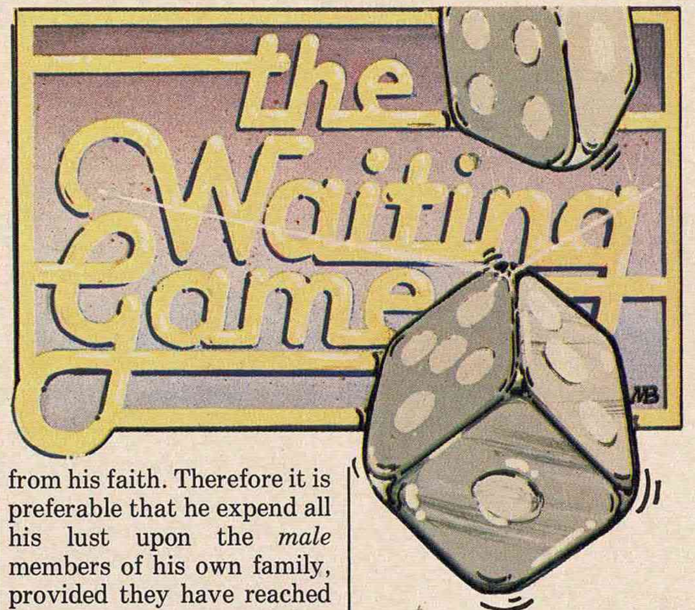
Temporary wives must *not* be Islamic and therefore do not feel pain during intercourse. He is under no obligation to support them or the offspring of their union, if any. This is the disadvantage attached to having more than one permanent wife. However, *their* enjoyment of sexuality increases his, and may seduce him from his faith. Therefore it is preferable that he expend all his lust upon the *male* members of his own family, provided they have reached the age of puberty or, if they have not, upon the male servants or friends.

In the Western countries, where sodomy is often illegal and a punishable offence, a man is wiser to confine himself to the sexual use of animals whenever he wishes to spare his wife.

I resent your attempts to demean the ayatollah who, by putting in print and thus giving authority to traditional ways of assisting women, has attempted to ease the sufferings of those whose husbands may have been deterred from such traditions by some doubts as to their legality.

If you publish this letter, please do not use the address or my full name, as my husband would be in trouble for reading your magazine and letting me see it.

S.Y.
Melbourne



WAITING GAME

The fact that a man is married seems to make him more desirable to many women. And for most men sex is a game they like to play, both inside and outside the home. Women, however, are inclined to take the whole thing more seriously, and suffer in consequence.

But the fact is, however much a man may complain about his wife, a mistress cannot replace a marriage relationship, particularly a union that has survived for some time. There is more to a husband-and-wife relationship than purely sex, but a mistress is merely a sexual object to a man — no matter how she may choose to interpret it. A man's desire for sexual diversion seems to be natural. After continuous sex with his wife he seeks a change — and a mistress can even help put that spark back into a waning marriage sex ritual.

It is my conviction that, even though a man may desire his mistress, he remains in love with his wife, no matter how much he may fight against it.

The real pain is often experienced by the mistress who experiences satisfaction from such a high-powered relationship for a time and then falls into the trap of playing the "waiting game". Sometimes she waits so long that she misses the opportunity to find her own man.

Mary Brown
Vaucluse, NSW

RIGHT ON, RAY

Congratulations on the Ray Denning story (PLAYBOY, September). It made really excellent reading, although it brought back some unpleasant memories for me — I did time in Grafton myself some years ago, for armed robbery. Everything Denning wrote about the brutality and rat-house conditions is 100 percent true. I had the spirit completely knocked out of me there. Thank God I managed to get back on my feet after I was released. I've now got a good job with the Government and lead a very straight life, but I often wake up at night shaking and sweating, thinking I'm still serving my time in Grafton with the screws beating me senseless.

Keep up the good work, Ray Denning, and keep up the good work, Australian PLAYBOY. All your birds are lovely and the stories first-class, and I'm not ashamed to take your magazine home for my missus to see, unlike some of the other publications on the market.

Name withheld by request
Sydney, NSW

TALKING WHORE

Having never in my life sampled the delights of the massage parlors I decided to satisfy my curiosity as to the services they offered. Flicking through the newspaper I finally settled on one which promised to unveil the mysteries of oriental massage. This, I told myself, is the exotic touch I'm looking for to relieve the boredom of suburban Melbourne life.

I walked up a winding flight of stairs to a small but lavishly carpeted reception room; the girl at the reception indicated three girls sitting round a noisy color TV. At first I was disappointed to find that none of them was oriental, but in spite of this it was a tantalising selection. I found that I was drawn to a tall young girl, her long mane of amber hair partly concealing her face. I was surprised that she looked genuinely pleased to be singled out.

She led me to a room with a full-length mirror along

THREE CENTURIES AGO ONLY ONE OF THESE NAMES IN SCOTCH EXISTED:

Ainslie's	Cream of the Barley	Highland Queen	Long John	Red Hackle
Ballantine's	Cutty Sark	Holts Buff	McCallums	Robbie Burns
Bell's	Dewar's	House of Commons	McNab	Royal Gold
Benmore	Dukes Own	J. & B.	Mackinlays	Royal Scotch
Black & White	Glen Grant	John Begg	Macleay Duff	Scottish Cream
Black Douglas	Gold Thimble	Johnnie Walker	Menzies	Tayside
Bonnie Prince Charlie	Grand Macnish	King George IV	Old Parr	Teachers
Carlton Club	Grouse	Kings Choice	Old Smuggler	Vat 69
Chivas Regal	Haig	Kings Ransom	Queen Anne	White Heather
Christophers	Hedges & Butler	Langs	Real Mackenzie	White Horse

For all your wide choice in scotch whisky today, there is one name that stands out.

The oldest name in scotch. Since 1627. Haig.

Haig, with the reputation of 350 years and more behind it, is a scotch whisky that can hardly afford to compromise.

The reward, for Haig, lies in perhaps the next 350 years. Your reward is the continuing availability of a whisky prepared today very much as it was three centuries ago, blended out of the longest experience to provide the discerning scotch drinker with the finest satisfaction there is.

The making of scotch whisky appears deceptively simple. It has been said that all one needs is barley from the 'brae', water from the 'burn', smoke from a fire of peat, and a good address in Scotland. In Scotland, because in spite of many efforts around the world scotch whisky can be made only in Scotland.

Yet, as your palate will soon tell you, there is certainly a difference even between whiskies made in Scotland.

Any of the whiskies above may be made up from as many as forty single whiskies of two basic kinds: malt and grain.

It is the skill of the blender, and the experience of time, that produce the satisfying taste, the sturdy character and the unwavering consistency of your favourite brand.

Price has much to do with it.

Of malt and grain it is malt that contributes most to the truly satisfying smooth taste of any good scotch you'd care to choose.

Malt and grain. And of these, malt is the more expensive.

Therein lies just one means of producing a cheaper scotch whisky. A means that Haig can never consider, even for the fleeting reward perhaps of increased sales, because time and reputation mean so much to the oldest name in scotch.

Your assurance, always, is that the next bottle of Haig you buy will be unchanged in quality from the last.

Consider, when next you face the choice, just what it is that you are buying. The greater enjoyment of a scotch whisky that refuses to compromise: or the very small saving on a cheaper brand that will certainly reflect, in areas of taste, that difference in price.

Haig, there before any other, is still today one of the few most popular scotch whiskies in this country and indeed, the world.

Today: Haigoodlookin'.

Don't be vague. Ask for Haig.

HOLT HA85 AB507/80

one side, a double bed and massage bench. It became apparent more was being offered than a rub-down on the bench. In fact, I found a massage ($20) was the least exciting of my options, particularly after taking a cool appraisal of the girl, who informed me her name was Gail. I did a quick calculation as to the amount of money to be outlayed for the maximum enjoyment and concluded a straight screw at $30 was my best bet.

Gail might have received her instruction from any number of suburban housewives who only know the one position and when they get there play dead. But she was lovely, lying there, and I caught the moment to leap aboard.

In an attempt to stem my rising excitement I started talking, and was surprised to find Gail an avid conversationalist. I told her of my clerical job, she told me about her boyfriend (he still thought she worked at her old job as a typist), her income ("I earn in a night here what it would take me a week typing") and relationships. She seemed anxious to secure my opinion on short-term encounters as opposed to long-term commitments, and I informed her that, in the absence of one, you should try the other. Surprisingly, she was for the long-term.

I felt myself having difficulty maintaining the conversation, as the reason for my visit was quickly approaching fruition. The last I saw of her was back in the room again after returning from the shower. She seemed surprised to find me still putting on my clothes and with a shy smile quickly disappeared.

L.C.
Collingwood, Vic

TIGER IN MY TANK!

I am fast discovering the bedroom is a place of subtle intimidation. My wife and I have been married for several years now and just moved into a new house in the suburbs. As seems to be true about all relationships, sometimes one partner has the upper hand, and sometimes the other.

In the bedroom I noticed that I was swiftly losing ground, with my wife taking the advantage. Not that it was anything heavy, just a gradual and subtle domination in the sexual arena.

Then not long ago a salesman came to the door, selling paintings. We were interested because, being in a new house, the walls were in need of decoration. We

found ourselves in the bedroom, deciding the type of painting to be put above the bed. My wife was all for an attractive pastoral scene, and I was about to give in to her choice when I spotted a graceful and powerful painting of a tiger about to pounce on its prey. Something dormant in me stirred and I held it above the bed. The effect was electrifying and, although my wife said the painting didn't suit her taste, I insisted on buying it.

Since then our bedroom games have changed. Truly, that painting has inspired me to restore the natural order of things!

I hope other readers who might be a little bogged down in their relationships will take inspiration from this letter.

Bob G.
Perth, WA

NEWSFRONT

what's happening in the sexual and social arenas

GAS GUZZLERS

BRASILIA — Brazil's plan to place two million alcohol-powered cars on the road by 1985 has been put back three years because of various teething problems — including people who would rather drink the gas than give it to their cars. The alcohol is perfect for making the country's most popular beverage, a rum-like concoction called cashaca. The Government hopes to solve the problem by mixing in three percent of petrol to make it poisonous.

REPENTANCE

SAN FRANCISCO — The former madam of a San Francisco brothel has been sentenced to 90 days for her crime — to be served in a nunnery. The court placed Ms Marlene "Brandy" Baldwin, 39, under the "care, custody and control" of the Convent of the Good Shepherd. The judge had been prepared to sentence her to jail until reading a statement from Sister Mary Jane, pledging the order's willingness to accept Ms Baldwin at their centre for "women in need". Ms Baldwin left the court smiling broadly.

BOSOM COMFORT

LONDON — A six-year United Nations research project has uncovered the best way to beat breast cancer — by making love. Medical researcher Dr Arne Gjorgov told the Fourth International Symposium on the Prevention and Detection of Cancer that fluid released during sexual intercourse seemed to play a vital role in maintaining the right hormone balance in a woman's body.

RUNNING MAD!

PORT MORESBY — So you think you're fit. Try equalling the record of long distance runner Tau John Tokwepota who went to drive to the start of Port Moresby's annual 42.3km marathon, only to find his car stolen. Furious, he raced 5km to the starting line, waved to officials, did a U-turn and started more than five minutes behind the rest of the field. Tokwepota bolted home first 2h 39m 43s later — beating the previous national record.

LOVE PRISONER

ALGIERS — When 14 Algerian girl guerillas captured a lone Moroccan soldier sleeping beside his army truck in the Sahara Desert they set him an arduous task — performed under threat of a firing squad if he refused: taking part in love sessions with the sex-starved guerillas during their three-month patrol. On returning to base the guerillas expected medals for capturing the soldier but received dishonorable discharges instead, after a doctor found every single one of them pregnant. The exhausted Moroccan is recovering in prison hospital.

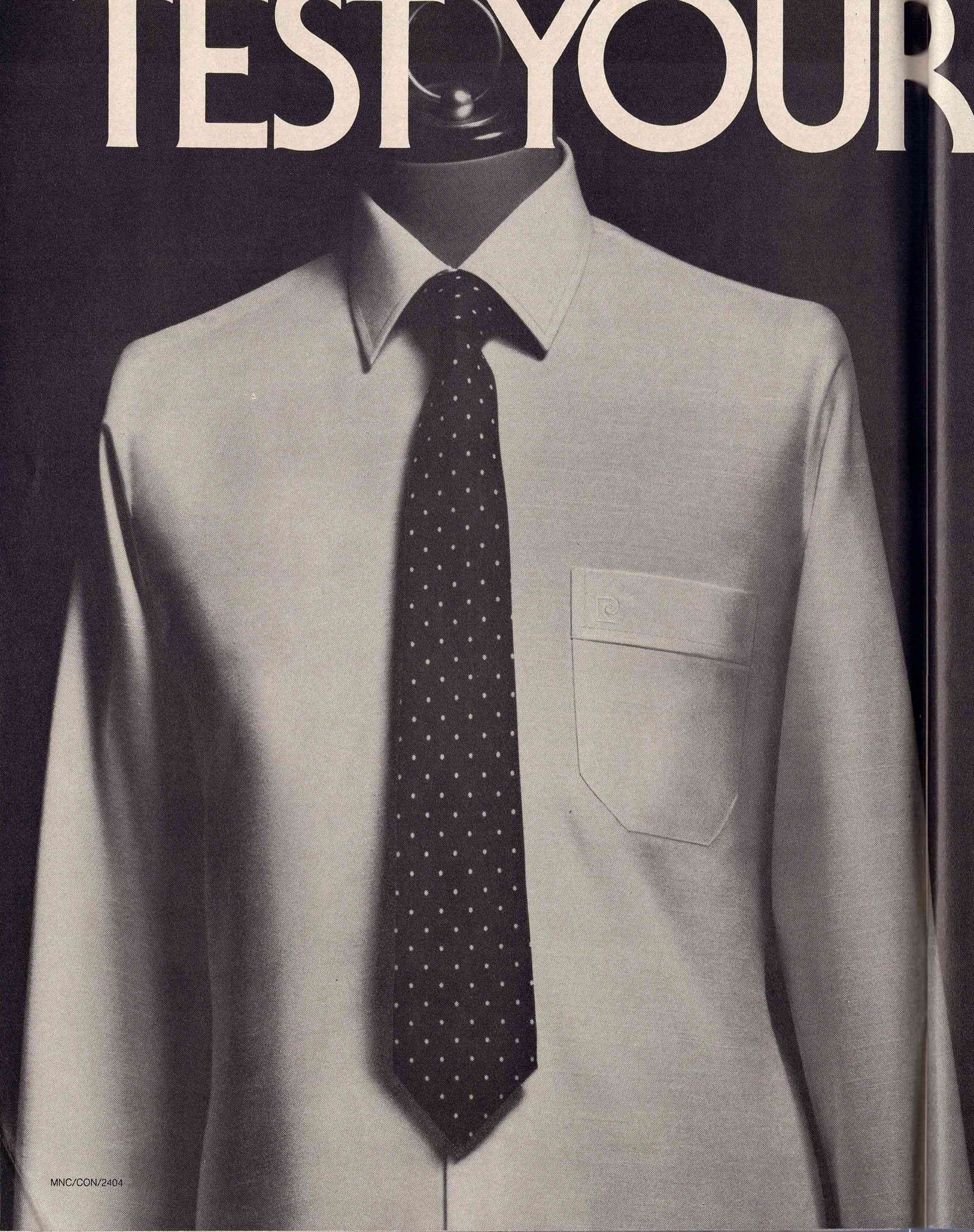
HOBSON'S CHOICE

SALT LAKE CITY — Condemned prisoners in Utah no longer have the choice of death on the gallows or before a firing squad. A new law has decreed that all deaths be carried out by shooting . . . to achieve a more efficient and humane means of execution.

BOO BOOBS

IOWA — The Civil Rights Commission here has decreed that an Iowa City fireperson suspended for breastfeeding her baby at the fire station was a victim of sex discrimination. She got back lost wages plus $26,400 for legal fees and $2000 for emotional distress. She'd claimed only $500!

TEST YOUR BUSINESS ACUMEN. PRICE THIS SHIRT.



To help you arrive at a figure you will need to know some details.

Firstly, it's a business shirt.

Secondly, it was designed by none other than Pierre Cardin with his personal monogram subtly displayed on the pocket.

The material, Florine, has the feel and look of silk and the machine washability and non-iron qualities of polyester.

In fact, the more you wash it the softer it gets.

The stylish collar is made from two separate pieces allowing it to sit better on the neck and the tie to sit better on the collar.

And the cuffs are 2-way to wear with or without links.

So the price? If you guess around $60 it wouldn't surprise us one bit.

*What may surprise you is that the price is around $37.**

Why do we make a shirt that good and sell it for that little?

The way we see it that's our business.

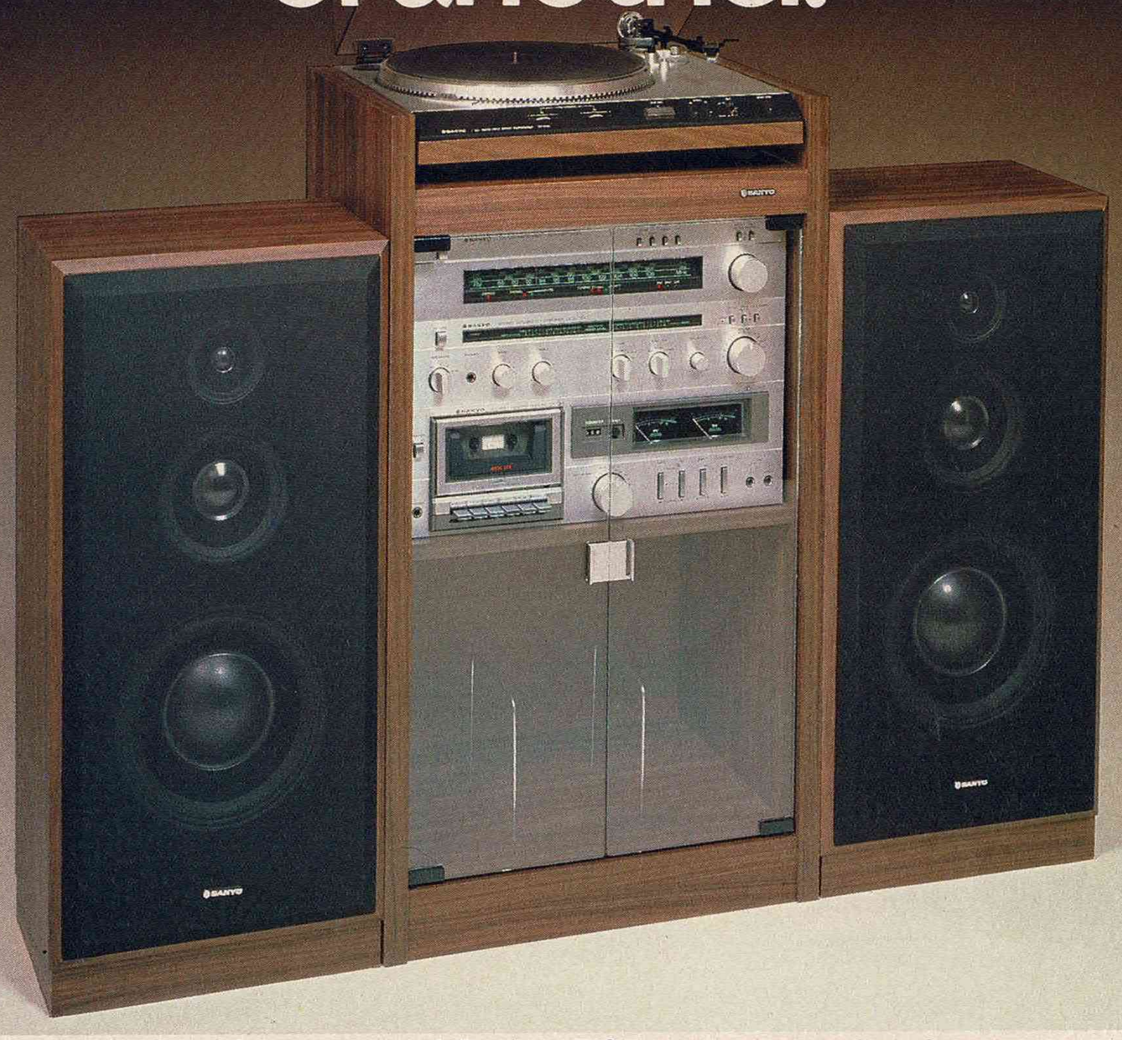
All you need do is make it your business to get hold of one.

PIERRE CARDIN'S BUSINESS SHIRT.

*Recommended retail price.

MNC/CON/2404

Sanyo G Series Systems. One great feature on top of another.



At the top of the Sanyo range of G Series music systems is the G-4, pictured here.

At the bottom of the picture, a cassette deck with wow and flutter of just 0.08%, timer standby and Dolby noise reduction.

Above that, a 40 watt per channel amplifier with all the controls you could ask for, and LED power output meters.

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Playboy Interview

ALAN JONES

a top-gear talk with australia's greatest racing driver since jack brabham

THERE SHOULD have been a fair measure of nostalgia in Alan Jones' return to Zeltweg in Austria last August. It was on the Osterreichring that the son of Stan Jones, the famous tearaway of Australian motor racing of the 1950s, won his first international grand prix in 1977 and moved out of his father's shadow into the spotlight.

It was a light which had flickered intermittently ever since Alan Jones decided to leave Australia in 1969 to seek fame and fortune in the most dangerous and fastest sport of them all, but it was not until the Austrian Grand Prix of three years ago that he finally won his spurs.

The victory on the Osterreichring meant many things to Jones. It made up for the years of poverty in London where he and his wife, Beverley, had to take in boarders to feed his obsession to race fast cars. It was an eloquent answer to all of those Australian firms and individuals who had turned a deaf ear to Jones' pleas for financial support when he was struggling for a foothold on the slick pedals of the international motor racing circuit. But the fondest memory for all of 1977 was that, on the Osterreichring, he had proved that he could beat the best in the world.

That desire to be the best was undoubtedly fostered in Jones by his father who became something of an Australian motor racing hero with his notorious Maybach Special during the 1950s, but it didn't take shape until Alan started his karting career. He was Victorian Junior Champion in 1960 and '61 before switching to a Mini. When he learned he could get a competition licence only if he held a current driving licence, the 16-year-old Jones went to South Australia, which then had a minimum licensing age of 16, and returned home with both a licence and the chance to drive his father's Formula One Cooper.

A "spectator" trip to Europe fired his enthusiasm, but Jones returned to Australia not as a professional racing driver but as a car salesman. He left for Europe again in 1969 and scraped together enough money in England to buy a Lotus open-wheeler which he raced in Formula Ford until a Brands Hatch accident destroyed the car and put Alan in hospital with a broken leg.

His spirited drives, however, were enough to win Jones an invitation to the Brazilian Formula Three Torneio series, and he bundled a second-hand F3 Brabham off to South America. In spite of having suffered several strokes, Stan Jones went to South America to watch his son race.

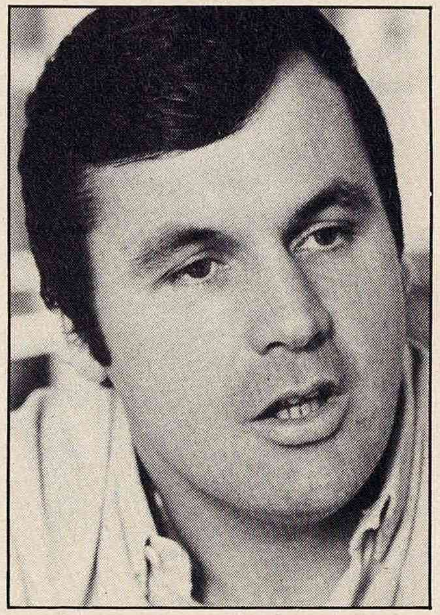
Jones married his Australian wife, Beverley, in 1971 and started saving money for a serious assault on motor racing by selling used cars and, at one stage, running a boarding house. But things didn't start looking good until 1975 when English businessman Harry Stiller offered Jones a contract to drive a Formula Atlantic car.

Successes in the American Formula Atlantic series led to an offer of a Formula One drive with a team run by eccentric British millionaire, Lord Hesketh. Jones drove alongside James Hunt in a Hesketh for his first grand prix appearance at the Monaco Grand Prix in May of 1975. It was an inauspicious start, as he qualified the Hesketh last on the grid and retired early in the race when a wheel broke on his car.

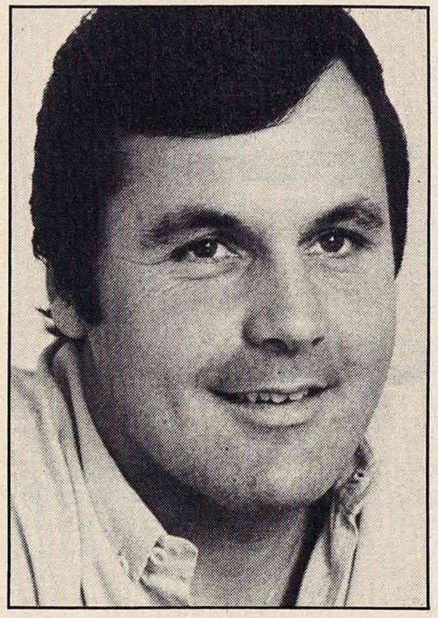
He soon switched to former World Champion Graham Hill's Embassy Hill team for the Dutch Grand Prix. Jones drove four races for Hill before being replaced.

Then yet another former World Champion turned team owner, John Surtees, recognised Jones' potential and signed him for the 1976 season to drive a Surtees-Ford car which became notorious as the grand prix billboard for its sponsor, Durex prophylactics.

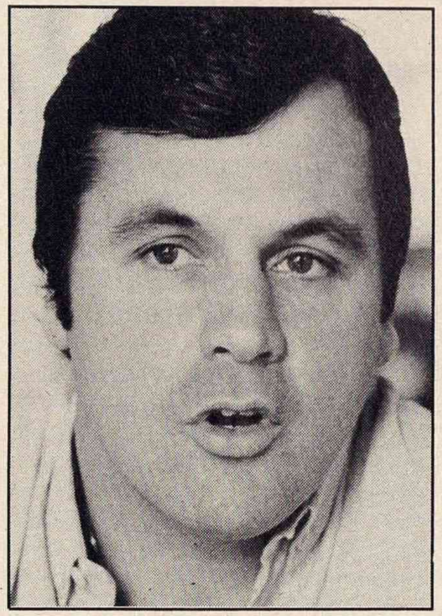
When Welshman Tom Pryce was killed in the South African Grand Prix of 1977, Jones found himself with a drive in the Shadow team. He adapted



"Balestre is using Formula One to achieve personal goals and aggrandisement. He has made several good attempts to wreck the sport. I refuse to go on the podium with him."



"A lot of birds go to the races, but you get to know them after a while. They're similar to the girls who like to score with the ski instructor. It puts them ahead of their mates."



"We shouldn't be seen drinking as a courtesy to sponsors whose religion forbids alcohol. It would be contradictory for the Saudis to see their driver guzzling champagne."

For too long a good optional lens has cost more than the camera!

In most cases there is good reason for the high cost of optional SLR lenses, they are after all very fine pieces of optional equipment, however the high initial cost has dissuaded many people from discovering the full scope of SLR photography.

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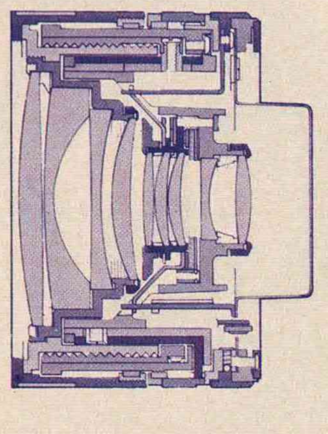
SOME NOTES GENERALLY ABOUT OPTIONAL SLR LENSES

Once you have a good SLR the decision about how to option-up that equipment becomes a little clearer. In the case of



lenses for example you can choose a lens made by the camera manufacturer of an interchangeable Tamron type. There are two things to remember here! Firstly, the camera manufacturer is really only interested in selling cameras, where as Tamron only make and market lenses.

The second point to consider is that your optional lens of the same make as your camera will usually only fit cameras made by that manufacturer and should you wish to change your camera in later years the chances are that your lenses won't fit the new camera. The Tamron range of lenses, which in itself is quite extensive, will fit over 200 types of SLR camera via its unique interchangeable mount system. Provided you buy a reputable camera your Tamron lens can last you for as long as you wish.

One final point that you should consider is the range of lenses that Tamron offers. There is no doubt that as time passes your demands and needs of your camera will change and it's comforting to know that whatever your needs may be, there is a Tamron lens to suit your need.

Tamron don't have the cheapest lenses in Australia, but they are reasonably priced for the exceptional quality they offer and with the new Adaptall II 28-50 mm the entry fee to this new world of photography isn't going to break anybody's bank.

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well and took fifth and sixth placings before a great win at the Austrian Grand Prix.

Jones, the burly Australian who had proved reliable in his few GP drives before 1977, had arrived as a championship contender.

Even Ferrari approached Jones toward the end of 1977 to offer a contract for the next year but Alan chose to sign with a new team set up by a former GP driver, Englishman Frank Williams. His drives during the year proved reliable once again, but his placings improved as the team gradually improved the car.

But 1979 was to prove the year for both Jones and Williams to assert their superiority, even though the new pointscore system introduced for the year by the governing body of Formula One racing, the Federation Internationale du Sport Automobile (FISA) took some of the thunder out of a brilliant season. Jones finished the season with four wins — all of which he scored in the second part of the season, with a hat-trick for the German, Austrian and Dutch GPs — taking third place in the World Drivers' Championship.

Jones opened 1980 with a win at the Argentine Grand Prix in his Williams. His win in the controversial Spanish GP resulted in the nine points being taken from his championship tally but he followed it with back-to-back wins in the French and British GPs to give him the lead in the World Drivers' Championship.

So the grand prix circus returned to Austria, and three years after his first GP win, as he gunned the Cosworth engine in his Williams on the starting grid of the Zeltweg circuit, he had a precarious lead in the 1980 World Championship to preserve . . . and he possessed eyes only for the two Frenchmen who had outpaced him in practice sessions to take the front row of the grid. In his mirror he was able to see the Brabham of the Brazilian with the French sounding name, Nelson Piquet, his nearest challenger on the championship table. The flag dropped and the Renaults coughed as their turbochargers flamed. Jones was through on the inside of the French number two Rene Arnoux. But it was obvious he held the lead only under sufferance and first Arnoux and then his partner, Jean-Pierre Jabouille, slipped past the Williams. On the 21st lap a meddlesome front left tyre on the Renault forced Arnoux into the pits but, with his extra 10 to 15 km/h on the straights, Jabouille kept edging away from Jones until he led the Williams by 10 seconds.

With two-thirds of the race gone, Jones' team-mate, Carlos Reutemann, edged past third-placed Piquet and, with the second Williams protecting his tail, the Australian set his sights on the flying Frenchman.

Lap by lap, Jones closed the gap. After 43 laps, the Renault held a 7.3 sec break; with two laps left, the Renault was two seconds in front and, as the two cars entered the last lap, the Frenchman was just 1.3 seconds ahead. Jones' final desperate lunge only just failed, and only 0.8 second was between the Renault and the Williams at the chequered flag.

When the dust had settled over the Osterreichring and the championship points allocated, Jones had increased the seven-point lead with which he had gone into the race over Piquet to 11, with Reutemann in third spot, Lafitte fourth and the luckless Arnoux on the fifth rung. In the post-mortem, the commentators spoke of the closest world series in years, and former world champ James Hunt predicted that any one of the five could take the

> *"I want to win the Australian Grand Prix because my father won it. It would be nice to have a father and son link with the race."*

crown. But the fact remained that, with four races then to go in a series which climaxed with the US Grand Prix in early October, Alan Jones, the 33-year-old who left Melbourne 11 years ago to do it on his own, held the whip hand.

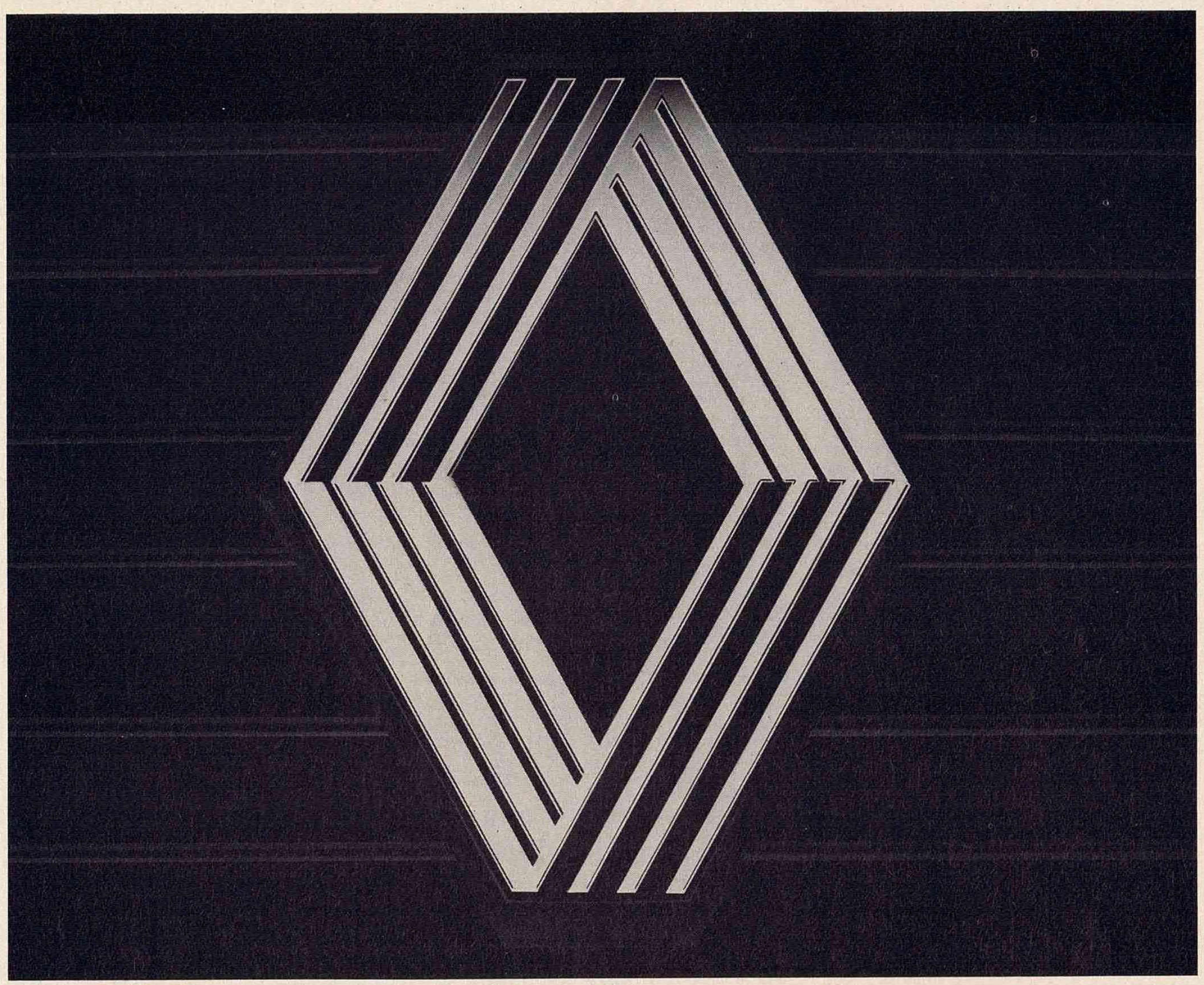
And with that title which just eluded him last year all but his, we sent staffer **Russell Deiley** *to London to seek out Jones who will make one of his rare professional appearances in his home country in the Australian Grand Prix at Calder in November. Says Deiley: "It is said that Jones wears the Australian flag on his racing overalls to remind himself where he comes from. That's stuff and nonsense. Despite the fact that, as a driver, he might be better known at Brands Hatch or Long Beach than he is at Sandown or Amaroo Park, Jones has never once turned his back on Australia. He loves his country and is proud to be an Australian, even though he owes precious little of his remarkable achievements to his fellow Aussies who gave him no moral or financial support on his long and lonely struggle to the top. He is a fascinating man, friendly, unaffected and very, very blunt. When I finally made contact with Jones, we agreed to meet in the outer London home of his secretary. I asked for three hours of his time. He offered one and a half. We settled on two and finished the interview in his Porsche. He drives a great deal more sedately on London roads than he does on the racetracks."*

PLAYBOY: You've been virtually a non-racing visitor to Australia since you left for England in 1969. What have Bob Jane and the other promoters done to lure you back to start in the Calder Australian Grand Prix?

JONES: I did run in the Australian Grand Prix of 1977 or 1976 for Theodore Racing. It was quite a day. The guy who was starting the race was shaking so much I though he had a bad case of the DTs. I have never experienced anything else like it in my life. The flag was shaking in his hand for about 10 minutes. At one stage I was certain he was going to drop it and I took off, but when I got about 20 metres up the road he was still shaking the flag. I stopped, expecting him to recall me for another start, but he just took one look at me and dropped the flag. The result was I was penalised one minute for jumping the start. I won the race by 40 seconds, but the 60 second penalty dropped me back to third place. I still want to win the Australian Grand Prix because my father won it in 1959. It would be nice to have a successful father and son link with the race.

PLAYBOY: What has been the obstacle to your starting in the Australian Grand Prix in the past? Was it your contempt for Formula 5000?

JONES: No, I like the Formula 5000. I thought it was a terrific formula. I raced Formula 5000 in America. But the simple matter is that the formula has died in the bum. I was talking to Arnold Glass this morning and he said it looks as though Formula 5000 is finally dying out in Australia, but a few owners of the formula are lobbying for its retention. There are a few young guys in Australia who can afford to run a Formula Atlantic car, but they cannot afford a 5000. I don't think the sport should be held back to the detriment of the young drivers just because a few fear that their cars will be worthless. I haven't gone back to Australia because the incentive hasn't been there. I didn't want to go back and race some old 5000 car, and I would not race on 90 percent of the circuits in Australia because they are unsafe. That might raise a few eyebrows among people who will say the very sport in which I'm involved is unsafe. It is unsafe, but there is quite a big difference between unsafe and



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unnecessarily unsafe, which a lot of Australian circuits are.

PLAYBOY: It is now very likely you will return to Australia as the World Champion, which will mean you can name your own terms. What are your terms to race at Calder?

JONES: To be perfectly honest, I am making fewer demands to race in Australia than I would to race in Europe. Forgetting the Australian Grand Prix, I will be going back home for five or six weeks anyway, and I plan to be living in and around Melbourne. I have farming property at Yea and I've just bought a house in Melbourne. When I was back last Christmas I was looking through the dates for this year's Gold Star races (Australia's Formula One race series) and I noticed that the Grand Prix was on November 30 and I thought to myself: shit, I could do that. I got the ball rolling from there. I'll be taking one of the Williams cars down.

PLAYBOY: Will the Calder race be a Jones benefit or will the promoters be bringing out some of your rivals?

JONES: I'd like to think it will be a Jones benefit. But, as I've never got anything easy in my life, I know I can discount that. I'm sure there will be a bloody Ligier or a Renault to upset the works. I'd like to do my grand prix, win it and then go back to the farm and have a good time without the hassle of competition. And, apart from the Formula One cars the layout of Calder will suit a good Formula 5000. It is very much a squirt-and-stop circuit. There are no flowing corners where the sophistication and the handling of my car will overcome the horsepower of a 5000. Because the course is virtually two long straights joined by a corner at each end, I'll find it very difficult to pass any good 5000 if it gets in front of me. Everyone is getting revved up about this race and there's every chance other drivers will be interested in getting other team cars. It is really wonderful that so much interest is being drummed up in reviving open wheeler racing in Australia. Over the past few years the open wheeler scene has been very sad. Nobody has been going to watch what there has been because it has been boring. With its color and competitiveness, touring car racing has become the spectator sport. I would like to see open wheeler racing regain the prominence it had in the '60s.

PLAYBOY: Can you see this year's grand prix as the lever to re-establish the Australian race on the international circuit?

JONES: I hope so. I would love to see a World Championship grand prix in Australia. Like any international sporting event, it will bring people into Australia. If Johannesburg can have a World Championship grand prix, I really can't see why Sydney or Melbourne can't. We've got more people in both those cities than in Johannesburg, and we've got more world-wide commercial interests than South Africa. Certainly Australia is not subjected to the trade embargoes that South Africa is now, and our international trade benefits from a championship grand prix would be greater. I'm not being sarcastic when I say Australia thinks very small in terms of what it takes to run a grand prix. I had a phone call from a guy saying: "We are going to have an all-Australian Formula One team." He told me he wasn't pissing about and he had $2 million to spend. That's a joke; $2 million would just about cover the team's wages. How did he think he was going to run a team with that kind of money? Our budget this year to race the Williams team will be about $7 million, and that includes buying the complete workshop, the transporters and everything else you need. It will take a fortune to set up a new Formula One team. This is why, when I'm dealing with potential sponsors for the Australian Grand Prix, it is so hard to impress upon them, to take two Formula One cars, four engines, mechanics, my doctor and a few other bits and pieces out with me doesn't cost a mere $10,000. It costs a lot of money. Let me give you an example of the expenses involved. Those engines will have to be rebuilt after the race, presuming, of course, that they don't blow up. A simple rebuild costs about $10,000, so we are faced with a $40,000 bill for the engines alone. It is a very expensive sport, and Australians will have to realise it.

"Australians have that knack of looking at what is going well in the rest of the world and then going in the opposite direction."

PLAYBOY: Why has Australian motor racing fallen so drastically out of step with the rest of the world?

JONES: Primarily, the blame must lie with the Confederation of Australian Motor Sport. Australians have that knack of looking at what is going well in the rest of the world and then going in the opposite direction. We are the only country in the world which has Formula 5000 as our national Formula One. Even America knocked 5000 on the head three years ago and went to Can-Am. I could almost see a reason for Australia going to Can-Am — which is very spectacular. But why stick to a formula which is not raced anywhere else in the world when motor racing is supposed to be an international sport? No one could possibly get excited by a four-year-old 5000 car — it is just history. Touring cars are different. If a racer goes out in a brand new Commodore, your average man in the street is able to associate with that car. I have a reputation in Australia for pushing the Atlantic formula. But I'm not really an Atlantic fan. It is just that I thought it was the correct solution for Australia, which really needs good, competitive motor racing fields. If you have good fields, people will pay money to come and look at good racing. Unless that sort of thing is encouraged by the governing body, the sport of motor racing will continue to die in Australia.

PLAYBOY: What influence do you think the Australian manufacturers, such as GM-H and Ford, have had in concentrating the major thrust of public interest in touring car racing?

JONES: They have had a great deal of influence and I don't blame them. Good luck to them — I think they have done a fantastic job. Ford did well with its Falcons, and Holden is now performing very well with the Commodores. Holden is giving the Commodore an air of respectability; 25-year-old Fred doesn't feel like a middle-aged man if he is driving the basic Commodore. If he is a rep he can fancy himself as Peter Brock going out to see his customers. He puts a leather glove on the steering wheel and a set of mags on the car and he's in business. It is all a matter of association. In actual fact I think the Australian manufacturers are better at that kind of thing than any other manufacturer in the world — with the possible exception of BMW.

PLAYBOY: Australians tend to regard the Hardie-Ferodo 1000 at Bathurst as one of the international pinnacles in touring car racing, and it is true that some of the top drivers in the world have competed at Bathurst over the past few years. But, in your dispassionate view, how is the Bathurst race regarded internationally?

JONES: Everyone here in Europe doesn't say "It's just three weeks to Bathurst." But the results of the race are widely publicised in the motoring press, and everyone interested in the sport knows who has won Bathurst. I believe it is one of the best touring car events in the world. It is certainly one

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I would like to do if it didn't clash with the Canadian Grand Prix.

PLAYBOY: If the Australian Grand Prix does regain a place on the international racing map, where would you like to see it held?

JONES: On the best possible circuit, no matter where that may be: in Sydney, Melbourne, Perth or wherever. And when I say the best possible circuit, I include considerations such as access, hotel accommodation and a safe, fast course. I can't see one in Australia at the moment that is capable of holding a World Championship grand prix.

PLAYBOY: Are you saying that, to keep up with the rest of the world, we will have to build a new course?

JONES: You will either have to build a new one or spend a lot of money on an existing course. I'm not in cahoots with Bob Jane, but I could see Calder as a potential course (Jane is the Calder promoter). It is only 33km from Melbourne, it is just up the road from Tullamarine airport, and if it was expanded to the required length, it could be a venue.

PLAYBOY: Bathurst doesn't shape up?

JONES: You would have to spend an enormous amount of money at Bathurst. You would have to put up Armco barrier and catch fencing. Bathurst would be fantastic, a hell of a circuit, but you would have to spend a lot of money.

PLAYBOY: Now that we're back to Bathurst, could the Hardie-Ferodo advance in international standing if the restrictions were relaxed to allow overseas touring cars to compete?

JONES: I don't like to keep using South Africa as an example, but that country has a six-hour touring car race. And I know the Japanese are keenly interested in sending cars to that event. If the regulations were altered to allow overseas participation at Bathurst, I'm quite sure a lot of foreign manufacturers would be interested in competing.

PLAYBOY: The current king of Bathurst, Peter Brock, has shown interest in breaking into Formula One. At his age and development, is there any way he can do that?

JONES: Nothing is impossible, but it would be very difficult for him. I concede that Peter is probably the best touring car driver in the world, but Frank Williams wouldn't be very impressed if Brock came knocking on his door. No one is going to give you a $100,000 Formula One car to wheel around on the basis that you are good in a Holden Commodore. If he wants to get into Formula One, Brock will have to come over to Europe and first demonstrate his prowess in Formula Three or Two.

PLAYBOY: Australian motor sport being what it is, have the Brocks had any choice other than touring cars?

JONES: They had the same choice I did. In 1972 and 1973 I was beginning to think I might have been better to have stayed in Australia and raced touring cars. In fact I could be sitting here today and saying I wished I had. It is the luck of the draw. But I made up my mind what I had to do and I've done it. To me, that is one of the most rewarding things about my career. I've never paid for a drive. I earned all my drives the hard way. I say that without shame.

PLAYBOY: Mike Thackwell (a young Australian who is racing in Europe with Jones' support) appears to have chosen the path you have beaten. Has he got what it takes to reach the top?

JONES: He has got everything on his side. He's got talent and plenty of time — they're the two best things you can have. But his is a slightly different case to mine. He has got it far better than anyone I can think of. He didn't hop on a boat and come over here with a rucksack. He has got his family with him. He can go up the road to mum and have a nice roast meal when he wants it and he has the support of his father. And he has always been in competitive cars. He had a competitive Formula Ford, he had a competitive Formula Three and right now he has a very competitive Formula Two. Obviously, I would have liked to have done it that way. I put money into him when it looked as if his career was going to be knocked on the head prematurely last year. For the sake of a few bob, I'm glad I've done it and I'd do it again. But in saying that, may I say that I don't want any more letters from young Australians asking me to give them money. In one way it was the worst thing I ever did. A lot of young Australians seem to think I have a bottomless well of money.

PLAYBOY: But having been through it all, and the knockbacks from Australians from whom you sought sponsorship, you don't feel any obligation to help your young countrymen?

JONES: It is a difficult question. If I saw a young Australian whom I regarded as fantastic and who had a lot of talent, but who wasn't getting the breaks, I know that I would help him. But, having said that, I'm not all that far removed from being a young Australian who needs help. I've got a few more years to go and I'd rather concentrate on my own career than run round being the big benefactor.

PLAYBOY: Don't people miss the point when they express wonder that you are not bitter about the treatment you received from Australians? Surely if you'd become obsessed with blasting

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Australians and wallowed in self-pity, you would never have made it to the top in a sport that demands single-minded purpose?

JONES: I am not at all bitter about Australia. I love the place. I can't wait to get back there. But if I were to go around saying that those bloody Australian companies have not helped me, it wouldn't have affected my career either way. Everything I have ever done has been directly from England or the continent. I have not had one dollar from Australia. I probably could have allowed myself the luxury of spouting off, but I didn't because I was ashamed that the English and Europeans would think that Australians didn't want to know me. Every day I get asked whether I get much support in Australia or whether I'm well-known in Australia and I say: "Yes." I don't want people to think that Australia doesn't care what is happening to its personalities overseas. Besides, I love Australia and I am going to live there when I've finished racing so I don't want to shit-can the country.

PLAYBOY: Talking about the single-mindedness of a racing driver, do you have to shut out your wife and son, Christian, during the lead-up to a motor race?

JONES: Sure. Months ago, we decided that the family would go to Holland for the Dutch Grand Prix where the circuit is built among sand dunes near a beach resort town. Christian and his nanny were going to go down to the beach and I was going to be with them after practice. But, because the World Championship situation has become so tense and because of the pressure build-up, I have asked them to stay at home. I do try to shut out as many distractions as I can before a race. It is a peculiar thing, but the more successful you become, the more attention you get from the media and the pressures build up. And the more the pressures build, the more your personality changes. People say: "Oh, look at him. He's had a bit of success and he is becoming big-headed." The truth is I am becoming more single-minded as the pressures grow and, because of this, I am shutting people out. I don't care if they don't like it. Primarily I'm in this business to win grand prix races. If someone was prepared to pay me my retainer for talking to the press I'd be only too glad to take it. But I'm paid to drive a car, so I'd rather be good at that.

PLAYBOY: What are the ingredients that go toward making Alan Jones the best there is?

JONES: I think that it's my mental attitude. There are Formula One guys who are fitter than me, lighter than me, but you have to have the proper mix of ingredients. You must want to win very badly; you must want to beat the other guy. I get much more satisfaction if a member of the inner circle of car racing comes to me and says: "Well done." I don't care what the popular press or the man in the street says. It is like an art thing. I like to be recognised as being good by the people in the business. There is that, coupled with my will to win. It doesn't matter what I'm doing in a car — tyre testing or racing — I have to be the quickest. It is to feed my own ego, basically, because I must believe I am the quickest. When that drive stops, I'll get sick of racing.

PLAYBOY: Your boss, Frank Williams, expresses disbelief when you lap a second faster than he and the mechanics and the computer all say the car will go. How can you make a car go faster than it is supposed to?

JONES: It is a funny thing. Sometimes I'll go out to practise and I'll really try and they'll give me a time. I'll say to myself: "Christ, I'm not going to take much off that." But then I'll get upset and really revved up and go out and take a second off. And if you were to have asked me beforehand, I'd have said I didn't think it was possible. Something just happens to you when you hop into the car. I get very aggressive. If somebody holds me up or ruins what I thought was a good lap, I'm away. If someone upsets me, I just have to get past him.

PLAYBOY: Do you ever express your aggression in other ways? By cursing or waving your arm at another driver?

JONES: Sometimes I grimace if I miss a gear change, but that is the extent of it. I don't talk to myself. I keep looking straight ahead. And everything happens automatically. Former World Champion Jackie Stewart said it, and I hate saying it because it sounds corny, but you get into a bit of a high and you drive at your best when you are hyped up. The most dangerous thing for me is having to back off toward the end of the race to save the engine. I lose a bit of concentration. But if you are driving ten-tenths, you concentrate ten-tenths. I can drive all day like that. You seem to be driving out of your helmet. You change gears and you put your foot on the brake, but it is all happening from your head. It's difficult to explain. Sometimes I think there is a force helping me. I'm not a guru type — far from it — but I do think there is some kind of force.

PLAYBOY: In these days of the energy crisis, can't driving faster than anyone else be termed self-indulgent?

JONES: That is probably the greatest overplayed piece of bullshit I've ever heard in my life. Because of the fact

we have an engine in the car which I agree uses petrol, the energy excuse is simply a joke. Would the Australian cricket team be prepared to forego tours to England to save the fuel it would take to bring them over here? A Jumbo would use more fuel on one trip from Melbourne to London than all of the grand prix cars would use doing all the racing and testing for one season. You would have to stop international sport if you were genuine about the need to conserve fuel. It's as simple as that. Because you go and watch the Australian cricketers dressed in their whites and playing on a nice, green English oval you ask how they could use petrol but they do, and the people who go to watch them use petrol. But, because I use an internal combustion engine which consumes 40 gallons of petrol in one race, and it is obvious that I'm using oil, people ask me if I feel guilty. If that sort of crap continues I'm going to ask people to stop going on camping trips. Where do you stop? Besides, I think the pleasure people get from coming along to watch a grand prix far outweighs the invalid energy argument.

PLAYBOY: What spin-off is the average motorist getting these days from racing car development?

JONES: Twin calliper brakes, carbon fibre brake pads and discs, different materials to be used in drive shafts. In Formula One these days we are striving for fuel efficiency — not because of the energy thing but simply because, if we have to carry less petrol, we carry less weight and we can go quicker. If I can start a grand prix with as much horsepower as the next guy, but using 45 litres less petrol, I'am something like 25 kilograms lighter. Take the efficiency of my engine, which is a three litre aluminium engine getting 500 bhp at six miles to the gallon. Compare that with one of those great iron V8 things in American cars, which develop 200 bhp if they are lucky, and they only do 12 miles to the gallon. So, in terms of efficiency relative to performance, I have one of the most fuel-efficient engines in the world in my car. We are trying to improve it all the time and, when we do, that will eventually be passed on to the average motorist. At the present they are having all sorts of problems with the turbo-charged motors, but when they perfect that engine, I'm sure we will have cars, powered by 1500cc turbo engines, which will give the performance of the V8 of yesterday but with far, far better economy. Those developments are now being passed on to Renault through their racing department. Car racing isn't the test bed that some profess it to be and it doesn't have to be. Its entertainment value justifies its continuance. There have been record crowds at the grand prix races this year — 125,000 at Brands Hatch for the British GP alone — and I guarantee the crowds will be even bigger next year. Any spin-off in car development is a bonus.

PLAYBOY: After that first flush of teenage enthusiasm when your father took you racing, have there been times, especially during the first few years in England, when you have felt like tossing it in?

JONES: I can honestly say never. I see people now against whom I raced in 1971. Through no fault of their own, bad luck or whatever, they are plodding round acting as clerks of the course or managers of racing driver schools. I would like to think that, if I had not succeeded, I would have recognised my failure and would have made some sort of commercial career for myself. There were times when I was really down, living in a basement flat in Earls Court and surviving on cans of baked beans ,but I think those times helped me. They made me more determined. I know I have got some results just to spite people.

> *"If you never had money you don't miss it. But, when you have and it's taken away, it is twice as bad because of the psychological hang-ups."*

PLAYBOY: Apart from your burning desire, were there some people who encouraged you?

JONES: Not really. The thing that kept me going a lot of the time was seeing someone against whom I was racing in Formula Three getting a break. I knew in my heart that I could beat that guy. The more people told me I couldn't do it, and the more I saw people I thought I could beat getting all the breaks, the more determined I became to make it.

PLAYBOY: These days you are commonly described as the man who leapt from poverty to millionairedom in a couple of years. Those headlines must disguise a lot of heartbreak, anguish and sacrifice?

JONES: In more ways than one. It is not commonly known that my father was a very wealthy man in Victoria, so money was not completely unknown to me. It is even worse when you've been accustomed to money and then your father goes broke and you move to a strange country. If you have never had money, you don't miss it. But, when you have it and it's suddenly taken away from you, it is twice as bad because of all the psychological hang-ups. You always keep asking yourself why you've been kicked in the bum and why you couldn't have come over here to England with $50,000 to buy a brand new competitive Formula Three car.

PLAYBOY: Are you a millionaire?

JONES: I think I am in terms of assets. I don't think many people are millionaires in terms of cold cash these days.

PLAYBOY: You have already begun diversifying your interests, particularly into property investment. From what quarter does the bulk of your income stem today?

JONES: Without any question from my retainer, from my endorsements and from my personal sponsors. I have very good sponsorships in the form of Marlboro, Akai, Leyland, AGV, who make the helmets I wear, and then I have some personal deals with the Saudis. Then there is the bonus and prize money.

PLAYBOY: How important to you is the prize money?

JONES: It depends on what sort of deal you work out. Different drivers might say they want an enormously large retainer and no prize money. Others might say: "Go a bit easy on the retainer but give me 50 percent of the prize money and pay my expenses." My basic formula with Williams has been the same, but we have built in a hedge to allow for inflation. My retainer goes up a little bit every year. I now drive for Williams for eight times what I got from him in 1978.

PLAYBOY: Can I ask you how much?

JONES: Racing drivers never say what they are getting. They're scared that someone else might be getting more. It really doesn't matter what you get as long as no one is getting more.

PLAYBOY: Property apart, into what other areas are you moving?

JONES: I have a sun roof business in California. We are installing electric sun roofs and air-conditioning units into cars. I have a couple of small investments in Europe and I really want to get into farming. Once bitten, twice shy. I'm very scared of going broke. I knew exactly what my father had at one time, and it seemed inconceivable that he should finally leave me nothing. For this reason the only fly-by-night sort of business in which I am involved is the sun roofs. There is a partner involved and I have no control over it. That is the sort of situation which could go broke overnight. I have also formed Alan Jones Marine in Sydney to import motor cruisers from California. That

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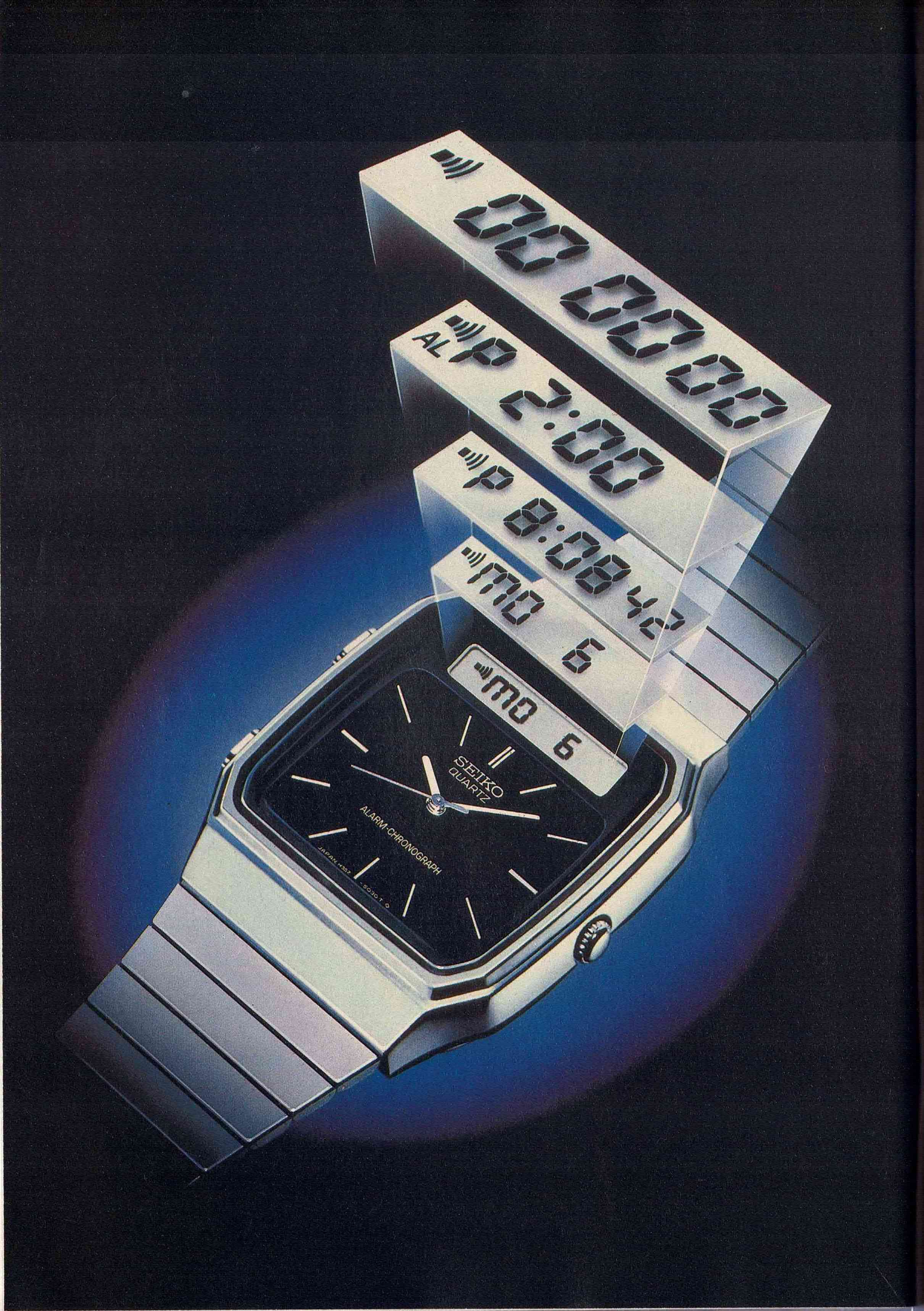

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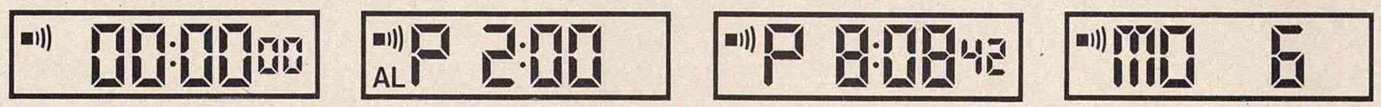

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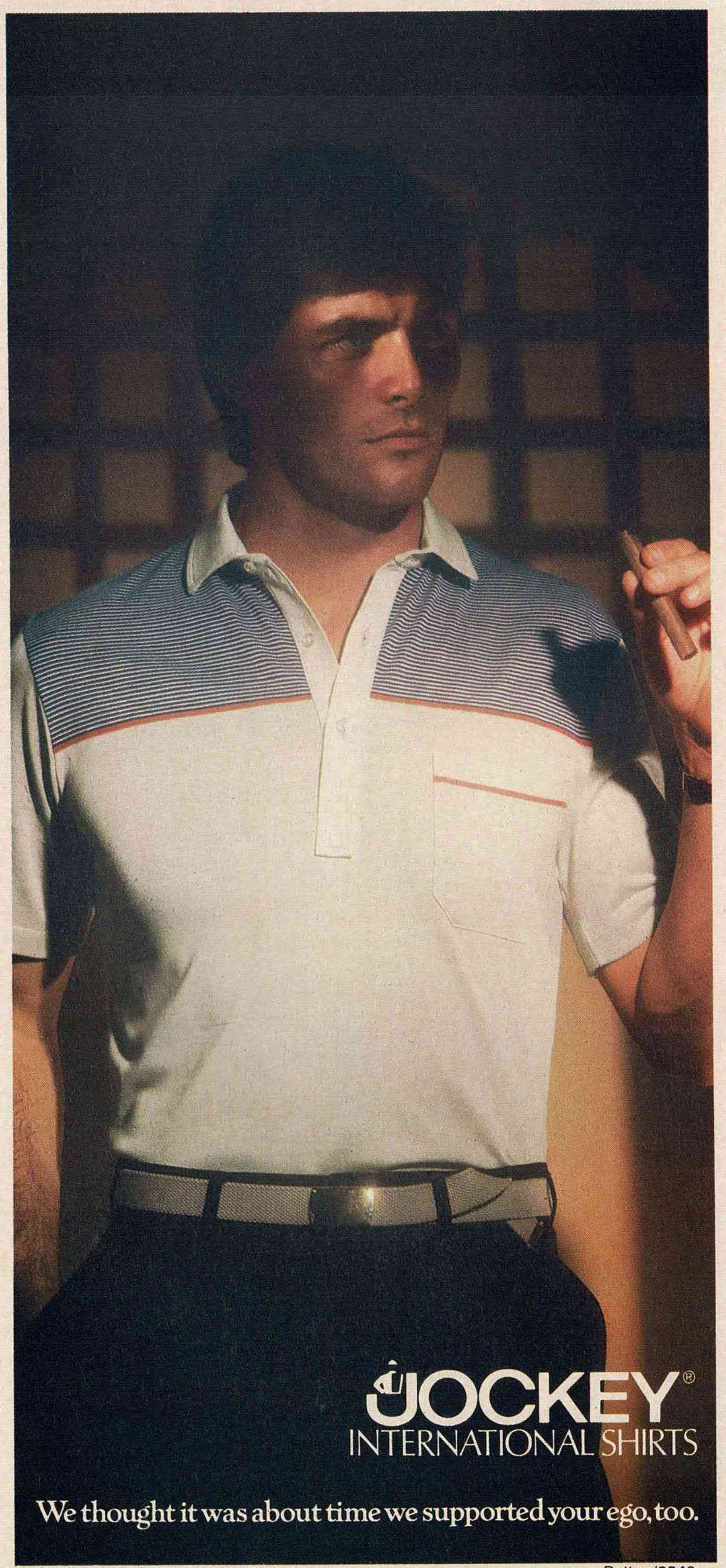

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is going very well. I want to diversify as much as possible because, when I stop racing, I want to be in a position where I can spend nine or 10 months of the year in Australia and the other two or three in Europe.

PLAYBOY: You have been quoted as saying you prefer a glass of beer to running round the block . . .

JONES: Who doesn't?

PLAYBOY: But do you have trouble with maintaining your fitness?

JONES: Unfortunately I am not one of those people who can eat or drink as much as I like. I really have to watch my weight. But I do enjoy a cold beer. After you have been sitting and working in a cockpit for two hours at a temperature of 35 degrees, a cold beer doesn't touch the sides. It's beautiful. Unlike a lot of other drivers, I don't bother making a secret of the fact that I enjoy a beer every now and again. It doesn't worry Frank Williams. He knows that, if I have a few beers after a race, I will come back on Sunday week and do the job.

PLAYBOY: But you have to exercise to combat your weight problem?

JONES: Yes, and I hate it. I have to force myself to exercise. Although I enjoy good food, I try to leave a bit on the plate. My mother is a problem whenever I go back to Australia. She always gives me eight potatoes, a kilogram of peas, the whole works. It is the old mother syndrome and I'm weak enough to eat along. I always feel guilty if I eat and drink too much and I have to chastise myself — figuratively, of course.

PLAYBOY: Grand prix racers have been painted as hell-raisers. Is the post-race rage part of the let-down?

JONES: Not really. There are no parties after races. In the old days they might have gone to the big parties, the silk scarves round their necks and the oil smudges still all over their faces, and had blondes draped all over them. Unfortunately, that doesn't happen any more. We all go off in different directions. In fact, I would say that 50 percent of us race off to the nearest airport and head for home. It is all so demanding these days. This is the first week this year that I haven't been involved in any testing. My usual program is race on Sunday, go home to catch up with the family and business, and then to spend every Thursday and Friday testing. If it wasn't so demanding, I'd love nothing more than to go off after a race and have a few beers and a slap-up meal.

PLAYBOY: The grand prix circus has traditionally attracted its share of beautiful women. You've been labelled macho man and a sex symbol. Do you have to fight off the women?

JONES: Jesus . . . No, I haven't got

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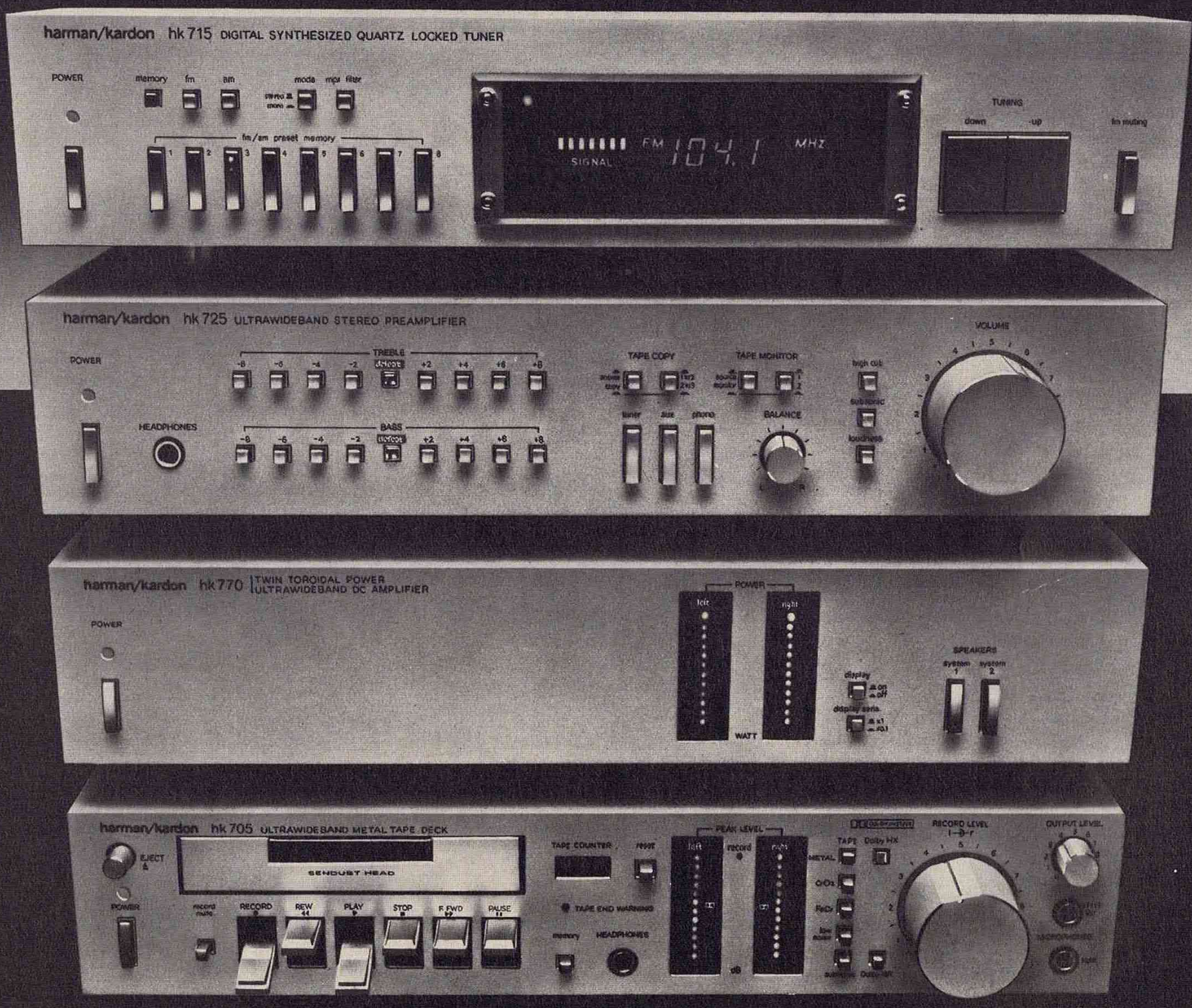

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that problem. That is all overplayed. A lot of birds go to the races, but you get to know them after a while. They're basically the same old ones. I suppose it is like the rock band scene. The birds like to wear short, short shorts and hang around and, if they get off with a driver, it is a big plus for them. I'm sure they're similar to the girls who like to score with the PE instructor at the holiday camp, the handsome young officer on a cruise ship or the ski instructor. It puts them one notch ahead of their mates. They're on a bit of an ego trip. You know the sort of thing: "Hey, Mary, did you see that I was with so and so yesterday?" I suppose if a few of them put on a good performance they might be taken to a few races which means going to different countries. There is one woman currently running with the crowd who went out with the father of one of the drivers, then one of the drivers and now she is with another driver. She has seen a few countries. She is quite young and I think the one who deserves most of the credit is the father. He has done pretty well for himself.

PLAYBOY: It all sounds like a plot to trap susceptible drivers. I'd have thought that today's drivers have time only for their cars and the business of driving.

JONES: Ninety percent of the drivers are married, and sensible people. When they go to the races, there is no fooling about. A few of the single drivers might turn up with a girl on each arm. But that is all jewellery. When he gets down to it, he knows his loyalties lie with the car. He won't be in Formula One for long if he keeps on with the birds.

PLAYBOY: What is there about your relationship with your wife that has enabled your marriage to endure the intense pressures?

JONES: All the credit must go to Beverley. She has been with me since the very hard times and she understands. In fact, she loaned me $100 to by a Mini van to start buying and selling cars when I was broke.

PLAYBOY: She must be the only Australian who's sponsored Alan Jones.

JONES: Yes, I suppose she is. That's ironical, isn't it? She has seen the good and the bad of me. She knows when to leave me alone and when to come up to me. That's an art in itself. I wouldn't like to live with me. You can't begin to understand my respect for her. She has been one hell of a help.

PLAYBOY: Do you and Beverley sit down and discuss the pressures motor racing must impose on your marriage?

JONES: It is up to me to decide when I quit. Racing is a very personal thing. Only I know when I can't sleep. In my heart I'll know when I have reached that point between an also-ran and a winner. I'll stay in there as long as I have a chance of winning.

PLAYBOY: From an outside view, a *camaraderie* seems to exist among Formula One drivers. Do you share a genuine concern for one another?

JONES: Yes, I think so. I would never consciously put another driver in a position of danger — even if the bloody championship rested on it. You can always have another go at the title, but you might never be able to get another driver. The great thing about Formula One is that we all live together on the race and testing tracks. I don't socialise with them, but we do develop a unique friendship.

PLAYBOY: Are you saying that no dirty play occurs on the track?

JONES: Oh, some dirty play does go on. One driver might position his car in a certain position that he knows will make it difficult for you to pass him, and you know that is why he is doing it. But in those situations you have just got to try and out-fumble him.

> *"If a guy you've really known well gets killed, it upsets you. But that is our job — you just have to hope it doesn't happen to you."*

PLAYBOY: Has your respect for another driver ever been lessened because of some incident which has occurred on the track?

JONES: Oh, yes. That's all part of my filing system. I know what every driver is capable of doing and what he is not capable of doing. In just about every race, some driver will do something that upsets you. I usually have a word with them afterward and ask them why they didn't look in their mirror or why they didn't let me past. Basically, it all comes down to good driving manners.

PLAYBOY: Have you ever punched out anyone in one of those after-race or after-trial sessions where a driver has upset you?

JONES: I have gone very close, but, no, I have never struck anybody. It would be to the detriment of the sport to fight in front of other people.

PLAYBOY: How does the death of a colleague affect you?

JONES: It depends on just how close you were. If a guy you've really known well gets killed, it obviously upsets you. I just try to push it out of my mind. We have a tendency to say: "Oh, old Patrick bought it the other day." And then we just try and get on with it. Everyone knows it can happen to each of us. But that is our job — that is what we have chosen to do. You have just got to hope it doesn't happen to you.

PLAYBOY: It is said that you never go racing unless you are wearing a favorite pair of red underpants. Is pandering to superstition your way of blocking out the spectre of death?

JONES: Yes, I imagine it is. It's psychological. But if the truth be known, I haven't been able to find those underpants for the past three races. I don't know where they've got to so I just wear another pair of red ones. I tend to do stupid things. If I drive into a car park and I have a particularly good day in qualifying, I keep trying to park the car in the same spot. I create these things for myself.

PLAYBOY: How important is it that you go on winning races?

JONES: It will be important as long as I want to go racing. The moment I get disheartened or can't sleep at night worrying about accidents, that is when I'll seriously consider giving up.

PLAYBOY: What makes you strive so hard for the World Championship?

JONES: It is the goal, the pinnacle. If you'd asked me at the age of five what my ultimate ambition was, I would have replied the World Drivers' Championship. It doesn't matter how or why you become World Champion. There is only one a year. If I am lucky enough to win it this year it will be the best thing that's ever happened to me.

PLAYBOY: You are rich, you are a proven winner. What will the title add to your career?

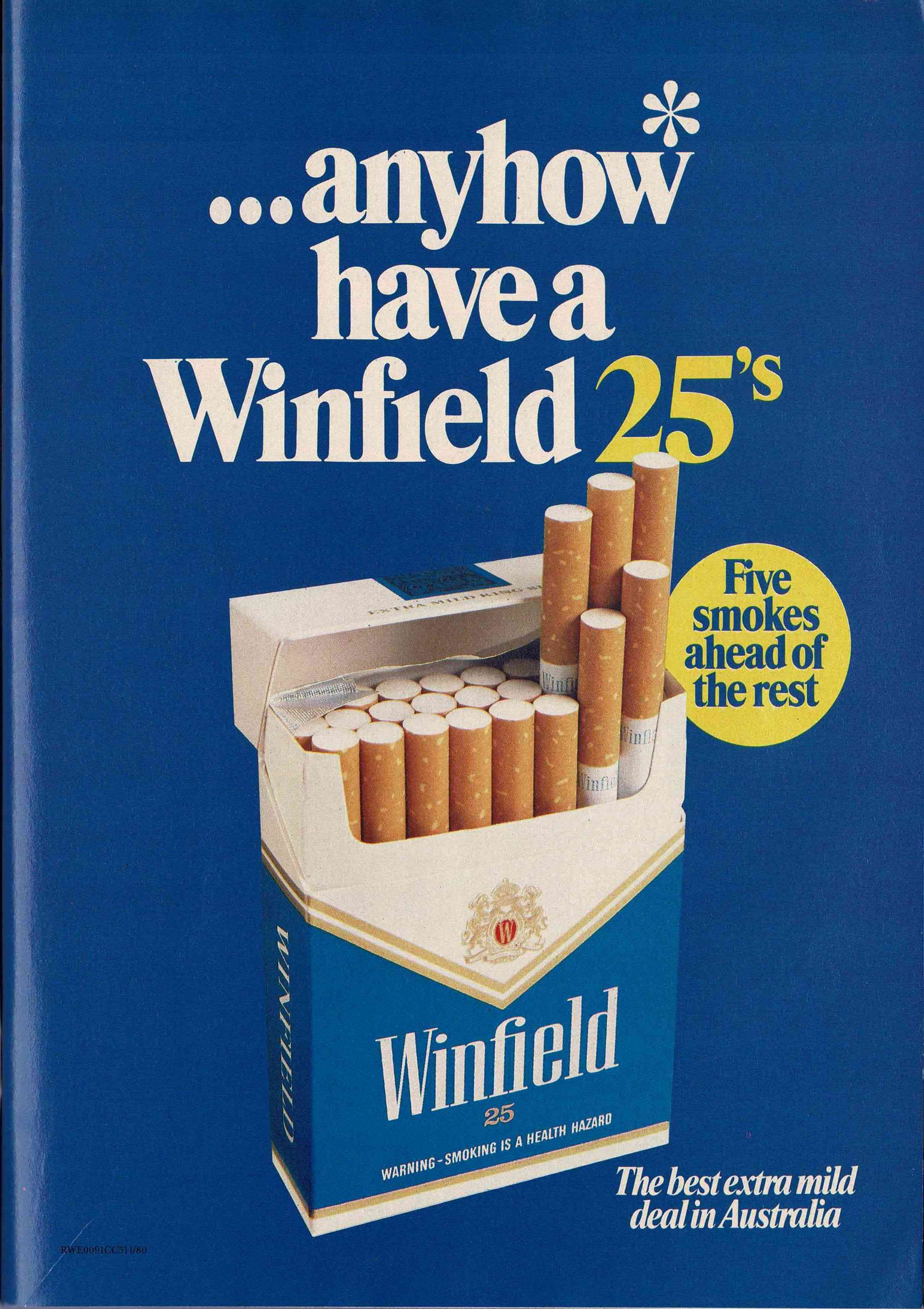
JONES: It will seal it. At the moment I'm a winner and I've got some money but I haven't yet been the World Champion. I can think of great drivers who have never won the title. Chris Amon was a fantastic driver but he never won a grand prix. I think he must be the unluckiest grand prix driver the world has seen. Stirling Moss was never World Champion. And, with Formula One becoming more and more competitive, with 24 very similar cars starting on the grid, it is becoming even harder.

PLAYBOY: Is it a launching pad for vastly increased wealth?

JONES: For sure. In the year of your World Championship, you can kiss $2 million straight in the face.

PLAYBOY: And how long does the title remain a viable economic lever?

JONES: It goes on and on and on. In 1978 or '79 I went to Macao to do the grand prix for Bob Harper and he decided to run a race for all the ex-World Champions in identical Ford



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Escorts. There are always things like that happening. If nothing else, that should mean a couple of free trips each year to Europe after I retire.

PLAYBOY: Mind you, the sport can be quite fickle to its World Champions. The current world champion, Jody Scheckter, was lapped in the Austrian Grand Prix and the man from whom he took the crown, Mario Andretti, not only failed to finish that race, but still has to win his first point in this year's series.

JONES: That is unfortunate because he is a superb driver. He has won Indianapolis, sports car races and everything. I'd be lucky to achieve half of what he has done. But he was very lucky to have his bum in a competitive car at the development of the new era of ground effects cars. He was also very fortunate in having a very honorable man as his number two driver who would never pass Mario. These two factors made Andretti World Champion. Lotus might not have gone backward since then, but everyone else has passed them in development terms. And last year Jody and Ferrari won the championship because of their reliability. We lost the championship because we were too late getting our car out. If we'd have had the car out in time to achieve the reliability for the first eight races that we did in the second half of the season, we would have eaten them.

PLAYBOY: If the World Championship is your Everest, what remains on the other side of the mountain?

JONES: You have just cited examples of two faded World Champions. I would like to be World Champion in successive years. Patrick Head, my designer, and Frank Williams are both very competitive and aggressive men. We are all saying now that, if we are lucky enough to win this year's championship, we want to win two in a row. Nobody has won two successive championships for a very long time. In these days of such fierce competition, it will take a tremendous effort to do it.

PLAYBOY: In your quest to the top, have you ever pushed yourself or your car beyond your own prescribed safety limits?

JONES: I'm sure I have. Every driver has. I'm human and I make mistakes. When you make a mistake you have to analyse it after you get out of the car. You have to ask yourself if the mistake was the result of a cock-up or sheer stupidity.

PLAYBOY: Is fatalism part of a grand prix driver's make-up?

JONES: I think it must be, but in my case it is certainly subconscious. It is something I have not figured out for myself. I don't know whether it is total ignorance, madness, fatalism or what. Americans have a tendency to sit down and analyse themselves, and the reasons for doing the things they do. I'm not like that. I only know I've got to do things and I do them without letting anything get in my way. It is not that I haven't got the time to sit back and analyse it all. Maybe I don't want to find out.

PLAYBOY: You have a reputation of being militant in your demands for driver safety. Has this put you offside with the organisers?

JONES: I'm not as militant in seeking safety requirements as Jody or a lot of the other drivers. It has always been my attitude that, if my car is not safe, or if I don't like the circuit, I just won't drive. I don't need a committee to tell me that. My only concern is that, no matter whether it rains or snows or whatever, the conditions are the same for everybody. As long as that situation exists, the best man will emerge as the winner. But we do have a few problems with the governing body as such, and in particular with a French gentleman by the name of Monsieur (Jean-Marie) Balestre, who is the President of the International Auto-sports Federation (FISA). He has been synonymous with aggravation. He is a politically motivated man who is using Formula One to achieve personal goals and aggrandisement. He has made several very good attemps to wreck the sport. It has got to the stage where I just refuse to go on the podium with him. He screams and raves and asks the Royal Automobile Club (Britain's motor sport organisation) to fine me and take away my licence. I don't respect the man because he has done everything in his power to destroy the sport I love, and he is certainly trying to take nine World Championship points away from me for my win in the Spanish Grand Prix. The guy is an egomaniac who loves to get up on to the rostrum and talk about the French drivers. Balestre is a father figure to L-Equipe Francais and if a frog wins he's all over the place. The Formula One Constructors' Association (FOCA) has done more than anyone else for motor racing. These are the people who put the money on the line at the beginning of the season. All Balestre has is a red arm-band telling him that he's the President of FISA, the governing body. I hope he isn't president for very much longer. I'm certainly doing all I can to have him removed. I genuinely believe we need a governing body to guide us but not to stick their bloody noses in where they are not wanted.

> *"Balestre is an egomaniac who loves to get up and talk about French drivers. If a frog wins, he's all over the place."*

PLAYBOY: You seem to be in the middle, particularly in the row over whether the Spanish race will stand in the championship series.

JONES: I think that is all largely circumstantial. All my nearest rivals in that race broke down and did not finish and I won the bloody race. And at the moment there is only a 50/50 chance it will count.

PLAYBOY: Even if the nine points from Spain don't have a bearing on the result of the championship, will you still appeal against FISA's decision to void the result?

JONES: Absolutely. I laid everything on the line to win that race. It was a grand prix and I want the just reward for the effort I put in. Just because three teams chose not to take part because of the Balestre-precipitated aggravation should have no relevance. I agree that drivers should be made to attend briefings, but I don't think an individual should decide alone that any driver who doesn't turn up should be automatically fined $2000. If there is an argument, it is between FISA and each of the individual drivers, and Balestre had no right to declare the Spanish race illegal. It will go to an international civil court.

PLAYBOY: Has all this aggravation affected your mental attitude?

JONES: I can eliminate all pressures from my mind a good two hours before I hop in a car. The last thing I want is a political argument before a race. I just want to sit in my motor home and play some tapes.

PLAYBOY: Some drivers have glibly said that they feel safer haring round a circuit at 290km/h among fellow professionals than they do on public roads. Do you ever feel safe in a race?

JONES: Yeah, I do. Sometimes when I'm going down a three-kilometre straight at 314km/h, I wonder what would happen if a wing came off or a tyre blew. That could be a bit nasty. But normally when you are going through corners and changing gears, you haven't got time to think. Those long straights when it seems to take a week to get to the end are luxuries.

PLAYBOY: Is there any section of a race in which you feel at greater risk?

JONES: If I'm in the middle of the pack

and I've got a couple of people I'd prefer not to be close to around me, I get a bit twitchy.

PLAYBOY: Would you care to name those drivers you prefer to steer clear of in races?

JONES: I could, but I don't want to. I don't like to be asked my impressions of any of the drivers. I have got my own personal views on all the drivers. It is all on file in my mind. I know exactly what driver does what and who can be trusted and who can't. It is not fair for me to start criticising the other drivers. I will when I retire.

PLAYBOY: What do you mean when you say some drivers can't be trusted?

JONES: You never know what they are going to do. You can drive wheel-to-wheel with a couple of drivers all day because you know they are good, sound, unexcitable and professional drivers. You know they will never do anything stupid and you can double guess them. Then there are others who, quite frankly, you never know what they will do. Half the time *they* don't know what *they* are going to do. For example I was lapping Giacomelli, who drives for Alfa-Romeo. I wasn't racing the man. I was lapping him three-quarters of the way through the race. He'd held me up for two laps. I had second place in the bag. I pulled up alongside him in the braking area of a hairpin and he just drove into the side of me.

PLAYBOY: If some drivers behave as erratically as you say, how do they graduate to Formula One?

JONES: It is a question that I have asked myself several times. Bruno Giacomelli is a good driver, a quick driver. He held down fifth place for a long part of the Austrian GP, but he is very emotional. To me, the Germanic drivers are the best. You can class drivers, at least to a certain degree, like nationalities. Some get a bit emotional, carried away, and cry. But the most worrying thing for me in a race or trial is a component failure. If you are going down a straight and the suspension wish-bone falls off, you are in the lap of the gods.

PLAYBOY: What goes through your mind when you are sitting on the grid?

JONES: Once the five-minute board goes up I don't think of anything. I just look dead straight ahead. I concentrate on starting my engine as late as I can so it doesn't overheat. When we go out for the warm-up lap and I'm starting from the pole or the front row, I try to concentrate on going very slow to keep everybody bunched up. If I go too quickly, I arrive back at the start line long before the others and I'm sitting there with my engine going and running the risk of overheating. I study where I'm going to park the car on the grid, checking to see if there is any inclination on one side of the track. If I am starting on the second row, I concentrate on observing where the pole man and the second car are to see if there is room for me to get between them. If they get close together like the two Renaults do, I look for an outside line around them.

PLAYBOY: You obviously have great faith in the Williams car and the men who put it together. Have you had that confidence in all your mounts?

JONES: No. I've driven some cars that I've been glad to get out of at the end of the race. I've never had confidence in some cars I've driven and some I've just hated. I didn't like driving the Hill or the Surtees. I never felt I had control over the development of the Surtees and I never felt comfortable in the cockpit. The Surtees and the Hill era was just a stepping stone to where I wanted to go. Most drivers at some stage know when they sign for a team that they will never win a GP in that car. But they know they have to go through with it to get into a better team. You drive in a lesser team in the hope that someone will say: "Look, he is going all right in this shit box; he'll have to go well in our car." Eventually, if you are good enough

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PLAYBOY: The Williams car is the best you've driven?

JONES: Without doubt it has been the most competitive car I have driven, and probably the best. I had a little Formula Atlantic March which was a fantastic little car and I thoroughly enjoyed driving it. The Hesketh was a good car but I was a little too inexperienced to get the best out of it. I stopped driving that car just when I was poised to get the best out of it.

PLAYBOY: What attracted you to the unproven Williams in the same year that you turned down Ferrari?

JONES: It is very important that I get along well with every member of the team. I've been there at one end of the transporter and the boss at the other with us hating one another and only speaking when it is time to drive the car, and I didn't like it. I knew Frank Williams in 1977 and I knew he was a struggler. In 1977, when people asked me if I was interested in driving for them, I said yes to everybody. Then I'd go and suss them out. Frank invited me to go and have a look at his factory and what he had, and I did. I was very impressed with the factory. It was very neat and tidy. But the thing that really clinched it was my three-hour conversation with Patrick Head. It was clear it was going to be a one-driver team in a simple, lightweight car which used a Cosworth engine. I also took into account who the sponsors would be and what the potential was. I decided it was worth a punt. The first couple of races were a bit disorganised, but we gradually got better. We were always up there in 1978 and we should have won a grand prix that year. Then Patrick studied the ground effect concept involving the lift-to-drag ratio which is making the cars go quicker these days. He finally came up with the 07 Williams.

PLAYBOY: What is your relationship with Williams and Head?

JONES: They are undoubtedly the best people I've ever driven for. We're all a similar age. We're all good friends. It is a great atmosphere. Frank is very sympathetic to the driver's needs. Whatever I say about the car he believes because he has no reason not to. I've got the same goal as him — to win races — and he knows I'm not going to say there is something wrong with the car just for the hell of it. Next year will be our fourth together and the relationship will be even better. They know my faults. They know I can become a bit awkward and that I might throw a wobbly every now and again. Sometimes if the car doesn't finish I'll abuse everybody and then I'll be sorry afterwards. But they appreciate I do get revved up and they know it is better not to talk to me just after I climb out of a sick car.

PLAYBOY: If it requires a $7 million budget to keep the team on the track and competitive, is there any way a team can continue these days without the backing of people such as the oil-rich Saudis?

JONES: No, absolutely not. You can't make money in Formula One. The prize money is a help, but without sponsorship you can forget it. There is no such thing as a private Formula One team any more.

PLAYBOY: How do you find the Saudis?

JONES: They are very cautious people. Contrary to popular belief, they don't dive in headfirst, splashing millions of dollars round. They analyse things and have very good advisers. They come in on a very modest basis at first and, when they find they can trust you to do the job, they come in very heavily. I never cease to be amazed how polite and how gentlemanly they are. They come into the room and they are so bloody polite you can't believe it. Then someone will say: "Oh, yes. he has just bought the Dorchester Hotel and he's worth three trillion."

> *"The Saudis want to show the world that they are more aware of what is going on than the image of them falcon hunting."*

PLAYBOY: What percentage of the $7 million are the Arabs putting up?

JONES: Well, Leyland are coming in stronger every year. Whether people like to admit it or not, we are getting results. And when you realise that about 750 million people saw Monaco, then at the end of the day they had been watching a Leyland car for something like about half an hour on television. You try and buy half an hour's television time to reach that many people.

PLAYBOY: I fully appreciate what Leyland get out of their sponsorship, but what about the Saudis?

JONES: The Saudis want to show the rest of the world that they are more aware of what is going on in the world than the popular image of them falcon hunting or riding round on camels. They have an involvement with a highly technical international sport such as Formula One. It is a platform for their businesses as well. It gives them a bit of credence and clout when they are dealing with the sophisticated multi-national companies such as Philips. I agree that the Saudis don't have one particular item which they are trying to peddle through their sponsorship of our team.

PLAYBOY: Has it been written into your contract with them that you will forsake the traditional champagne victory toast on the dais?

JONES: There are no limitations at all on me in my contract. Frank suggested, and I agreed with him, that we shouldn't be seen drinking after a race as a courtesy to sponsors whose religion forbids alcohol. It would be contradictory for the Saudis to see their driver guzzling champagne.

PLAYBOY: Watching you in Austria, you gave it all you and the car had, but you didn't have the legs to peg back the Renault. Is the Renault team the biggest threat to you and the Williams team?

JONES: They're still having problems with the Renaults which aren't that reliable. Because of their extra power, particularly on high altitude tracks where the turbo-engine is not affected, they will win if they finish. But I'm not terribly worried about a Renault driver becoming a World Champion this year. My two biggest worries in the run for this year's title are Piquet and Lafitte.

PLAYBOY: But do you see the Renault drivers as your main rivals over the next few years?

JONES: Renault will get stronger and stronger because of the resources they have behind them. I know that several English manufacturers of the gear boxes and die rings could virtually close their doors and survive on the business Renault alone gives them. Renault's budget is just unbelievable. They already have the horsepower and they will make the engine reliable, so they will become a more potent force.

PLAYBOY: Can the Williams car be further developed to try and head off the Renault challenge?

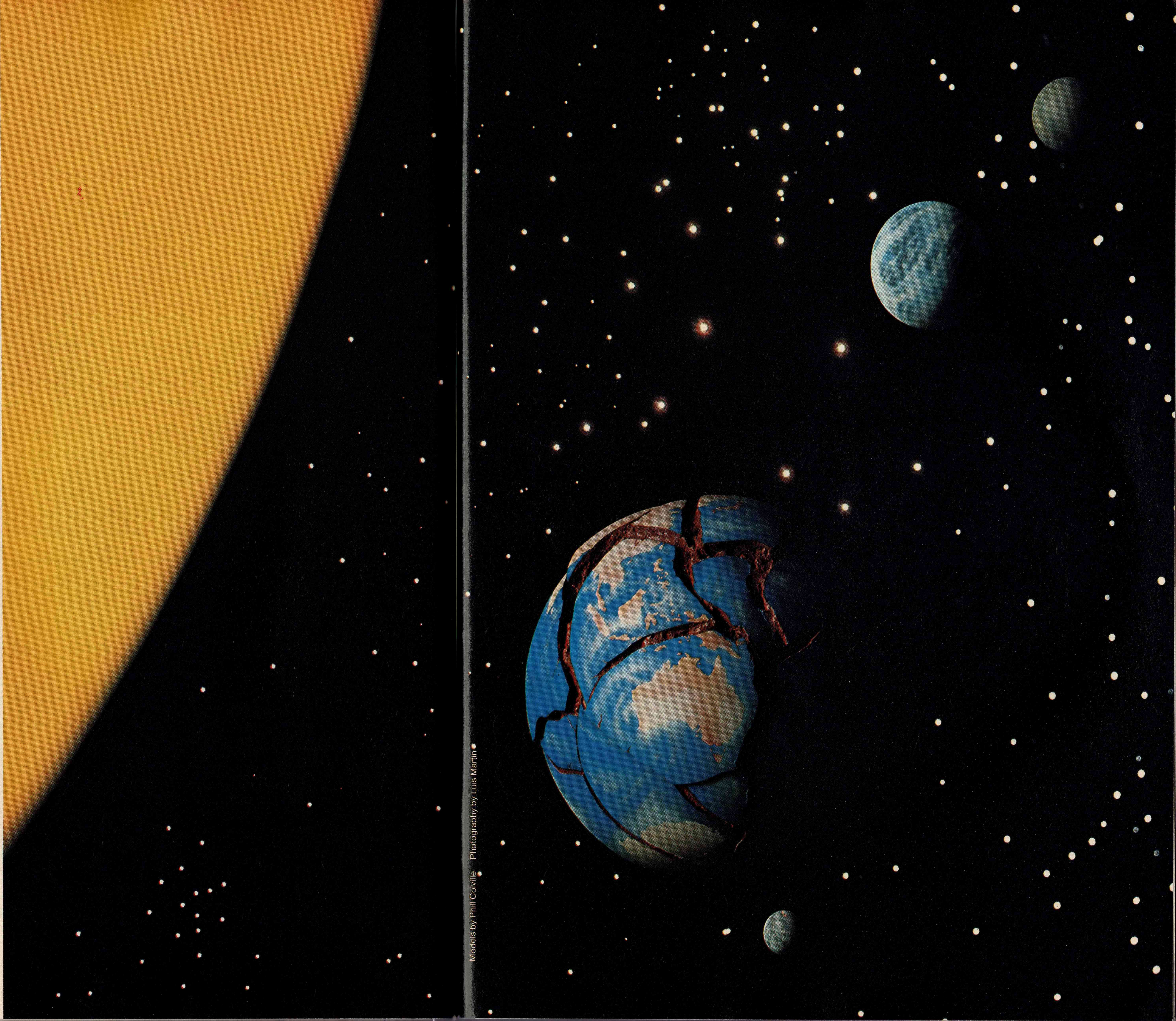
JONES: We have a completely new car for next year. But we still have problems. FISA has not yet decided what the final regulations will be for next year. Nobody knows whether next year's cars will have skirts or not. Everybody is scared to commit themselves to a very big development program if, in the final stage, Balestre rings them up and says: "We are not allowing this or that." Our car for next year will be quite radical. If Patrick Head can engineer it, it will be very, very quick. It won't be a turbo engine because we think the Cosworth DFV will be good for another year or so in the car we are designing. ■

EVERYTHING YOU NEED TO KNOW ABOUT DISASTER, BUT ARE TOO SCARED TO CONTEMPLATE

DOOMSDAY PROPHETS around the world have focused attention recently on a series of cataclysms forecast for 1982. Signs in the heavens — an unusual alignment of the planets of our solar system in that year — portend, so we are told, an upsurge of volcanic activity and earthquakes, with the ring of fire around the edge of the Pacific Ocean bursting into unprecedented life. On the American west coast, California will crumble into the sea. And on the Australian east coast, a great tidal wave produced by all this activity will sweep away Sydney, Brisbane and the pleasant coastal region in between.

Some of these forecasts are based purely on occult mysticism — such as

By Dr John Gribbin



Models by Phill Colville   Photography by Luis Martin

the writings of the 16th century French astrologer Nostradamus — and with no knowledge of the occult. I cannot comment on them one way or the other. But the hook which ties the predictions so specifically to 1982 is clearly an astronomical one, concerning the positions of the planets in the heavens and their supposed influences on Earth.

As an astronomer, I can certainly comment on those forecasts — and as the co-author of a book, *The Jupiter Effect*, which is often quoted (or misquoted) by these prophets of doom, perhaps I have a duty to do so. I believe that there is, hidden within the tales of apocalypse now, a nugget of scientific truth. But you may be surprised to discover first that the coming catastrophes may be writ considerably smaller than all the doomsayers would have you believe, and secondly that the worst may already have happened. But like all good story tellers, I should begin at the beginning.

For me, the beginning was back in the early 1970s when I was involved with another astronomer, Stephen Plagemann, in a study of the changing patterns of earthquake activity. We were especially interested in some evidence that there is an increase in earthquake activity when our Sun is itself more active, and we were looking for a way to use this hint in the scientific evidence as a means of predicting earthquakes.

Now, it may come as a surprise to a lot of people to hear that the Sun itself varies. We all use expressions like "as certain as day follows night", and the Sun is a symbol of constancy and perfection to us. Maybe so. But the fact is that, over a cycle roughly 11 years long, our Sun follows a fairly regular rhythm of activity. The most obvious feature of this is that dark spots — sunspots — appear on the face of the Sun, with most spots appearing when the Sun is most active. This gives the regular rhythm its name, the "sunspot cycle". But there is much more to the sunspot cycle than sunspots, and in peak activity years the Sun produces great blasts of material, flares and "storms" on the solar surface which send particles — cosmic rays — streaming across space and past the Earth. The Earth is embedded in the solar wind, as it is called, and when the solar wind blows gusty, as it does at sunspot cycle maximum, the whole Earth can shake as a result.

It can't shake much. But since the invention of atomic clocks and their use as accurate timekeepers, astronomers have been able to keep tabs on the rate of rotation of the spinning Earth with an accuracy never before achieved. They find all kinds of effects, at the level of changes a few milliseconds long in the length of the 24-hour day. Over the seasons, the length of day changes by a few milliseconds as great air masses shift their circulation patterns around the globe. Over the sunspot cycle, there are similar changes in the length of day, presumably linked with changes in the strength of the solar wind or particles blowing past our small planet. And on several occasions since the late 1950s, when there have been spectacularly large outbursts on the Sun, the Earth has responded a few days later with a sudden change in rotation, altering the length of the day by a millisecond or, more literally, overnight. It is as if a hammer blow from the Sun jolted the Earth and shook it a tiny amount. So tiny an amount, indeed, that you

Nostradamus is one of the mystic prophets of doom whose predictions do not carry any scientific weight . . .

might think that the solid Earth would hardly notice. But to change the rotation of the Earth by even a millisecond requires as much energy as the amount released in a great earthquake. Indeed, geologists and seismologists had also been busy with the atomic clocks, and they had found just this effect — a great earthquake, like the one that hit China in 1976, can also shake the earth enough to produce a measurable change in the length of day.

To Steve Plagemann and myself, it seemed only natural to look at the argument the other way. If the energy of a big earthquake can shake the whole Earth and change the length of one day by a millisecond or more, then a jolt from the Sun which changed the length of day by the same amount must contain enough energy to set off a major earthquake. This would neatly explain why more earthquakes happen when the Sun is more active.

We wanted to test our ideas, and the way to test a scientific theory is to make a prediction based upon it — and observe the outcome. The obvious thing to do was simply to add 11 years on to the previous peak of solar activity, which occurred in 1969, and to predict that there would be an upsurge in volcanic and earthquake activity next time the sunspot cycle peaked, in 1980. But we tried to be too clever. We knew about the upcoming alignment of all the planets in the solar system, not in a straight line but all in a band on one side of the Sun, and we knew that this happens only once every 179 years. Nobody has ever really explained why the Sun follows a cycle of activity roughly 11 years long, but one school of thought is that in some way the Sun is being shaken up by the varying tug of all the planets moving about it, a tug transmitted by gravitational tidal forces. It looks like a good explanation, especially since the biggest and most important planet (in gravitational terms) is Jupiter, which orbits around the Sun once in just over 11 years, following its own cycle almost the same as the sunspot cycle. So, with the over-confidence of youth, we made a bolder prediction to say that this time around the sunspot cycle would be not 11 years long but 13, peaking in 1982. And therefore, we said, the expected upsurge of earthquake and volcanic activity, including California's notorious San Andreas fault, would probably occur in 1982.

We didn't know about Nostradamus and the prophets of doom when we published *The Jupiter Effect* back in 1974, and we didn't know any other astrologers, either. But we've heard from, and met, quite a few since. We've also found our names taken in vain in a wondrous variety of publications asserting that science has now proved that the forecasts of doom for 1982 are accurate. But there are a couple of snags. First, we never predicted the end of the world — just an increase in earthquake activity, and particularly perhaps California earthquake activity. And, secondly, we got our date wrong. We should indeed have just added 11 years on to 1969, since the Sun reached its peak level of activity in the current sunspot cycle earlier this year. As far as the scientific evidence of *The Jupiter Effect* is concerned, all the hysteria about the last wave is "forecasting" something that has already happened — and we still seem to be talking about it. What went wrong?

Some of the astrologers I've met as a result of the publication of our ideas have a very clear explanation of what went wrong. They tell me that the kind of alignment due in 1982 is actually beneficial — not the sort of pattern to be associated with disasters at all. It may be rare, but to them it is a good sign, a herald of better things to come. And one or two of the astrologers have mentioned that if you want to worry about planetary alignments the one to worry about is due not in 1982 but in December 1980.

At midnight Greenwich Mean Time (GMT) on December 1, all of the planets will be grouped with a right angle alignment on one side of the Sun, and right angles are "squares" — traditionally associated with disaster in astrology. I don't know much about that, but it is just on the cards that this pattern, itself almost as unusual as the 1982 alignment, will produce an extra tidal/gravitational tug on the Sun, stimulating an outburst of activity at the end of this current year of sunspot maximum, with gusts of solar wind winging across space to shake the Earth and trigger seismic activity

I shall certainly be watching with interest, from a safe place, at the beginning of December. But any earthquakes or volcanoes that are shaken into life then are hardly likely to be more spectacular than what this sunspot maximum year has already brought us, and I can't see the surfers getting a chance to ride their boards into the heart of the great brown country on the back of the last wave.

The doomsayers seem not to have noticed, in fact, just how spectacularly active Earth has already been late last year and early this year. The rumbles have included three moderate earthquakes in the region near Los Angeles, one further south, one underneath the nuclear facility at Livermore and another at nearby Yosemite — all of them on the San Andreas fault line. And further north, Mount St Helens has just given us the most spectacular volcanic outbursts since Krakatoa, the 1883 eruption in Indonesia which could be heard in Australia and caused tidal waves costing many thousands of lives. If Steve Plagemann and I hadn't tried to be too clever by half, we might now be basking in the glow of a successful scientific forecast. For this upsurge of seismic activity has indeed "coincided" with the Sun reaching its peak of activity, and for the first time the maximum year for sunspot activity has proved to be a maximum year for earthquakes and volcanoes.

In global terms, the effect is small — nothing like the end of the world, or of civilisation as we know it. But in scientific terms (or if you happen to live down wind from Mount St Helens) the effect is big — far too big to be ignored. The idea that solar outbursts affect the Earth, shaking it up enough to encourage activity from fault lines and volcanos that are already prone to such activity, now seems to be well established. And after the alarms and excursions of recent months, as we move towards 1982 we can expect things to get quieter, in seismic terms, as the Earth recovers from all this activity and the Sun itself calms down again.

But it is human nature, it seems, to thirst after stories of environmental catastrophe, and you may feel cheated by the news that The Great Jupiter Effect disaster has already happened, and you missed it. I hate to leave you disappointed, and for the benefit of doomsday masochists I am glad to be able to report that there is indeed

. . . But if this is what London will look like in the coming winter it's possible that we could all be in for big trouble.

cause for gloom this decade. But it isn't so much the ground beneath our feet we have to worry about, or the last wave sloshing up out of the ocean. The real cause for concern lies in the atmosphere and weather systems of our planet.

My own interests have moved on from earthquakes to the weather because, although earthquakes may be a big problem in some parts of the world, the weather can be a big problem anywhere. Solar winds that are strong enough to shake our whole planet are even more capable of throwing a spanner into the workings of the atmosphere — what writer Nigel Calder had once dubbed "The Weather Machine". And, now, sure enough, the records foreshow an echo of the Sun's rhythms in the ebb and flow of warm and cold spells on Earth.

Now, however, we are not talking about year-to-year variations in the weather, or even the changes over the 11 years or so of one sunspot cycle. When astronomers look at the records of sunspot cycles going back three centuries (sunspots have only been monitored since they were discovered by Galileo early in the 17th century) they find that the peaks of activity are different in different sunspot cycles. The most recent peak, 1969, was a particularly pronounced one, with many sunspots and a great deal of flaring on the Sun, producing gusts in the solar wind. Sometimes, however, the sunspot peak year barely raises a ripple of activity above what would normally be regarded as the minimum of solar activity. And very often the cycle peaks out somewhere between these extremes. There is a pattern to this longer term variation, and in particular some bold statisticians, evaluating just 300 years worth of measurements, have claimed to see a "supercycle" of sunspot activity repeating over about 180 years — indeed, this is one of the reasons people are so interested in the 179-year alignment due in 1982. More important than this, though, is the evidence now being gathered showing a link between the overall level of solar activity — whether a particular sunspot cycle is "strong" or "weak" — and the weather on Earth.

This evidence can be summed up very simply by looking only at the most extreme changes in weather and sunspots since the time of Galileo. In the past 350 years there have been two periods of prolonged and severe cold recorded in the Northern Hemisphere (unfortunately, no one was keeping records in the south at the time). The first, so severe that it has been called the "little ice age", spanned the second half of the 17th century, and brought disastrous frosts across Europe. Rivers such as the Thames froze solid on many occasions, with great "frost fairs" being held on the icy surface of what became a wintertime frozen highway through London. Then came a slight breathing spell, as the world pulled out of the chill of the little ice age during the 18th century — only for a shorter and slightly less severe spell of deep freeze weather to strike in the first 15 years of the 19th century.

That short, sharp shock had historic importance for two reasons. It played a considerable part in destroying Napoleon's army at the gates of Moscow, and it brought a striking series of white Christmases in England, vividly remembered by a young boy called Charles Dickens, who later drew on those memories in writing his own stories of Christmas. It is thanks to that short spell of

severe weather that the whole concept of a "white Christmas" came into modern English literature.

Since the 19th century we have had nothing comparable. The climate has been, overall, much more pleasant than at any time in the past 500 years. But that may be due to change. The link with solar activity is clear as soon as you know that since the time of Galileo there have also been just two periods with persistent very low levels of solar activity. Yes, you guessed, the second half of the 17th century (the little ice age) and the first 15 years of the 19th (Dickens' childhood) both saw a remarkable absence of sunspots, indicating a low level of all the activity associated with the normally stormy, flaring Sun. The evidence is that when there are no sunspots for a prolonged time then the Sun is actually cooler, by a small amount, than when it is active. Or rather, since that is surely putting the cart before the horse, we can see that when something — we don't know what — happens to make the Sun cool off by one or two percent, that same something calms down the whole sunspot cycle of activity.

And the icing on the cake of this idea of a link between Sun and weather comes from the 20th century studies, which show the mild decades of the 1920s to 1960s "coinciding" with strong sunspot cycles and high peaks of solar activity.

So what's next?

A respectable forecast of how future solar cycle trends will affect the weather on Earth has been made by Professor Burd C. Willett, of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. Writing in the *Technology Review* as long ago as 1976, he used his analysis of long-term solar cycles to predict 25 years of cooler weather everywhere, with the drop starting either immediately after the forecast was made or after only a short delay, so that minimum temperatures are reached in the 1980s.

According to Prof. Willett, a slight warming early in the 21st century will fail to reach the idyllic peaks of the period 1930-60, and then colder, drier weather will set in for the rest of that century — a grim outlook for a world with rising population and an already strained agricultural food supply system. But Professor Willett has to be taken seriously, if only because in 1951, when most weather experts were worried about the possibility of global warming, he published one of the few forecasts suggesting that temperatures would fall in the mid-1960s. History proved that forecast accurate, and his new forecast is based on the same ideas about the Sun, but it has been improved by 25 years of observation and further refinement.

Maybe that forecast is too cautious and too long range for your taste. What is going to happen this winter in the Northern Hemisphere and next winter in the south? Where is the equivalent of the bold Jupiter Effect forecast for the weather? As it happens, just such a forecast has been made, couched in even more confident terms than the Jupiter Effect forecast.

Joseph Goodavage is an American science writer who set out in the 1960s on a one-man crusade to prove astrology wrong. To his embarrassment, as he puts it, he succeeded only in convincing himself that, while the "horoscope" in your morning paper should perhaps be taken with about half a ton of salt, there does seem to be a basis for some astrological forecasting. Without knowing anything about the supposed links between planetary alignments and the Sun — links which, if real, are persuasive indicators of the way the planets could affect weather on Earth, and perhaps even earthquakes — he discovered the semi-science of "astrometeorology", predicting weather on the basis of planetary alignments. Convinced that the method worked, he threw out a challenge to orthodoxy in the magazine *Analog*, which publishes both science fiction and science fact. In that 1960s study, astrometeorological forecasts were published alongside the forecasts of the US Weather Bureau and a third forecast generated at random. At the end of the experiment, the three forecasts were compared with the actual weather to see who came out best. The system based on planetary alignments rated 94 percent accurate, Goodavage recalls in his recent book *Our Threatened Planet*, although the Weather Bureau managed only a 50 percent success rate, actually slightly worse than the random forecast in this particular study.

So Joe Goodavage has now come up with perhaps the most astonishing long range weather forecast yet. Writing in *Our Threatened Planet* for an American audience, he concentrates on the Northern Hemisphere and makes the following prediction: A bitterly cold winter of 1981, particularly in the north-eastern and north-western and border States of the USA, throughout the Canadian north-west, and especially in Europe and the Soviet Union. The deep freeze of 1981 will last from the time of the winter solstice of December 21, 1980, and through January, February and March of 1981, more intensely so during Saturn's stationary position centering on January 25 next year. This promises to be the most bitterly cold week of the most bitterly cold winter in living memory.

And Goodavage's forecast for the whole of the 1980s continues in the same vein. Basking in the southern summer this January, you might spare a thought for the north and watch out for news of blizzards. For, if Goodavage is correct, the Southern Hemisphere will be equally hard hit.

And the repercussions of such a climatic shift would be felt across Australia. Climatologists now know that a colder world is also a drier world, with more water locked up in the snow and frozen icecaps and less around to fall as rainfall. Where Goodavage predicts frozen doom for the north, substitute drought for the south and you have a disturbing picture of an already dry Australia.

Can you believe such an astonishing forecast? It is hard to take at face value, and yet it is completely unambiguous. Goodavage leaves himself no loopholes, and this provides a classic scientific test of his astrometeorology. If the winter of '81 is not the worst in living memory in America, Europe and the Soviet Union, we know the theory is wrong and there is no need to fear a great southern drought. If the coming winter is terrible in the north, it won't prove Goodavage right. It could just be a coincidence. But it'll make you think.

So we all have a chance to participate, if only as observers, in a great scientific test of the accuracy of "astrological" predictions of doom, and of the reality of links between the Sun and Earth. Forget about your disappointment at the news that there is no likelihood of earthquakes and tidal waves in 1982, that the Jupiter Effect already happened and you missed it. Watch out on December 1 for news of enormous solar flares, disruption of radio communications, and major earthquakes and volcanic eruptions somewhere in the world. Watch out throughout the southern summer for news of snowy disaster striking up north.

If it doesn't happen, between us we've established that forecasts based on planetary alignments are a waste of time. If it does, there are going to be some very red faces in scientific circles. And either way it provides an interesting hobby for the next few months. Weather permitting, I hope to be back with a progress report by the time summer returns to England.

John Gribbin is the author of The Climatic Threat, *and* The Strangest Star, *both published by Fontana.*

PLEASURE ISLAND

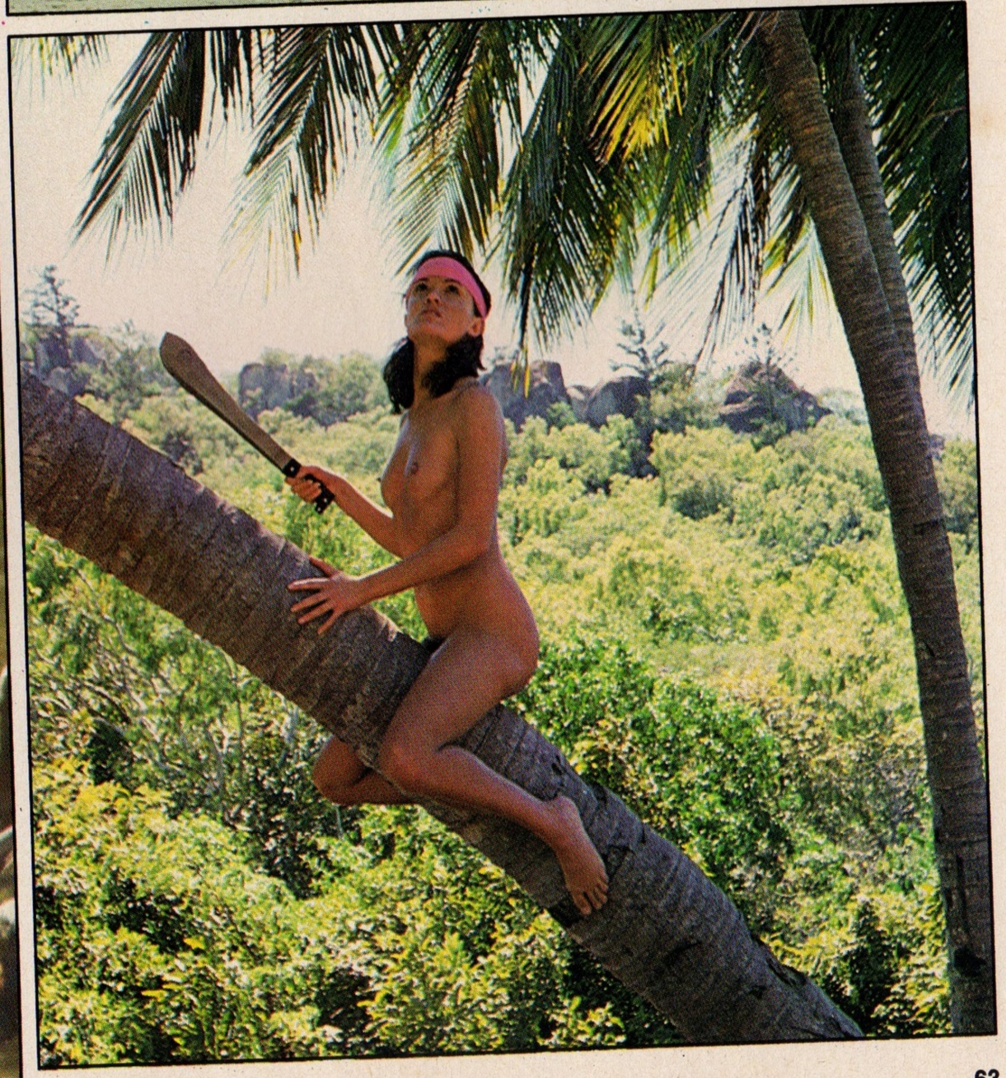
to stay here like this forever, together, touched by paradise

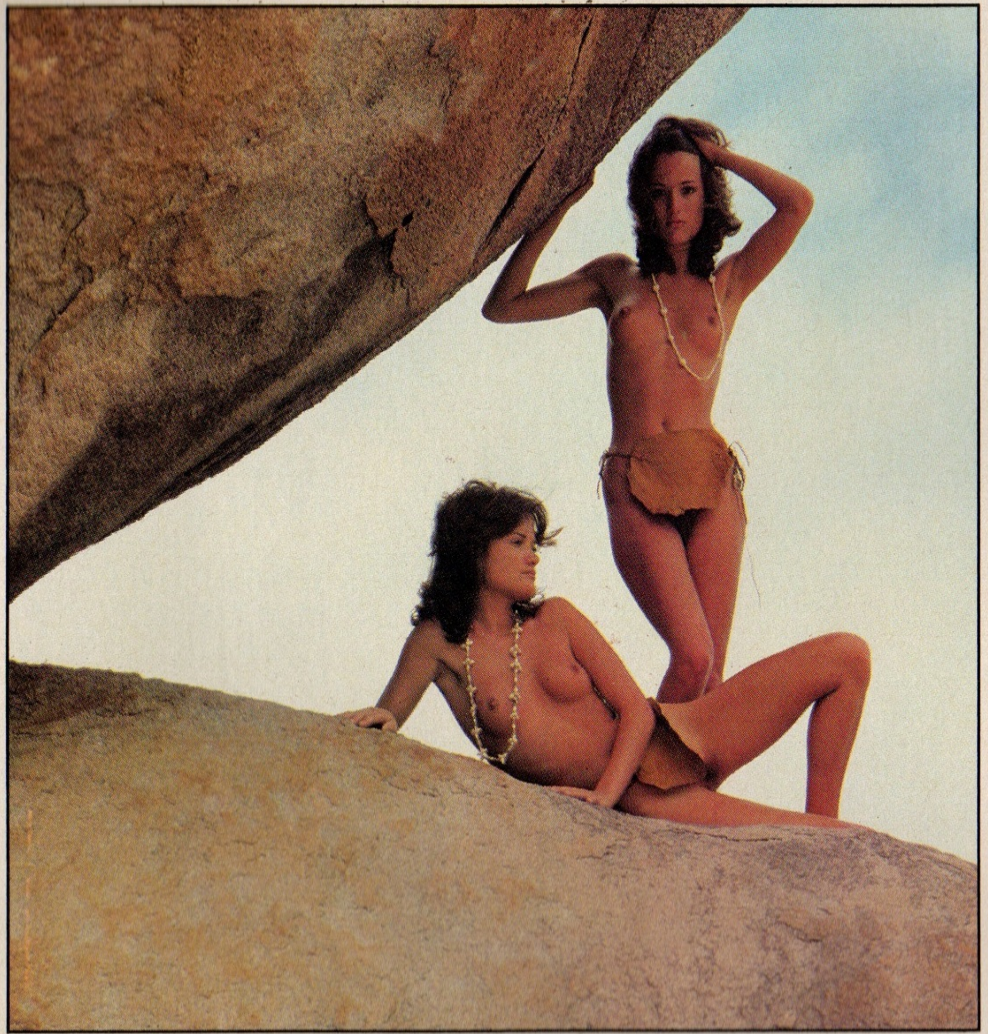
Photographed on Magnetic Island courtesy of Mediterranean Holiday Village

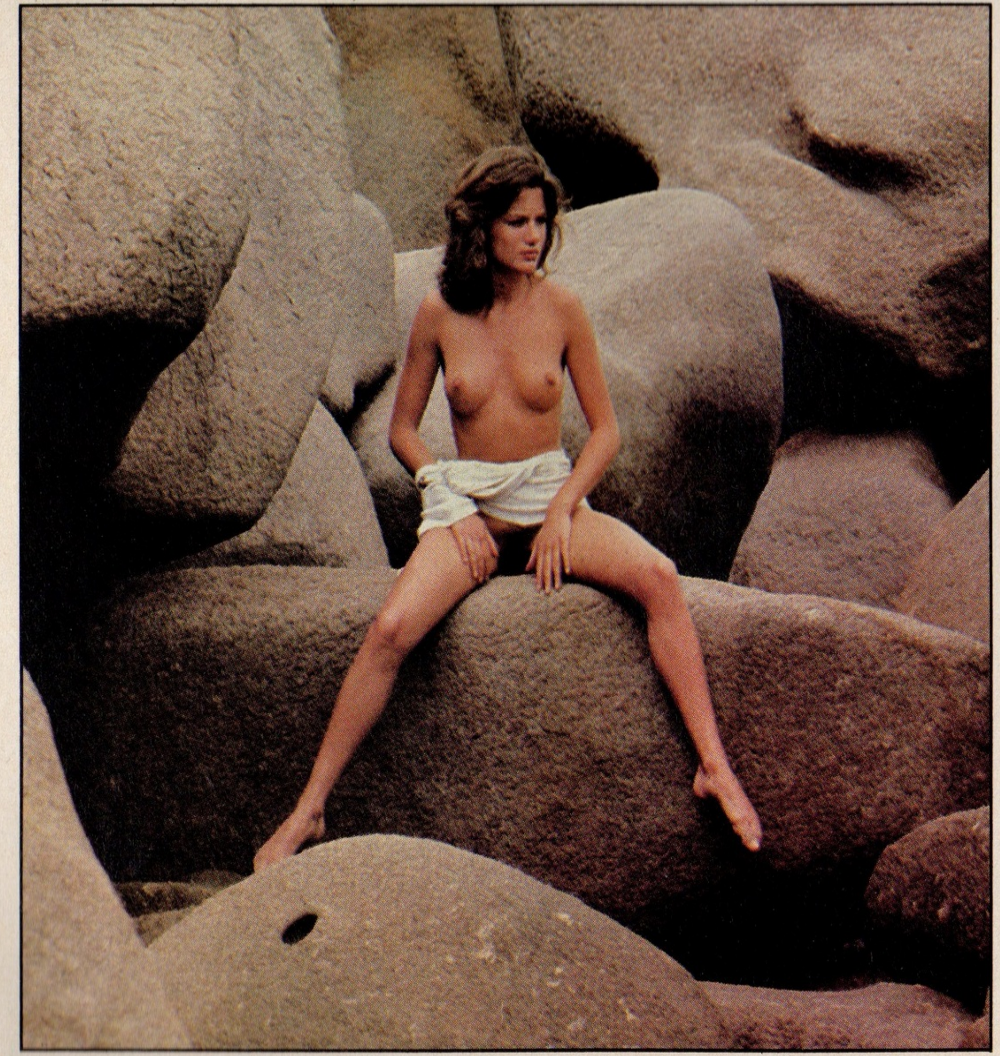
TWO CASTAWAYS, like identical shells tossed by some careless wave upon a strange shore. The twins have come to rest in the timeless lap of a pleasure island. They struggle to resist the sea's tidal tug before reaching out for the warmth and security offered by this tropical island paradise . . . and each other's company. Here, there are no footprints in the sand save their own, no sign of human life, just the persistent call of the sea as the storm of the shipwrecked night gradually abates. The warmth of a new day

Photography by Robert Butcher

washes strength back into the two beautiful bodies, providing them with the energy to explore their new domain and establish their own rules for this new kingdom. It's unlike anything they've ever experienced. The sunlight dances through palm fronds, splashing designs upon their naked brown bodies, rendering clothes unnecessary. Stripped back to the basics, life dictates its own demands: of need, and of pleasure. The hunt for food and shelter is only exceeded by the desire for touch, for some physical communication between two human beings. It is a new journey, one of intimate discovery as their minds and their bodies respond to the demands of a new environment. Here, the blood bond between identical twins and the well of their sisterly affection find a new depth and meaning. Woman's freedom is usually limited by the demands of others, but when there are no others, both fantasy and sensuality are given free rein to soar. The exploration of unknown regions and new delights, provided by their own company and the idyllic surrounds, makes every moment of each sun-drenched day and balmy night a scorching new experience. Days ebb into nights and weeks into months 'til time seems to hold no relevance, so all thought of rescue is abandoned.







SUMMER MADNESS

. . . or the frenzy of a nation at play

"Ah, summer, what power you have to make us suffer and like it." — Russell Baker

THE SHARK alarm sounds for the third time and the bronzed guys in those funny little caps bawl us from the water. Again. We cripple-foot across grilling sand — an unsightly assortment of wet red, brown, pink, peeling bodies — swarming towards the promenade and shops. Queue at the Greek's for hot, greasy things and wash them down with colored water. Pump the change through the pinball parlor then totter back to the beach with fistfuls of ice-cream disappearing in sticky runs down the forearms. Eat the mess, wipe off the sticking sand, then baste the bodies in suntan oil and insect repellent.

Sunday. Summer Sunday. From Cottesloe to Coolangatta. The shark alarm sounds only on Sunday. Nobody ever sees the shark. But it is the shark which sends us to buy chips and junkfood, play the pinnies and pour on the body grease. The shark doesn't have many friends. The Greek likes him and so do the editors of afternoon newspapers. We think that it is the editors, milkbar and pinball parlor owners who raise the alarm. The shark is one of the villains in the mad pantomime that is the Australian summer.

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Mad dogs and Pommies and noonday sun. It still applies, you know. White man has been clinging to the shores of this continent for almost 200 summers, and he still hasn't got the grasp of it. As soon as the sun beats into the southern latitudes it starts. And it's been an annual event since 1770 when too much sun on the back of his Yorkshire bonce had Cook imagining that a few thousand kilometres of uncharted coastline looked like a metre or so of beachfront in south Wales. Obviously addled by the climate, Cook decided he'd be the first European to carry out feeding tests with an Australian plant. He would have done better to ask the Aborigines before letting the *Endeavour's* crew sample the seeds of the *Cycas media* plant. It was a gastronomic disaster as Cook, crew and hogs became "much disordered". Two hogs died and the *Endeavour's* crew was responsible for the first known sewage pollution of the Queensland coast. The country has been "much disordered" ever since, with alcohol and other influences replacing *Cycas media* as the social diversion.

Each summer the formula repeats itself. Take the equivalent of full-moon lunacy, bedlam and every artificial excess known to mankind, blend them furiously, bake at 30 to 40 degrees for three or four months and you've got a nice slice of Australiana called Summer Madness. The Aborigines' inherent immunity made them bemused witnesses at the second anniversary of the summer of madness in February 1788, when Arthur Phillip hosted the continent's biggest orgy. The flag had

A PRIEST WHO DARED SWIM IN DAYLIGHT, AND OTHER HEROIC STORIES

SUN LOVERS who complain there aren't enough nude beaches in Australia should count their blessings. In the 1800s and early 1900s swimming even in neck-to-knee bathing gear was prohibited in waters exposed to public view between the hours of 6am and 8pm. Offenders got a hefty £1 fine. At Bondi in 1903 a bank clerk and a priest, the Rev. Robert McKeown, publicly defied the law and the outcry over their subsequent prosecution led to the ban being lifted. However, the prudes became concerned about the bathing costumes (incredibly modest by today's standards). Said Mayor Watkins of the Sydney suburb of Waverley: "Their garments, after contact with the water, show up the figure too prominently." In the summer of 1908 the mayors of Waverley, Randwick and Manly ordered that both men and women wear *skirts* from hips to knees (plus tops, of course). There was a tremendous outcry, and a group of Bondi men, wearing ballerina dresses, petticoats and other womanly finery, marched through Sydney, led by a man waving a dead seagull on a stick. The authorities scrapped the requirements. Fifty years later many people made noises about bikinis too and, most recently, nude bathing. A PLAYBOY poll has revealed that one in four Australians will go skinny-dipping this summer — without raising an eyebrow.

PIGS, ALL OF US

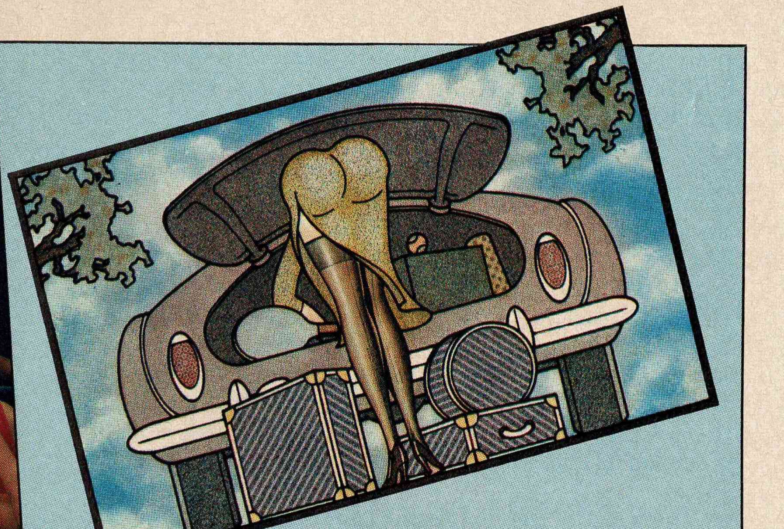
Garbage collection in our national parks goes up several hundred percent in summer. Along with parking problems, littering is the biggest headache for the surfside councils. People leave rather strange rubbish behind . . . for example, the remains of whole roast pigs.

MUCH ADO ABOUT ALMOST NOTHING

In the year of 1947 the first supersonic air flight was made, the Dead Sea Scrolls were discovered, independence was proclaimed in India . . . and the bikini was invented. Nowhere did it take off faster than in Australia where it has been refined down to the micro-bikini. Customers are happy to pay more for less — up to $57 for the latest summer fashions. Boutiques now carry a range of bottoms-only bikinis, although 95 percent of customers prefer the two-piece. As one couturier says: "No lady can afford to be without a halter for those formal occasions." Beachwear may be brief but it's big money, worth an estimated $200 million this summer. That's around $14 for every man, woman and child.

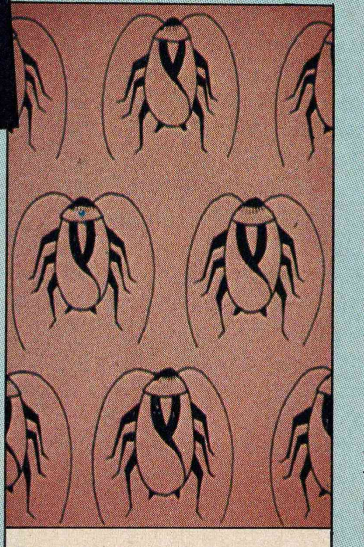
MICROBES ON THE MARCH IN YOUR STOMACH

The heartening news is that well over 14 million Australians will escape food poisoning this summer. In fact, throughout the year at most only 100,000 will fall victim . . . most of them in summer when the tiny bacteria that thrive on our food reproduce at a blinding rate. This is an amazing triumph for human beings, considering that we are hoplessly outnumbered by these tiny life forms. For example, on just one gram of cold corned beef 1000 million organisms of all types have been counted living and loving, and some, like Mr E. Coli, are very nasty. One way to shorten the odds is to put food in the fridge. Most bacteria have trouble breeding below six degrees centigrade. Who wouldn't?



SHE'LL LEAVE YOU IN SUMMER

Psychologists and marriage guidance counsellors say summer is the highest risk season for separations and domestic feuding.



Cockroaches are mostly active in summer. For a tasty snack fry them in oil and garlic — they're said to be great for indigestion.

SEASONAL RITUALS

It's not only the pasty-faced Poms who flock to Australia in summer, but also millions of birds. The Tasmanian mutton bird flies 32,000 kilometres to breed in the same spot, on or about November 24. Even more astonishing is the fork-tailed swift, which eats and sleeps on the wing and never even lands here.

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A popular Australian summer sport is holding Federal elections: Seven out of the past nine have been held in November or December. We explained to a Chinese waiter that we had an election at least once every three years. He said he was velly solly. Funny people, the Chinese . . .

Solar energy goes to waste in summer at an average of 200 watts per square metre every 24 hours. According to the Electricity Commission of NSW, 1000 watts of electricity burning for one hour costs two cents. Which means, in economic terms, that you'd have to spend 120 hours in the sun to experience the power needed to keep 10 100-watt bulbs alight for only an hour. Getting your two cents worth?

been raised on January 28, the fleet was bobbing at anchor in Port Jackson and the voyage-weary male convicts were knocking together a few mud and wattle veneers for habitation. The work done, Phillip decided it was time to unload the rum and disembark the women convicts. It was either a grand philanthropic gesture or pure folly. The ratio stood at four males to every wench, or about 485 to 150, and the orgy lasted for two days and nights continuing in spite of the scorching weather and a torrential downpour. The furious slapping of tummies and the expulsion of pressurised passion reverberated around the harbor foreshores as the much-deprived cons worked off their frustrations out among the gums and the goannas. And so was the nation anointed, and the tradition has been preserved.

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The risks of getting drunk, drowned, drugged, shot, screwed, stabbed or bitten by a snake are much greater in summer. So much greater, in fact, that the respective safety councils would be well within their brief to lobby for its banning. We could go from spring to autumn, preserve a bit of sanity and save a few lives. Our lifestyle would be much more on the beam — and boring.

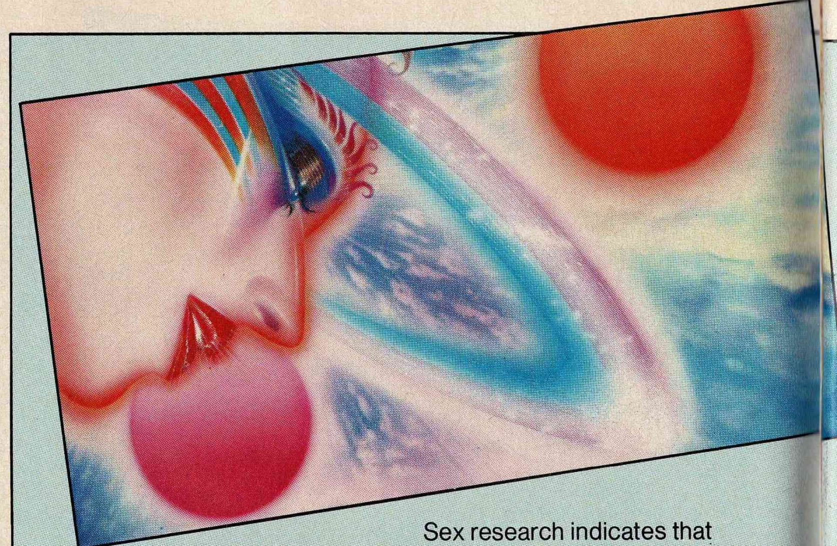
Summer officially hits the horizon on December 1, but evidence of the approaching malady is clear well before the due date. Canberra copped an early dose in the particularly warm November of 1975 when the sun beat fiercely under the black topper of high office. To the sound of much public indignation, the then Governor-General, Sir John Kerr, quick-marched Gough Whitlam's Labor boys out of office. As if to prove it was climatic rather than political pressure which sprung the coup, the GG bobbed up at Flemington two Novembers later to present a gee-gee called Gold and Black with the Melbourne Cup. Gold and Black — by In the Purple out of Gem — was a credit to his breeding. The GG — no doubt enthused by the jovial atmosphere — gushed: "Let us all, when the moment comes, cheer the horse, the owners, the trainer, the jockey and the horse."

Put it down to early summer madness.

Australian summers are invariably wet. Ask brewers, vignerons and publicans. The national urge to quench the thirst puts us among the world's most active arm-benders. And suds and sun add up to fun — especially for publicans, breathalyser squads, tow truck operators and funeral directors. What other country would abhor the drink-driving syndrome yet permit the placement of huge car parks on hotel property? Melbourne Cup Day, the first Tuesday in November, is a great starting pint, I beg your pardon, point, but Australian drinkers have never let calendars govern their thirsts.

If you can't hear the cicadas chirping in the trees, then you can rely on the media to tell you when summer is nigh. "Killer shark packs off city beaches" is a great standby, as traditional to early summer as beer to a barbecue. Throw in a few bushfire and funnel-web warnings, drop footie for cricket and even the office-bound, air-conditioned city inmates realise that it's time to put the ski gear in hock.

Sportsmen love summer. It's the time to flex the bronzed torso and pull off the most amazing stunts while the nation voices its collective support with the ritualistic chants of "bewdy" and "avva go ya mug". The formal preliminaries were done with when the surf lifesavers from the various State tribes got down to the real competition at a recent Queensland carnival. Events had reached a critical stage when the crew divested an opponent of his shorts and ran them up a greasy flagpole. The naked contender accepted the challenge, shimmied up the pole, retrieved his shorts and — for an encore — pissed on the cheering multitude. It was a great stunt;



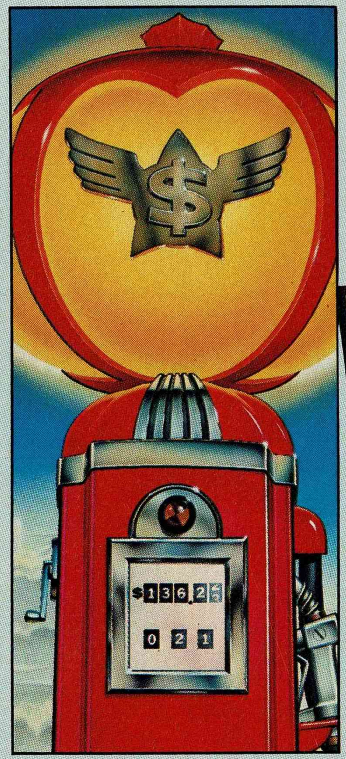
Sex research indicates that the oral pursuits hit their popular peak in summer.

FASTER THAN A SPEEDING BULLET

The arrival of summer signals the blossoming of mankind and nothing is brighter than Friendly Fred the Flasher. There is nothing like warm weather to bring out the latent exhibitionist in all of us, and Fred is no exception — he longs to burst out of his raincoat and greet the summer sun. Not to worry; his enthusiasm is short-lived, ceasing with the first chill morn of autumn, or even sooner, when the first lady he encounters calls the cops. Fred stands alone, erect among the lounging lovers. He grins sadly in the park, in the phone box, in his bedroom window. He has no call to advertise his wares through any other means of exposure, but often gets a little free PR from the afternoon dailies needing filler. Psychiatrists and police officers who observe his solstice rise say that he usually harms no one, disappoints but a few, and reduces only frustrated spinsters to hysteria. When caught red-handed, Fred blames the heat for his self-made ventilation.

CAUTION: GAS. HIGHLY, BURP, INFLAMMABLE

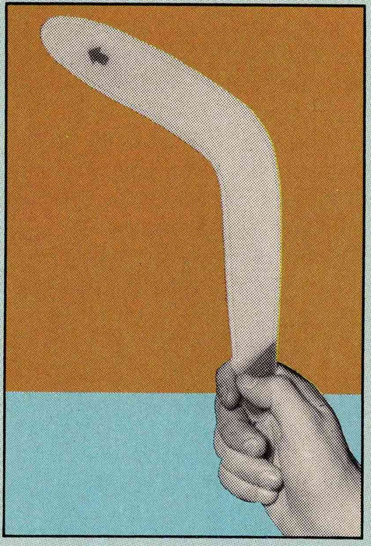
During January, the average Australian — man, woman and child — will consume 15 litres of beer as a contribution to the national consumption figure of 210 million litres. Overall sales figures show that the amount of brew bought in summer is 1.7 times higher than in winter.



News that the Government plans to offer fuel concessions for summer holiday motoring is pure bullshit. It's far more likely that petrol prices will increase.

HOT UNDER THE COLLAR

In a sweat, losing your cool, hot and bothered, blowing your top. These expressions are more than just simple metaphors. Scientific research has found that, as the temperature goes up, so does your temper. Normally placid individuals can become raging monsters. "Anger" tests have been conducted on people placed in three different rooms of varying temperatures. One was a sizzling 33 degrees centigrade, one a pleasant 20, and the third, a chilly seven degrees. The human guinea pigs were asked random questions and their replies met with either insult or neutrality. It was found that the group in the "hot" room reacted more violently to the hostile response as well as to the innocuous one than did either of the other two groups. The people in the comfortable and cold rooms manifested only a slight reaction to the hostile response. Thus, researchers concluded that "heightened temperatures lower an individual's threshold to aggression under interpersonal provocation." Now if you'll just excuse us while we step out on to the sun deck to scream hostilities at those snotty kids down the block . . .



Three-quarters of all Australian-made boomerangs are sold in the summer months, mostly to overseas tourists.

TEN FUN FAX ABOUT BEACHES

1) Meths is no better for jelly fish stings than it is for your liver. Rub stings with meat tenderiser to relieve the pain (and to improve the flavor).
2) The bluest water occurs where there is the least amount of sea life.
3) To prevent diving masks fogging, spit on the glass and rub it in.
4) Waves break when the water depth becomes less than one-seventh of the distance between crests.
5) The best way to get tar off your feet is to rub them with salad oil.
6) Flotsam is anything from a ship found floating *in* the water; jetsam is any part of a ship or its cargo which is washed ashore.
7) It is *not* true that sweating a lot will stop you sunburning.
8) If you're caught on the beach during a thunderstorm, the safest place to take shelter is behind a sand dune.
9) Beach inspectors have no powers of arrest.
10) Sharks can damage your health.

SURF'S UP!

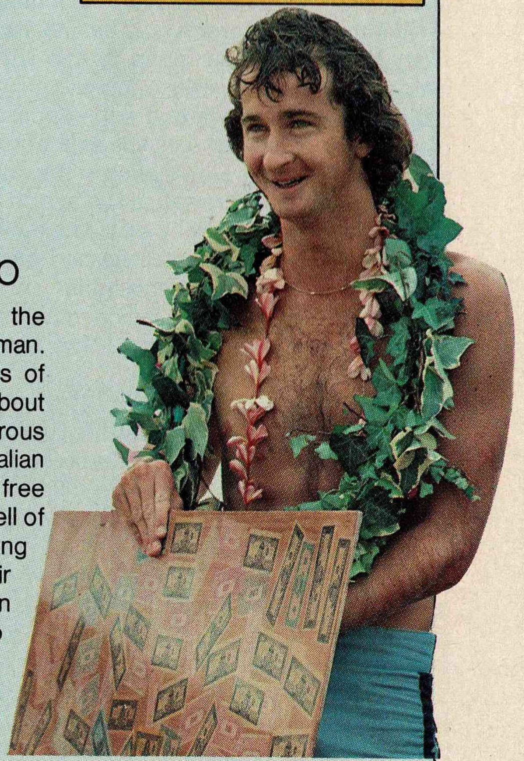
Surfboard riding first came to Australia during the summer of 1915 when the Hawaiian swimmer Duke Kahanamoku introduced it to the friendly natives. But it never really became popular until the 1950s when film star Peter Lawford brought a short Malibu board to North Bondi. As the world's number one surfing nation, Australians spend almost $7 million on new surfboards every year — it takes a heap of silver to keep our surfies on the crest of the wave. Enduring as the sport may be, it is fast being overhauled by surf skiing; in fact, surf craft manufacturers anticipate selling as many skis as boards this summer. If you're not into either sport, just remember that they also surf who only stand and wade.

GRAPE ARDOR: EVERYTHING YOU WANTED TO KNOW ABOUT PLONK

It gets pretty thirsty out there in the sun, so we offer you a few vino statistics on how much of the ole grape you'll get through in the summer daze of 1980-81: Dry Red: 5,700 litres (no increase over last year). Dry White: 38,000 litres (up 15 percent). Casks: 17,200 (up 25 percent). Rose: 2,297 (no increase). Sparkling: 12,000 litres (up 10 percent). Fortified: 10,000 litres (down 3 percent). Approximately 25 percent more wine is consumer in summer than in winter. Cheers!

DAVY JONES & CO

The summer brings out the instincts of the hunter in man. And every year, hundreds of fisherman go scrambling about the most hairy, dangerous rock cliffs on the Australian coastline in pursuit of a free dinner. And every year a hell of a lot of them end up being a free dinner — for their finny friends. Dr Johnson wouldn't have been too sympathetic; he defined a fishing rod as a stick with a hook at one end and a fool at the other.



SUMMER FOOL'S GOLD

World surfing champion Mark Richards collects a bundle of Monopoly money for an April 1 expression session victory.

one of the best. Perhaps not as good as the guy who gave the do-it-yourself fellatio demonstration, but a long way in front of the fella who drank a beer standing on his head.

Even part-timers can join the fun. An Estonian migrant chose December, 1959, to sail a raft made from seven oil drums to New Zealand. Ah, yes, the cynics among the 5000 crowd said it was sheer folly. And they were right. At his first attempt, he was blown on to nearby rocks after travelling about 50 metres. His second attempt ended in failure, but he was determined to laugh last. Poor sod. With the assistance of an outboard motor, he lowered his sights from the 2400-kilometre Tasman crossing to have a shot at that 20-kilometre stretch of treacherous water between Botany Bay and Manly Beach. The motor failed after eight kilometres and a fishing boat towed him home.

The Estonian's risks were nothing compared to those posed by that very popular summer bloodsport: cricket. Medical researchers are unable to calculate the casualty rate as the nation's sports lovers bloat bellies, harden arteries and declare "howzat" to heart disease — and all without sidestepping from the track between the TV armchair and the fridge. It is cricket's reputation as a participant sport which poses the real problem.

In 1975, a Melbourne fan dropped his can, broke his nose and did wonders for his sperm count by badly mistiming the fence jump while attempting an invasion of the MCG playing field. Amazingly, the authorities refused to log the event as a genuine suicide attempt. And rightly so. Australians are involved in so many suicidal activities during summer that very strict rules are applied to classify genuine attempts. The nine-day alcoholic binge which extends from Christmas Eve to New Year's Day is a mass suicide attempt of such magnitude as to put Jonestown in the shade. Most of us survive to reinforce the belief that, if we're not indeed superhuman, we're at least the world's greatest masochists.

Pharmacists and psychologists know that suicide hits a popularity high in summer when the onset of loneliness and holiday blues tempts folks to gobble down the odd jar of Valium or Mandrax. The Australian Society of Hospital Pharmacists found from a 1976 survey that the incidence of drug overdose increased by about one third during the holidays. Suicides and sex support roaring summer trades for pharmacists as the sale of contraceptives hits an annual high. Conclusion: it's not just summer shoppers who get screwed in the month of December.

A quick scan of births over the past 10 years reveals that September just gets the nod as the most popular month for debuts. September minus nine equals December. So, can fornicating really play that much a part in the summertime fun? The contraception versus birthrate figures say it can.

The summertime urge to disrobe is as natural to the Australian psyche as the desire to acquire a tan. Since Bondi's neck-to-knee days, bathers have run the skin cancer gauntlet to win bare-breast acceptance and restricted nude bathing status. But the debate has not been without its casualties. A conservative Sydney radio talk-back host was under siege from nude bathing lobbyists when he was moved to comment: "Look, I've got nothing against genitalia, but I don't like having it rammed down my throat."

If absurd behavior is the norm in summer, then perhaps there is some truth in the claim that those in the northern-most regions are all permanently crazy. Queensland politics and Darwin beer drinking habits support the premise. But if followed to an absurd end, it means the southern-most inhabitants of Tasmania are the most sane Australians.

And everybody knows that's not right.

DISTRESS SIGNALS

Social assistance agencies do their hottest trade in January. One major city distress agency reports that, on the average, it receives 700 more calls in that month than in any other.

NOT SEASONAL . . .

We can now confirm what everyone has always suspected: gamblers don't care about the weather . . . if they notice it at all. TAB revenue shows no marked changes in any summer month.

HOTTEST SPOT

The highest summer temperature ever recorded in Australia was 53 degrees centigrade. On aggregate, the hottest town is Marble Bar in northern WA — obviously named by a thirsty pioneer. The temperature there sometimes exceeds 40 for weeks.

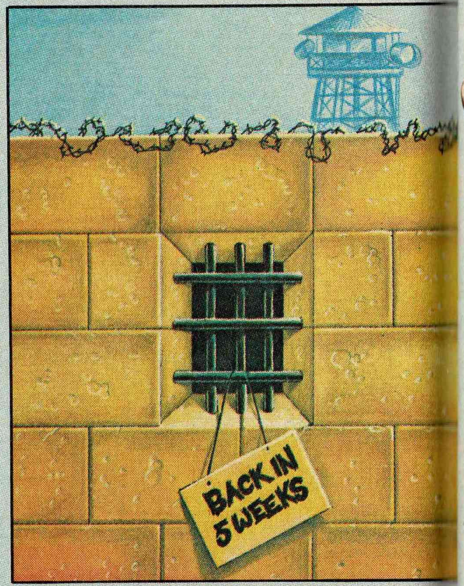
UP IN SMOKE

Bushfires are more than a colorful feature of the summer news programs. Thousands of volunteers are needed to fight them, and the fires do millions of dollars worth of damage. Some start by themselves, but most are caused by human carelessness. The quickest way to lose friends in country areas is to set fire to a pile of cardboard boxes in a gale, as one bright fellow did last year.

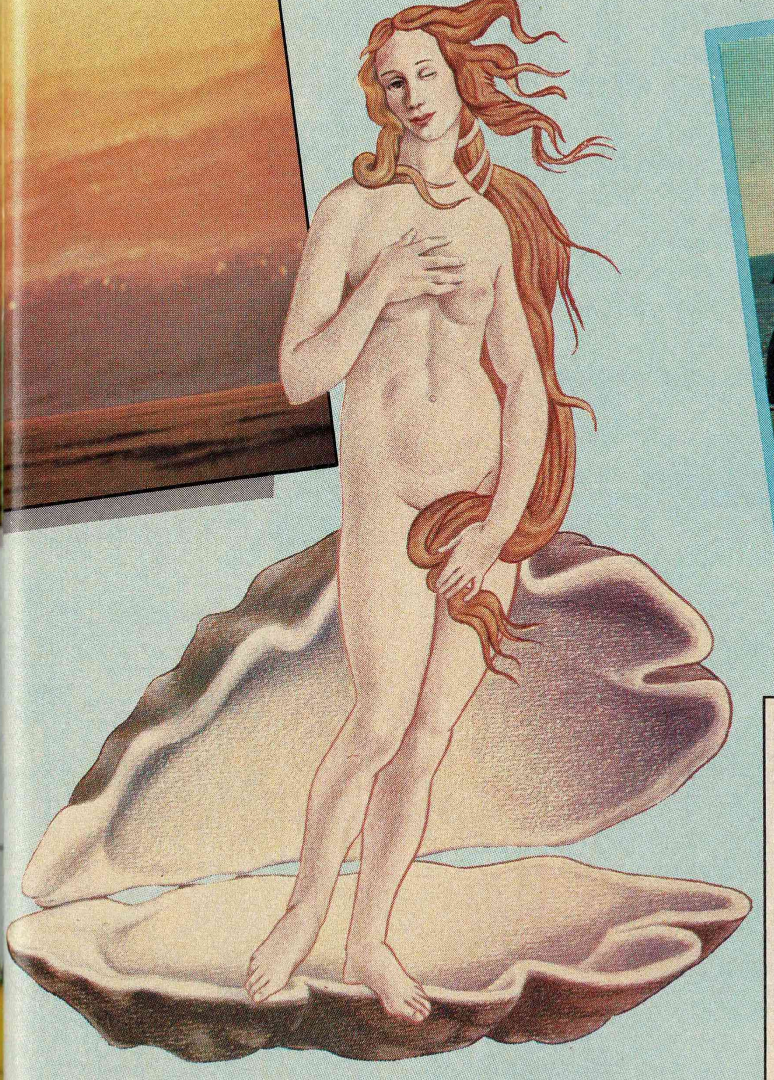
SWEET SUNDAE

Sunday, summer sundae —the ice cream trade provides one of the most appealing minor diversions of summer. Now one manufacturer is trying to delay the inevitable melted moment by creating an outdoor parlor with cooling overhead draughts working to keep the creamy confection cold for your tongue's delight.

A piece of trivia to muse over while you slosh on the suntan lotion: if the sun were enveloped in a shell of ice 12 metres thick, it would take a minute to thaw its way out. Take our word for it.



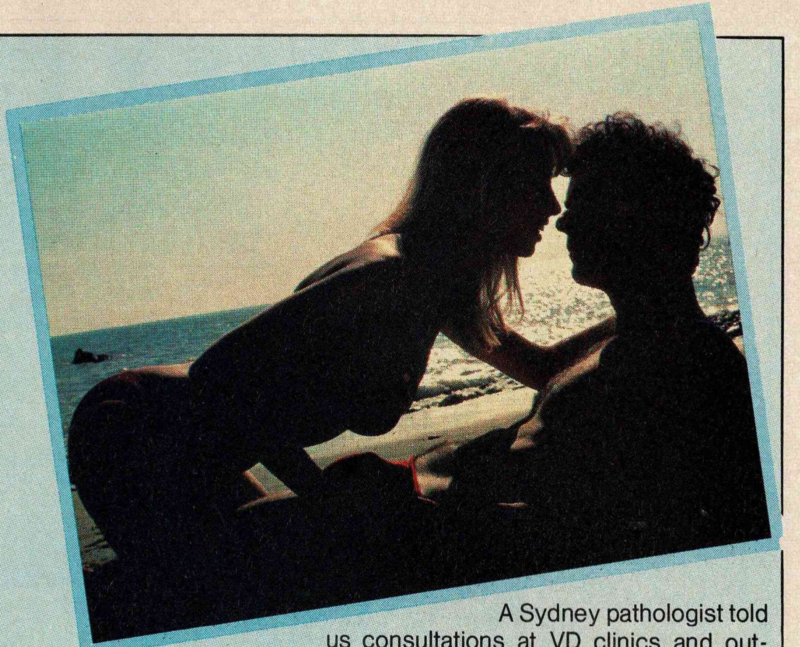
At the height of summer, the prison population drops by about 15 percent. This is attributed to the seasonal goodwill of the authorities, not the apathy of crims.



VENUS ON THE ASCENDANT

Prolonged exposure to high temperatures can cause infertility in many mammals — so a sunburnt scrotum can be a double-edged sword, if you get our meaning. Fortunately, most aphrodisiacs are plentiful in the summer: 180 million Sydney rock oysters can't be wrong. Those that escape the pot have a surprise in store; starting life as males, most oysters, by an oddity of nature, complete their cycle by turning into females.

The haves and have-nots of summer madness. One model comes with a spare tyre, the other does nicely without.



A Sydney pathologist told us consultations at VD clinics and out-patients centres increase by as much as 50 percent in the summer months in the larger Australian cities. We couldn't confirm this, however, because the telephones at several clinics that we tried were engaged for more than 24 hours straight.

IMPOTENT FACTS GUINNESS REJECTED

The popularity of cicadas is so great with small boys that each summer doctors have to treat a myriad "cicada fractures" — the sort of injuries suffered by young men falling out of trees trying to catch the insects.

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Sydney police report that, ahh, they simply don't know if there is more crime during summer months. The most up-to-date figures they had were for 1978. So, if you committed a crime two years ago, be on your guard — the law isn't far behind you!

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Sign in the changing rooms at a Melbourne swimming pool: We don't swim in your toilet so don't piss in our pool. The average public pool is reckoned to be 1.5 percent urine at summer's end.

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The average Australian family uses enough suntan oil, insect repellent and insecticide in December and January to fill a backyard bird bath. We are sorry to have to report the demise of 52.3 starlings in pursuit of this statistic.

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A major photo processor in Brisbane informed us self-righteously that his company sent all "obscene" negatives and prints directly to the CIB. He did, however, note that with the advent of the Polaroid camera, the market appeared now to be on the decline.

The south end of Bondi Beach may have gone topless but North Bondi remains strictly a dress affair, just the same as it was *circa* 1938.

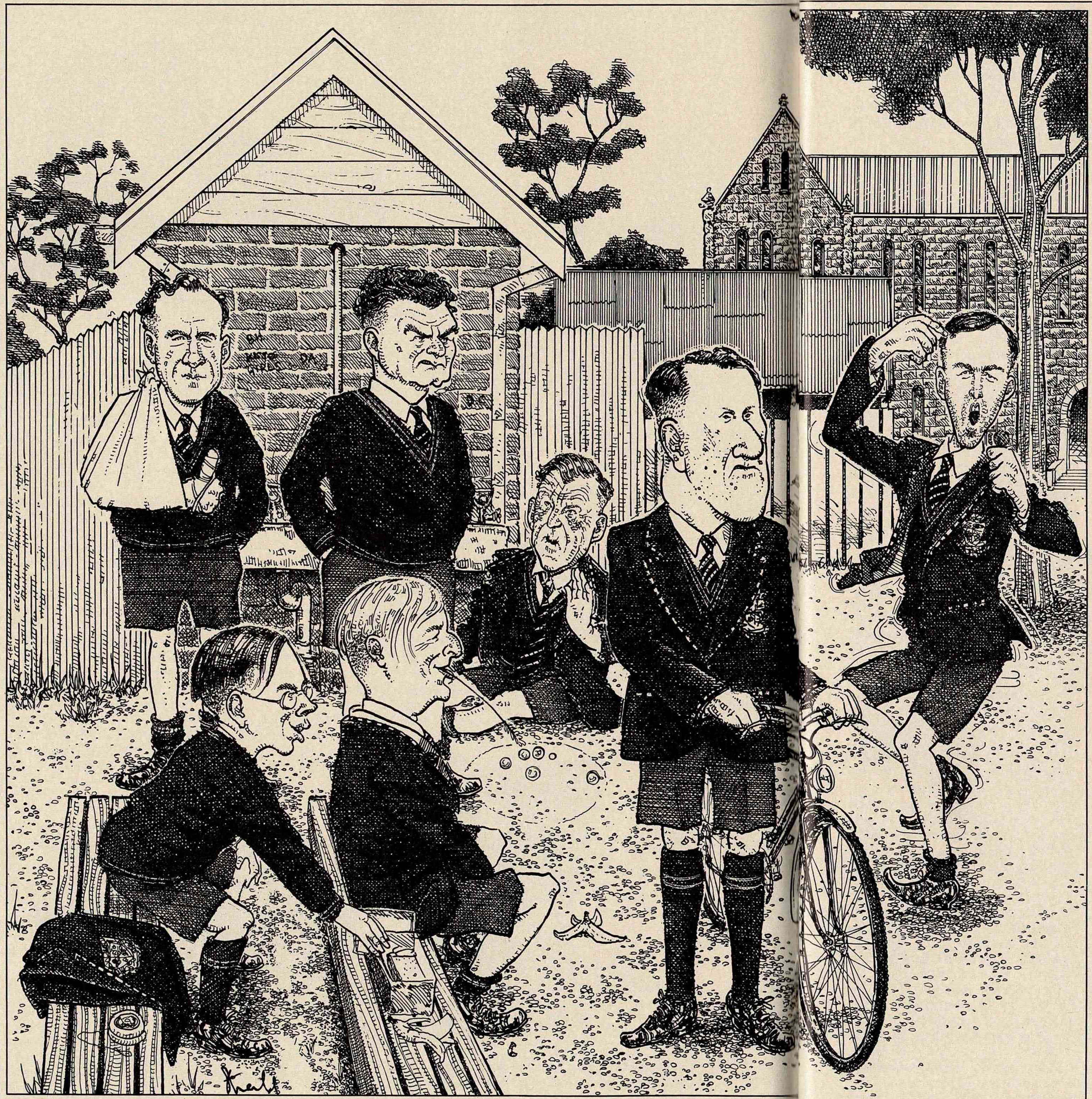

Illustration by Ward O'Neill

TELLING TALES OUT OF SCHOOL

WHY DID his schoolmates poke fun at a dour youth named Malcolm Fraser? And what gave Don Chipp a big chip on his shoulder as he struggled through his formative years? Did the young Doug Anthony really behave "like a dog off a chain"?

You, the Australian voter, will be going to the polls soon. And you need to know the answers to these and other pressing questions. For example, was Bob Hawke really a school bully? What reduced him to tears? John Howard was good at taking the mickey. But did he take it too far? And can we trust Paul Keating, a Wild One of yesteryear, with our energy resources? How about Bill Hayden? An honest and plucky little fella, but was he "a bit thick"? Fellow pupils and teachers have provided revealing but lighthearted insights into our nation's leaders. Compulsory reading for those who want to know the boys behind the men behind the political masks . . .

WHEN HE was a boarder at Tudor House, Moss Vale, the pubescent MALCOLM FRASER had a marvellous bicycle which made him the envy of his fellow pupils.

"He had the only bike in the school which had gears," recalled one of his contemporaries. "And while the rest of us had bikes with 24- or 26-inch wheels, Malcolm's had 28-inch wheels.

"Despite the gears and big wheels, Malcolm would occasionally be beaten in the races we'd have around the oval. Malcolm wasn't too happy when it happened — he didn't like losing."

In other areas, Fraser was very much a winner at Tudor House. He won the shooting cup and the proficiency prize and, according to his old school magazine, ran "a very close second" for the Street Literary Prize in 1943 with a composition titled The Sparrow. He was also scout patrol leader and chief librarian.

In 1944, at the age of 14, Fraser transferred to Melbourne Church of England Grammar School. He was never to distinguish himself there the way he had at Tudor House, except on an academic basis. Fellow pupils from Melbourne Grammar remember Malcolm Fraser as an introverted youth with virtually no personality and very few friends.

Said former school captain Peter Beer, now a businessman in Melbourne: "It might be kind to say that he was simply shy and reticent but, to be truthful, he was dour and aloof. I can't remember ever seeing him smile.

"Malcolm always seemed to be so terribly English. I'm pretty sure he used to talk with more of a plum in his mouth than he does now. He was once asked his name by a teacher, and replied: 'Frizzer, Sah!

"The school master said: 'How do you spell that — F-r-i-z-z-e-r?'

"After that, the boarders used to taunt Malcolm by shouting 'Frizzer! Frizzer!' They regarded him as a bit of a Pretty Sally, and took every opportunity to poke fun at him.

"I think Malcolm would have got on better if he had been a boarder. Although he was very much of a Western Districts squatter, he was a day boy and lived with his parents down the road. He didn't mix with the other country boys and he wasn't too popular with his fellow day boys — a rather pathetic figure, really.

"Malcolm only had about three friends. They were all in his school house and, strangely enough, all roughly his height."

Although Fraser has been nicknamed the "School Prefect" by fellow-parliamentarians in Canberra, he was never a prefect at school. He was such an introvert that the only non-academic pursuit he engaged in at Melbourne Grammar appears to have been tennis. This trend was to continue when he studied at Oxford, where captaining the tennis team was his only extra-curricular achievement.

All his contemporaries from school and university agree that this morose youth was the last person they'd have expected to become Prime Minister.

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"A bit of a school bully —" that was how one of BOB HAWKE's old

humor by Tony Maguire

classmates at Perth Modern School described the former ACTU leader and MHR-elect for Wills.

"I don't want to imply that he just went around indiscriminately beating people up or anything like that," PLAYBOY was told. "But he was extremely aggressive, with a tendency to bully people who were weaker than he was.

"I was one of the people he bullied, and he gave me a bloody nose when I tried to stand up to him.

"The Bob Hawke I see interviewed on TV today is just as aggressive as the Bob Hawke I knew, except that he seems to confine himself to verbal jabs these days."

However, the primary impression Hawke left at Perth Modern was that of a mature young man with an inquiring mind, a capacity to understand complex ideas and the strong Christian beliefs he inherited from his clergyman father.

He was driven by consuming but unfocused ambitions. Another ex-Perth Modern boy, West Australian Family Court judge Alan Barblett, has described Hawke as the most thoroughly ambitious person he ever has met. Hawke's late mother Edith once recalled how young Bob, unable to reconcile his ambitions to be a doctor with his poor chemistry grades (it was the only subject he wasn't good at) burst into tears. How was he going to become a medical man if he couldn't understand chemical equations? Comforting her sobbing son, Mrs Hawke said: "Bob, you don't have to be a doctor — you can be anything you like, but don't cry about it."

Scoring three distinctions and a scholarship in his Leaving, Hawke went on to study at the University of Western Australia, where he acquired his much-publicised love of beer. Most people have heard about the beer-drinking record which Hawke created at Oxford, but few know about his earlier record at the University of WA.

Says Sydney magazine editor Jules Zanetti, a university comrade of Hawke's: "He drank three schooners in 9.2 seconds in the first-ever intervarsity beer drinking competition. The record was bettered the following year by an Asian student called Pinky Too — Bob never forgave the Asians for that!"

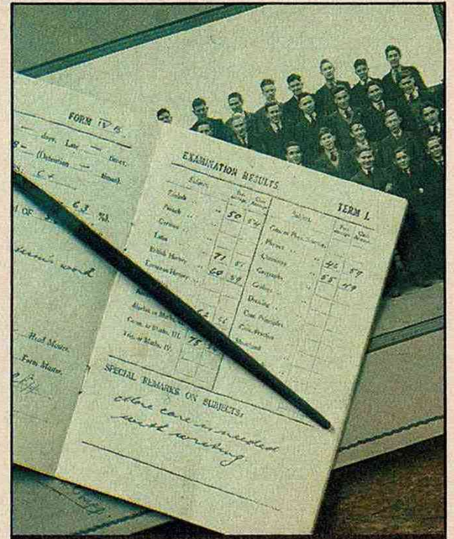
Hedley Bull, a fellow-student of Hawke's at Oxford, recalled how he was well known for sport, drinking, and girls. "He had a bit of a playboy image, but privately he did a lot of hard work," said Bull, who is now professor of industrial relations at Balliol College.

Professor Bull said Hawke would drink most nights and, after one bout, perched on a balcony overlooking Oxford's High Street, he'd emptied a bucket of water over the proctor (a university disciplinary officer) who was passing below.

•

With a middle name like Winston, JOHN W. HOWARD'S entry into politics seemed pre-ordained. "I think his parents had it in mind for him from the start," said a fellow pupil from Canterbury High School, Sydney.

Howard developed a strong code of political beliefs at a very early age. Says Sydney publisher Bill Mackarell, who was in Howard's class: "He was a fully-committed Liberal at the age of 12. It was quite remarkable in that era, when kids were not so politically aware. "I remember Jack and a friend of his called Peter Lowry jumping up on benches at lunchtime to engage us all in political debates — it was quite something.



Don Chipp's class photo and report card at Northcote High School. He's the second from right in the back row.

Another of his classmates, Bruce Leonard, said: "Jack would be the conservative Liberal, while Peter would put forward the socialist viewpoint, wearing his cadet uniform with a copy of *USSR News* under his arm. A big crowd would gather to watch them harangue each other. Jack was very good at raising laughs and twisting around Peter's arguments."

Mr Leonard added: "Jack was also an extremely good mimic. He could take off most of the teachers, much to the amusement of his mates."

Howard put his acting abilities to good use by playing a part in Henry IV (Part II) in an Education Department drama festival. And he was a valued member of the school choir.

Bill Mackarell recounted how the future Treasurer failed to get on with a teacher called "Soapy" Simpson. "He was the maths teacher, and he used to persecute Jack a bit. Jack may have invited this by taking the mickey out of Soapy."

Whether or not the clashes with Soapy influenced Howard's academic performance in any way is purely a matter for speculation.

But it is a matter of record that our Treasurer failed maths in his Leaving.

•

For Australian Democrats leader DON CHIPP, school was a breeding ground for a massive inferiority complex . . . and what a former neighbor describes as a "girl complex".

Before starting primary school, the infant Chipp was friendly with a girl named Joan, whose house backed on to the Chipp residence in Northcote, Melbourne. Recalled Joan's mother, Mrs Gladys Canaway: "They used to play milkman over the back fence.

"Don would go to the fence with a bucket of water and sing out: 'Milko! Milko!' Then Joan would appear on our side of the fence and give him a tin to fill with 'milk'.

"I remember that, when he first started going to school, Joan and I were visiting his mother one afternoon when Mrs Chipp said: 'You'd better get Joan home now. Don's due back from school and he doesn't like girls any more.'

"Don never played milko with Joan again or had anything else to do with her. He'd got the girl complex."

Chipp was four years old when he started in school, and was always younger than the other boys. "Most of them were two years older than me," he told PLAYBOY. "It wasn't that I was remarkably brilliant or anything like that at all — it was just the way things happened."

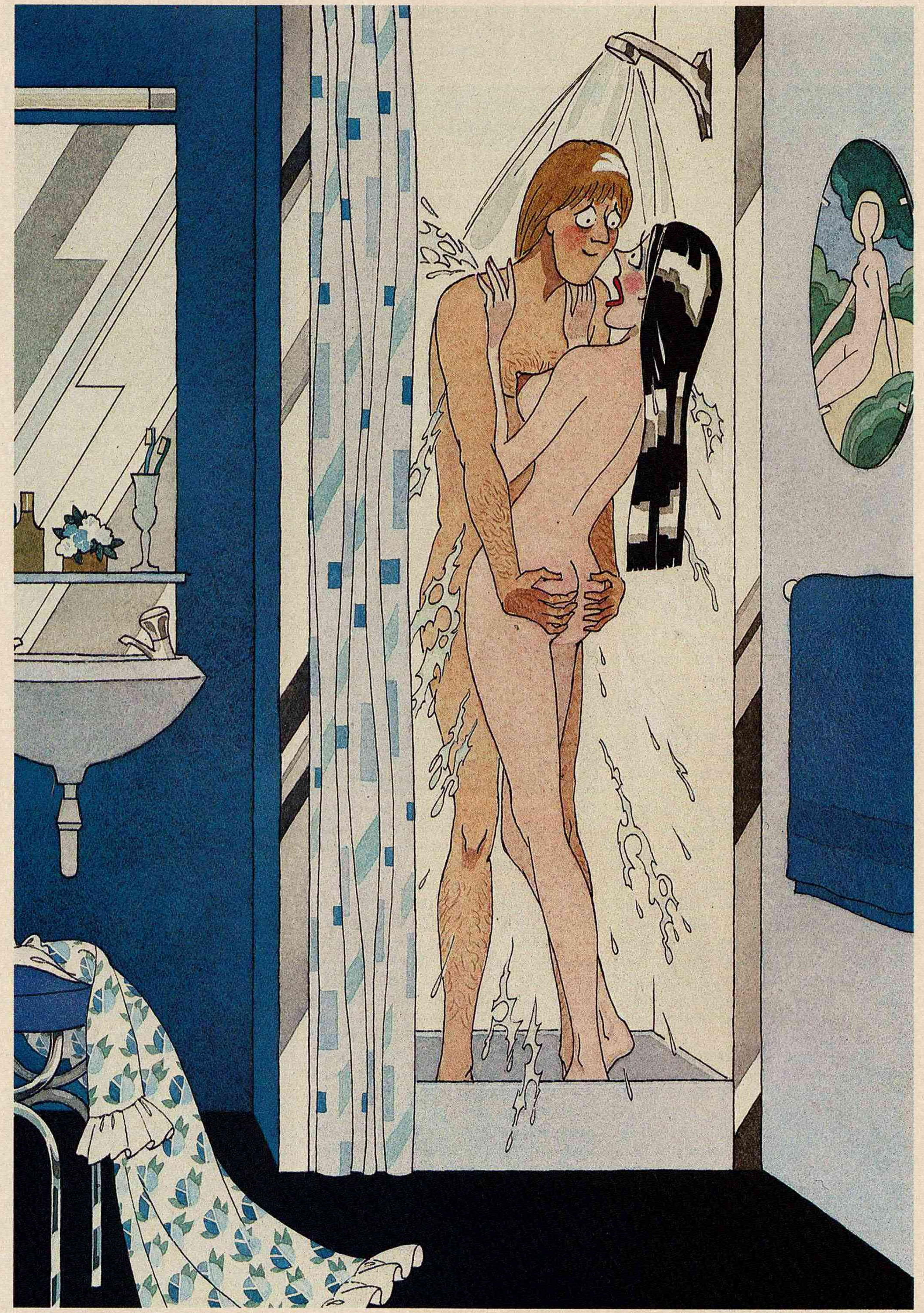
When he entered Northcote High School, the difference in ages became much more pronounced as his contemporaries started to reach puberty while he remained the piping-voiced and scrawny boy.

"Physically, emotionally and sexually, I was out of the mainstream, and I soon developed a king-sized inferiority complex because of this," he recalled. "I used to hang around the extremities of the different groups, wanting to be asked to kick a ball but too afraid to suggest it myself.

"The complex became so great that, when an English teacher once asked me to read a poem aloud in class, I just froze. The words wouldn't come out, and I just stood there."

A Melbourne publican, Des Rowe, who was at Northcote High School with Chipp, remembers him as a good footballer and runner, and "somewhat of a loner".

"Don was a very reserved and unassuming sort of person, and didn't have a lot of friends," said Mr Rowe, a



"Please, George, not here — it makes me feel so . . . dirty."

former captain of the Victorian Australian Rules football team.

On leaving school, Chipp quickly developed confidence as he learned that his age was no longer a handicap, and was able to throw off the chip he'd been carrying on his shoulder during his school years.

•

Friends of Labor's Minerals and Energy spokesman PAUL KEATING say he could easily have become a rock promoter if he had not been diverted by politics. At De La Salle Brothers College, in the Sydney suburb of Bankstown, he got the nickname "Johnny O'Keating" because of his keen interest in the music of Johnny O'Keefe and other rock 'n' rollers.

Tony McKee, who attended the college with Keating, said: "He had a huge collection of Johnny O'Keefe tapes, and kept all the song titles listed in a note book. I remember him doing Johnny O'Keefe impressions on various social occasions.

Another of Keating's boyhood friends, real estate valuer Peter Byron, stated: "He became very friendly with one of the local bands and managed them for a while after leaving school. They cut one record, and Paul helped to promote it.

"He was very interested in all types of rock 'n' roll. He recorded many albums of the early American stuff and became something of an authority on the subject."

Keating's interest in politics seems to have been awakened by a teacher called Brother Bernard who has since left the order. Now known as Bernard Hawkins, he teaches at a Melbourne technical college. Mr Hawkins told PLAYBOY: "I taught Paul's class English, and one of the subjects within English was debating.

"To introduce the concept of debating, I recorded ABC parliamentary broadcasts, and played them to the boys. Paul was always very interested in the broadcasts, and always asked me many questions about things like points of order and question time.

"He has since said that hearing the parliamentary debates steered him in the direction he finally took, but I don't think I had anything much to do with coloring his political beliefs. Bankstown was just as much of a Labor stronghold then as it is now, and most of the parents of my pupils were strong ALP supporters."

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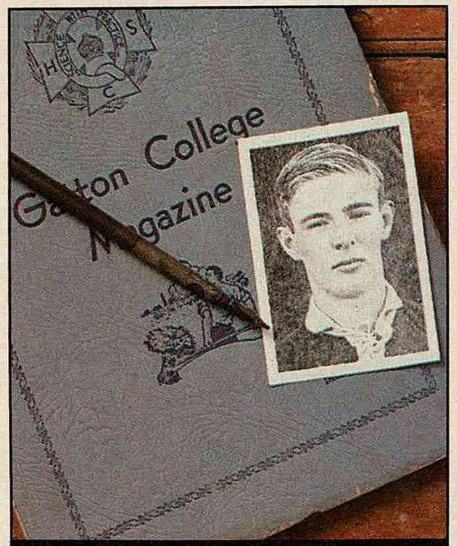
COMMON NAME: Doug.
SCIENTIFIC NAME: Anthony.
WHERE FOUND: In bed, on the football field, or with Strawb.
HABITATS: Getting among the girls.
NOTES: Practises his needlework with great zest, and hitchhikes around the metropolis of Bundaberg.

— excerpt from 1948 Gatton Agriculture College magazine.

•

On arriving at Gatton College in Queensland after attending the strictly-run Kings School in Parramatta, DOUG ANTHONY was, according to his old friend and classmate "Strawb" Cunninghame, "like a dog off a chain".

Said Mr Alec Cunninghame, who attended both institutions with the lad who was to become National Country Party leader and Deputy Prime Minister: "Doug played up a bit and learned how to drink 4X beer and Bundaberg rum. "The college was



Doug Anthony's agricultural college magazine and rugby team photo. What gave him that bleary-eyed expression?

fairly strictly regimented by today's standards, but it was a holiday camp compared to our school. Although drinking wasn't allowed — most of us were under age, for one thing — we used to cycle into Gatton quite a lot and get a bit blotto at the local pubs.

"I remember how, after one such session, Doug fell off his bike on the way back to school. His balance seemed slightly affected, but he soon picked himself up again.

"On another occasion, we'd just returned from a visit to the township when Doug's eyes fastened on a fire hydrant in front of our dormitory. He turned it on, and I got worried about being caught, so I turned it off. He kept turning it on, and I kept turning it off, and this happened several times before we noticed one of the lecturers looking down at us from a window.

"The lecturer asked Doug if he'd been drinking, and he said 'no'. This particular teacher was a bit old and decrepit, and if he'd been more with-it, he wouldn't even have had to ask. Fortunately, he took Doug's word for it. If Doug had been caught by any other member of staff doing what he was doing in the state he was in, he would have been given his marching orders quick smart."

Anthony achieved an ordinary pass in his 1948 final exams. Everyone concedes that his most outstanding achievements at Gatton were on the football field. He was considered one of the college's star players, and was recruited by Queensland for a number of games.

Bill Laver, who was in the Gatton team with Anthony, said: "He was very much one of the boys — a truly great guy."

A great guy who is known to have once let loose with an enormous belch during a cinema performance in a movie house in Gatton.

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The fellow pupils and teachers of Opposition leader BILL HAYDEN at Brisbane State High told PLAYBOY that his intellectual abilities were not obvious in those days.

"A thick Irish kid" was how one old classmate, Eric Marson, remembered him. Marson, who is now Professor of German at New England University, Armidale, continued: "I remember having him as a corporal in my cadet platoon. He was a lumpy, ungainly sort of guy, always falling over things. The general impression was that of someone who had a bit of a problem. He didn't give one the appearance of fitting in very well."

Said another contemporary, Brisbane hire car operator Ken Harkins: "He was a poor scholar, but he wasn't afraid to speak his mind in class. If he didn't agree with what was being said by a teacher, he'd stand up and say so. This eventuated in several very lively classroom discussions.

"Yes, he was a very forthright fellow — he didn't beat around the bush, and was as honest as the day was long. He also had the worst singing voice in the form.

"When we used to learn songs in German class, Bill used to sing about 10 times louder than everybody else, completely out of key, and without any doubt, in the most terrible German accent I've ever heard."

Hayden's old English teacher, Miss Eunice Gilmour, told PLAYBOY: "He was a rather restless boy, and a bit inattentive in class.

"One thing I do remember very clearly is Bill breaking his finger in the playground one morning, and coming back with it in plaster that same afternoon. I was surprised to see him back, because he could have stayed away for the rest of the day.

"He was a brave little fellow."

L O V E R S

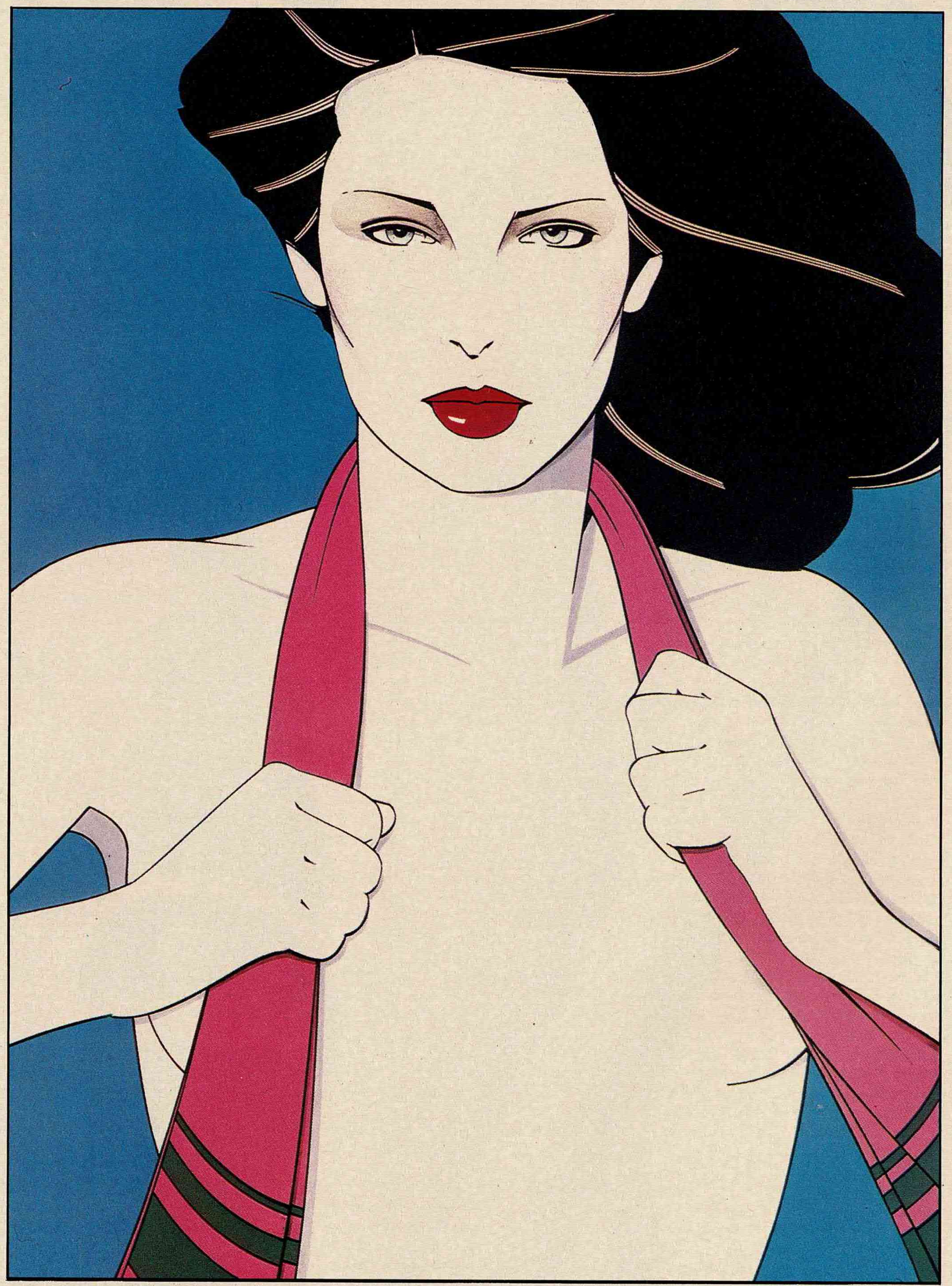

Illustration by Pat Nagel

Well, I *am* a little damp. How about a rub-down?

CURRIED KIWIS AND KANGAROOS-WELL SEASONED CRICKET

when you mix up all the ingredients that go into the '80-'81 cricket season, the end product is red hot

HOW DO you follow an act like that? As the curtain came down on the summer of 1979-80 to wind up the profit and entertainment end of the joint tours by the West Indies and England cricket teams, anyone with an eye for the game was left wondering what the next summer would hold. Individual talent aside, there is no escaping the fact that tours by New Zealand and India do not have that same electrifying charge on the public imagination as generated by the heavyweights. It's a real poser for the Australian Cricket Board — how to hotwire the public nerve to accept two unknown quantities.

The promotional assignment falls fully into the domain of the ACB's marketing arm — PBL Marketing Pty Ltd — the back-room boys responsible for chrome-plating the World Series Cricket package and eventually the ACB product. PBL aren't into candy-coating peanuts. They feel they've got a red-hot commodity in the 1980-81 cricket season. And they know that the wrapping and delivery will do as much to sell the product as the on-field entertainment.

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The come-hither whine of the sitar cuts into the opening few bars, but there's no mistaking the tune. It's a variation of the "C'mon Aussie" anthem, curried-cut and tailored to support the Indian cricket team. And — you guessed it — the New Zealand version includes a Maori haka. While traditionalists are turning in their graves, these jingles will be revolving on studio play decks across the country. Made by Mojo, purveyors of imaginative jingles, the tunes are vital props in a total media package to promote three months of fun and games under the Australian sun.

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Kapil Dev is an extremely personable young man. He's also one of the world's best all-rounders, a fact which was patently obvious well before he represented India against Pakistan in the Sixth Test at Calcutta earlier this year. The Calcutta match was an all-record affair for Kapil Dev with the fun beginning when he dismissed Taslim Arif in the first innings to become the youngest player in Test history to capture 100 wickets. A few days later, on February 2, he became the youngest to score his 1000th run, thereby cruising past one of cricket's rarest milestones in the context of one match. It was a record double for Dev. At 21 years and 25 days, he beat Graham McKenzie's record for the elusive ton of wickets by two years and 138 days. Dev was just 21 years and 27 days, 99 days younger than previous record-holder, Javed Miandad, when he thumped his 1000th run. If that wasn't enough to send the statisticians lunging for their record books, he did it all in the record time of one year and 107 days after his debut, which was 267 days quicker than Ian Botham's record.

A fast bowler and an aggressive middle-order batsman, Kapil Dev has the class to set Australian grounds alight. Potentially, he is one of the heroes of the summer. By the time he is 22 in January, Australian crowds should know Kapil Dev well.

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Attempts to breathe life back into the almost inert form of Sheffield Shield cricket will supply one of the main side attractions this season. In a bit of itinerary-rigging genius, the organisers have, but for the rare exception, avoided clashing Shield dates with the internationals. It could prove a lifesaver for Shield cricket because it means that the Test stars will be available for their States for the length of the season. The administration's recognition of the Shield's promotional and financial problems has tempted them to experiment by playing three Shield matches over a three-day period instead of the usual four. This means that play will start earlier and finish later each day, but the matches will finish on a Sunday rather than on a Monday, so that the weekend crowds will see as much play as possible.

This formula has been a hit in England but some experts have reservations about its application locally. Cricket commentator Frank Tyson believes that the more durable nature of Australian pitches could produce a rash of draws.

"But the Shield is the nursery of Test cricket, so we must look at any

Illustration by Mark Salwowski

ways of ensuring its future," he says. "The three-day games might prove more attractive. to sponsors, and there's no doubt the game needs cash. The increase in airfares, the tighter job situation, expensive accommodation and the drop in attendances have already made things tough enough financially."

The availability of the Test players could wire the Shield for an exciting finish. In previous seasons it has been the States having the depth, not necessarily the stars, that have lifted the trophy. This season, depth and ability will be of equal importance, as the long haul of a tight first-class itinerary is bound to unearth any weaknesses. The undisputed claim that the call to Test duty has probably cost Queensland the chance of winning its first Shield series will not be heard this season. The import nucleus of Greg Chappell, Jeff Thomson, Allan Border and Keppler Wessels will be on call, and the northern State will need them all to knock off a field which includes a West Australian push with something like 13 Test players in its fold.

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When the National Nine Network dove into its first season of cricket coverage in 1977-78, it was a case of sailing uncharted waters. To come to grips with the problems involved in chasing three cricket teams up and down the country, Nine put an army of people and an armory of equipment on the road. Three years on and that army has been trimmed to a crew which stands as one of the smartest live sports-coverage units in television history. When Nine chases cricket from November to February, it's like being on the road with the Rolling Stones for a major US tour. The difference is, the performance often lasts four or five days.

The closest the viewing public gets to seeing Nine's behind-the-scenes operation is the odd shots of the commentary crew. The line-up for this season is as strong as ever, with Richie Benaud, Ian Chappell, Frank Tyson, Bill Lawry, Tony Greig and Keith Stackpole completing a cast which closely resembles the guest list for a captains' reunion dinner. Cricket lovers will be seeing plenty of them this season because Nine will be televising the six Tests involving Australia, New Zealand and India; the three-way limited-over internationals for the Benson and Hedges World Series Cup; the limited-over, inter-state McDonald's Cup matches; and some Sheffield Shield games.

The nucleus of the Nine crew will operate from Sydney and Melbourne with back-up from local stations being called in when the machine rolls into the other States. It is this professional, extensive coverage which guarantees the sort of sponsorship that provides a total prize pool of more than $300,000 for this season.

The breakdown allocates $19,000 for each Test to provide a total of $114,000 for the two series. The Benson and Hedges World Series Cup holds a total prize pool of $110,000. The 12-match preliminary series, worth $60,000, will determine which two of the three international sides will contest the best-of-five final. The cash carve-up for the final amounts to $50,000. Add to that $34,000 for the McDonald's Cup and $50,000 worth of Sheffield Shield incentive, and you can draw the conclusion that a successful cricketer in 1980-81 could pick up a bit of loot.

The real enticements for the individual rest with such awards as man-of-the-series, man-of-the-match, best catch, best batting and bowling performances. These categories all include cash and trophy prizes, with the top drawer being a luxury car. There's nothing like incentive to bring the best out of professionals, and whoever runs hot this year is going to collect a bit of spending money — plus some gilt for the family sideboard.

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It's said in India that the pocket calculator was developed for Sunil Gavaskar. This association isn't very far-fetched considering the impact the Indian skipper's charge on the batting records has had in the past three seasons. With 6558 runs to his name, Gavaskar is now the eighth-highest scoring batsman in Test history. His 529 total for the six-match series against Pakistan last summer included a high score of 166, making him one of the few current first class cricketers with an average of more than 50. His highest Test score came against England at Edgbaston when India appeared beaten when chasing 438. Gavaskar helped himself to 221 and almost worked the miracle as India made 8-429 before they ran out of time. Former England captain Tony Greig rates him as a batsman who almost defies classification.

"I've seen him tear an attack apart with a very aggressive innings and, on the other hand, he can grind it out if it suits," says Greig. "He's the sort of player who is able to adapt himself to any situation.

"Being a short man, he cuts beautifully and is also a master of the pull and hook shots."

Under the leadership of Gavaskar, India have the ability to hold on to any advantage they gain and if that means going one-nil up in a three match series, Australia will find them hard to shift.

•

With the uncertainty surrounding Glenn Turner's availability for New Zealand, the Kiwis will plunge into this series as they did against the West Indies earlier this year, by budgeting to do so without the Worcestershire run-glutton. The Test series win over the Windies gave the Kiwis a backdoor claim on the "world champs" title, but their reputation in this country will stand on their performances this summer. A very competent batting line-up headed by the classy opening combination of Bruce Edgar and John Wright will be New Zealand's greatest strength. But in terms of individual talent, it might just be the all-round class of Geoff Howarth and the competitiveness of Richard Hadlee which puts the Kiwis into the contest with something of a chance. Howarth is a stylish right-hand batsman and useful off-spinner. He was 27 when England toured New Zealand in 1978 and his two centuries in the final Test at Auckland were part of a run which reaped five tons in only nine Tests. Skipper of the Shell-series winning Northern Districts side, Howarth led New Zealand to a one-day win over the Windies and victory in the first Test at Dunedin. His stint with Surrey in England has earned him a regular county spot since 1973 and given his game the sort of professional edge which distinguishes the best Test standard players.

There's no doubt that the Kiwis will find the Australian pitches entirely different propositions to their own tracks, so they'll be looking for a bit of brilliance from Richard Hadlee to offset the home-town advantage. The opening bowler's service includes county cricket with Nottinghamshire and Shield appearances for Tasmania. New Zealand's win over the Windies shows that the Kiwis, very many of whom have experienced limited-over strategy in England, are no duds at the one-day game. India's emphasis on spin might make them easy prey for any aggressive bats in the one-day games but the side's top end batting power will partially blunt Australia's pace advantage. The mixture of Test and limited-over play on a three-way basis will put the Kiwis and Indians over a brand new set of hurdles. Throw in white balls, cricket under lights and new clothing color changes — and the ingredients are there for an absorbing season. As Tony Greig says: "When these sides are out in the middle doing their bit, nobody will be thinking about last season."

CHAPPELLI: 'TRY THIS FOR OPENERS'

TO A cricket fan 10 years ago, a summer of Australia against New Zealand and India following on from a summer with the West Indies and England visiting would have been as interesting as an invitation to a VFL supporter to go watch his girlfriend's tennis team the day after his side had won the flag. Not so any more. With the general levelling-off in standard of all the Test playing countries, Australia will have a fight on its hands in both limited-over and Test matches.

The most vulnerable area for Australia will be in the limited-over matches against New Zealand, and I would almost be prepared to start the Kiwis favorite based on Australia's poor form in last season's competition. In Richard Hadlee and Glenn Turner, the New Zealand team have two very experienced and successful players around which to base their limited-over campaign. To these, add the names of Geoff Howarth and John Wright, both of whom have played a number of seasons in English county cricket, and Bruce Edgar, who appears to have the class to succeed in all types of cricket.

If producing Rugby players is the winter-time sporting religion in the "Shaky Isles", then the off-season hobby is producing seam bowlers, and these Kiwis are no exception — how good they are is the question. They are good in the field, which will certainly help their steady attack and could be a vital factor in the limited-overs competition. What may tell against New Zealand is perhaps a lack of depth (if they have any injuries) and a heavy reliance on the wiry frame of Hadlee when they're in the field. The second of these was seen in two of New Zealand's more notable recent victories. Hadlee snared 10/100 against England in 1978, and in 1980 took 11/102 to out-blitz the West Indies. His main support should come from the fast improving Gary Troup who bowled well against the Windies. It is worth noting that, in addition to beating the powerful West Indies side in a Test, New Zealand also beat them in a limited-over match — which really takes some doing.

As yet, the bulk of the Kiwi cricket successes have come under the shadow of the long white cloud, and Australia's hard, bouncy wickets could be a problem they can't overcome.

Glenn Turner is one player who hasn't shown Australia anything of the form he produces regularly during an English county season. He has been out of the Test arena for some time now, and if he decides to settle his differences with officialdom and make the tour, his battle with Lillee and the other Australian speed merchants will not only be worth watching, it could have great bearing on the results of both competitions. Australia have a distinct advantage in experience of day/night cricket and, as three of the finals are to be played in Sydney, New Zealand will have to adjust quickly to the white ball and the lights if they hope to win the trophy.

Richard Hadlee is one who has done a lot to develop the cricketing Kiwis' attitude along the lines of their winter sporting heroes — tough, competitive and aggressive. Hadlee's individual battle with Greg Chappell at the crease will have an even bigger bearing on the results than the Lillee/Turner confrontation.

New Zealand will have to do everything right to win the limited-over competition. I can't see them beating Australia in a Test, but I believe they are fast overcoming their inferiority complex on the cricket field, thanks to their recent victories, and this will make them tough to beat.

When Australians think of India, they immediately conjure up thoughts of wily little spinners of the Prasanna ilk, or of the bearded, turbanned Bedi who spun his way to popularity in this country during the Rest of the World series and the last Indian tour.

However, for the cricket connoisseur rubbing his hands together in anticipation of yet another contest between the fleet-of-foot batsman and the flighty spinner, I have a warning — don't be too sure. The reason: a tall (by Indian standards), right-hand fast bowler named Kapil Dev. His record of 100 Test wickets in 25 games and 74 Test wickets in the calendar year of 1979 has captured the imagination of the Indian public.

Whether Dev can have the same rate of success against the top batsmen on Australian wickets as he did against the Aussies in India is a matter not only for conjecture but of great importance to the final results India may achieve on the tour. Dev took 28 wickets in the six Tests of 1979 at an average of 22.36.

I believe India have the batting to make some very reasonable scores against the best Australia can throw at them but, like New Zealand, the Indian attack may rest too heavily on the shoulders of one man. While New Zealand will be relying heavily on pace and seam, India will at least have a balance of pace and spin. An Indian attack without two spinners would be like the meat pie without sauce.

In stating that I believe the Indian batsmen can make reasonable scores against the Australian attack, I rely heavily on the form of one of the best three batsmen in the world today. Sunil Gavaskar has a fantastic record of centuries and runmaking in Test cricket, achieved in all countries, on varying types of wickets, against the quickest bowlers and always from the opening position. He didn't show us his best for the Rest of the World, the only time we've ever seen Lillee v Gavaskar. I well remember Sunny's comments after facing Dennis on a Perth wicket when he destroyed the World batsmen to take 8/29: "How do you play good length balls that go past your nose? I don't think 5'5" is the ideal height to face Lillee on this wicket." Gavaskar won't be facing Lillee on his home wicket this tour, and the contest between these two greats should be very enthralling.

It would appear to be cricketing suicide if the Indian selectors bypass Gavaskar as captain of the touring team, as he's had the job on 18 occasions for six wins and no losses. India have won all three series under his leadership. His worth to the team as a player is highlighted by his century in Trinidad, which piloted the team to a six-wicket victory chasing a West Indies total of 402, and by his highest Test score of 221, scored in pursuit of 438 for victory against England in 1979 — time ran out with India just nine runs short of victory.

If Gavaskar can tame the new-ball attack regularly, he will receive good strokemaking support from Viswanath and Vengsarkar, the threesome which has been the backbone of the Indian batting for the last three seasons.

I anticipate India struggling a little in the limited-over games because they don't have the tightness required in bowling and the batsmen may have trouble maintaining a suitable scoring rate while keeping wickets intact. Nonetheless, I expect them to give a good account of themselves in the Test matches, providing the form of Gavaskar and Dev remain constant.

So when you go to the International cricket this season, don't go along expecting another game to rival the tied West Indies Test or the thrill of an Australian Ashes victory. But, somewhat like the guy who did go along to watch his girlfriend's tennis team, you may find some of the individuals well worth your attention.

— IAN CHAPPELL

Australian Playboy November 1980

BIG BROTHER IS WATCHING, LISTENING TO, AND TAPING YOU

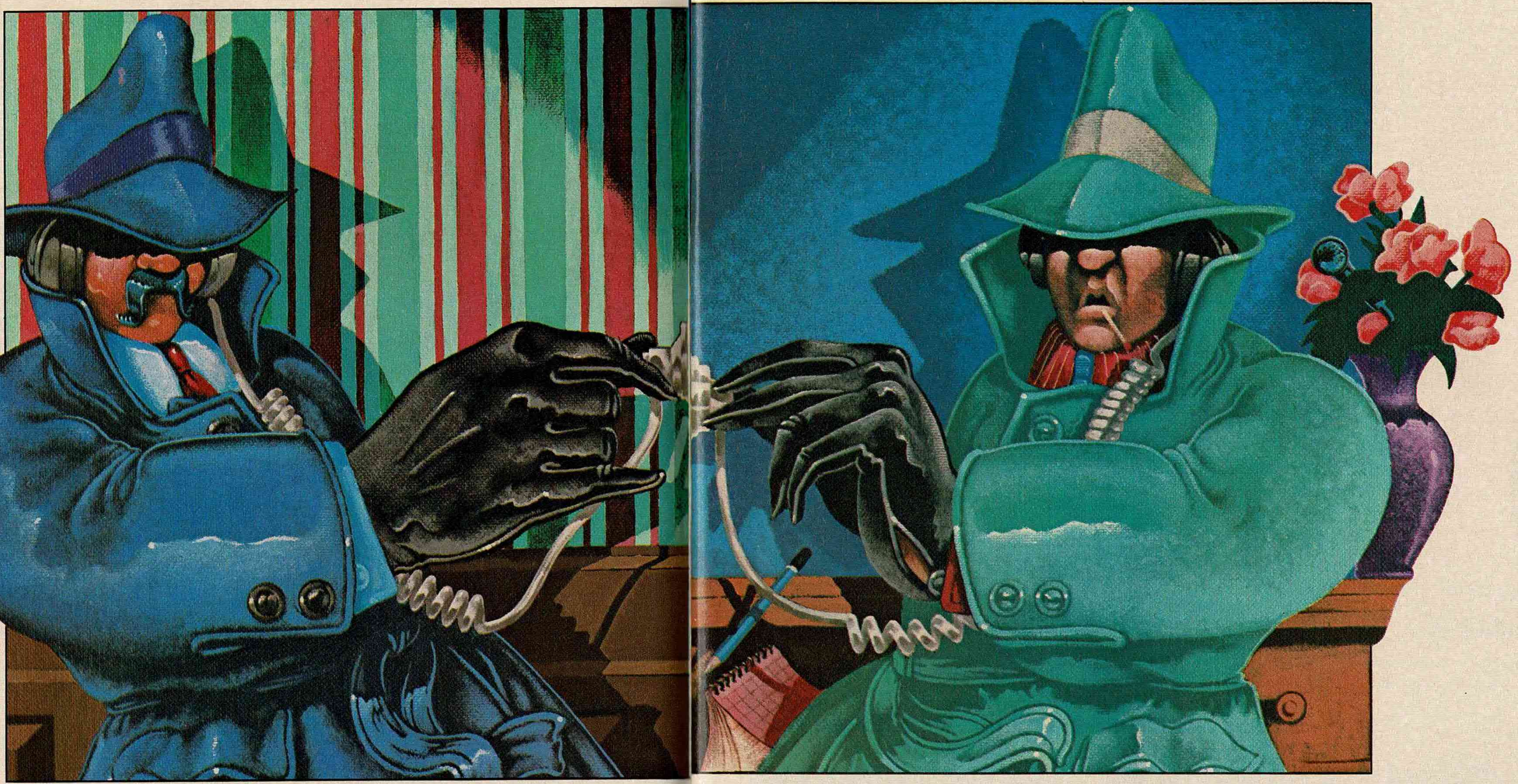

Illustration by Geoff Kelly

1984, as described by george orwell, is already upon us . . . tony maguire investigates the booming big business of bugging

THE WIFE who suspects her husband has been playing around plants a "bug" on him to find out the truth . . . workers in a factory are covertly photographed by a camera disguised as a clock . . . a neurotic businessman secretly employs a lie detector on his clients . . . and the electronic ears and eyes of the Government steadily multiply. Welcome to Australia, 1980. Or is it 1984?

Bugs, telephone taps and other sophisticated pieces of surveillance equipment are in ever-increasing use in this country. For all you know, there may be some device monitoring your every word and action right *now*.

While much of the new technology is being harnessed for the worthwhile purposes of security and law enforcement, a great deal of it is finding its way into the wrong hands. If you've always thought there was something faintly exotic about industrial espionage, think again. A number of perfectly legitimate businesses are thriving on the fringes of corporate spying and supplying the tools of the trade to private individuals.

As well as allowing free import and sale of bugs and other rather sinister devices, the present laws are so poorly framed and Catch-22 riddled that police have become confused over their interpretation. They also seem to have baffled the Federal Attorney General, who recently came out with some very curious interpretations of our phone-tapping laws, saying that certain phone interceptions were legal and others were not.

The Australian Law Reform Commission is concerned at what it describes as a "proliferation" of intrusive technology in Australia, and has made some tentative proposals on new legislation. This followed a thorough study into privacy erosion in Australia. States the Commission's Chairman, Mr Justice Kirby: "The miracles of technology have arrived much too fast for our law-making machinery. Changes have got to be made to ensure we don't become a society which has no anonymity and no confidentiality."

His Honor was interested to hear about PLAYBOY's investigation into surveillance devices, and stated that our story would become an official submission at a soon-to-start series of public hearings on privacy protection.

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In a tastefully-decorated office in Sydney's Australia Square there sits a man called Frank Monte — private detective, self-appointed expert in industrial espionage, and the person who once claimed to have found the skull of missing (believed eaten) American heir Michael Rockefeller in the steaming jungles of New Guinea.

Monte, a JP and former policeman, runs his business under various names, depending on which entry in the Yellow Pages you happen to be looking at — A. A. Aadrian and Sons, the Australian College of Private Investigators, Monte's Investigations, Monte Security Company and the NSW Centre of Professional Investigators. A year ago, Monte registered another business name — Security World. This business opened up shop at a different, much more modest address in Pitt Street, and Monte seldom shows his face there. It could prove embarrassing. For, while his private investigation agency specialises in combating industrial espionage, Security World promotes it.

Inside Security World, I meet a swarthy-faced individual called Ron Hagan who claims to be a former ASIO operative, bullet scar and all. The most striking things in the sparsely furnished, unheated and extremely chilly office are two shotguns and a rifle on one wall. There is a rack of electrical components and other bits and pieces to the right of the door.

"This is a very cheap, very simple FM bug," says Hagan, picking up a black box about the size of a matchbox cut in half longitudinally. "It has a very low transmission range of about 60 metres, but you can boost that by lengthening the antenna and putting in a stronger battery. What we then do is rip the guts out of a bug casing and put them into something such as *this*." He shows me a carved native head wall plaque, then lifts back some felt covering on the reverse side to reveal tiny radio components. Hagan explains that it would normally be covered securely with a flat piece of wood.

Security World also tailor-makes bugs concealed in smoking pipes or built into your heel. Then there's the old "bug in the cigar box trick".

"Here we have some breaking and entering tools," continues Hagan. He picks up an evil-looking curved knife which resembles a miniature sickle. "It's an ordinary lino knife — it also happens to be a very good implement for forcing locks. Much better than a piece of plastic. Then we have the traditional lock-pick . . ." He shows me a set of seven picks plus a lock-pick "gun" which is able to dislodge the tumblers of the standard Yale.

Hagan replaces the picks and lifts up a little transparent plastic box with some colored circuitry inside. "This is a phone tap, and we're a little unsure on the law with this one." He lights a cigarette as I examine the apparatus. "The Telecommunications Interception Act says it's an offence to *incite* someone to commit an offence under the Act. No one has ever got done for it, but we're keeping ourselves covered by selling them with American fittings." He adds that it is very easy to modify them to Australian conditions.

A large phallic-shaped object is another form of telephone tap. It's for listening in on lines which run off a switchboard. According to Hagan you simply point it at the terminal box to pick up the conversation you want. And this instrument *doesn't* have American fittings.

Other devices laid out on the rack include a simple vehicle follower, which consists of a spiral coil of wire and a radio terminal, a voice-activator to avoid wasting tape and batteries when you're bugging someone, and a re-transmitter to boost a bug's range.

Some of the equipment is primitive compared to that which I have seen on sale elsewhere in Sydney, but all of it works very efficiently. And, unlike many other suppliers in this type of

"That's it for us, huh? How about a quickie before you split?"

hardware, Security World doesn't seem especially particular about who its customers are. Hagan even tries to sell *me* a bug.

After I've finished looking at his gear, Hagan tells me some of the reasons why people buy bugs. "Most of the people buying these things believe they have a genuine moral right to do so. A wife checking on her husband, a sales manager checking on his salesmen . . . how about a man who puts money into a business as a silent partner and after a while has reason to feel that the return he's getting is not right? That man might well resort to electronic devices to check on things. He believes that, because he put his money into it, he has a right to find out. Or how about the fellow who runs an import business, and whose goods keep disappearing at the docks? So he puts a transmitter in one of his crates and traces where it goes."

He lights another cigarette, then continues his spiel: "Then there are the evils of this sort of equipment." Hagan takes a deep puff and slowly exhales smoke. "There *is* a possibility of blackmail, but the few instances of that in this country are usually not attributable to electronic devices.

"Industrial espionage is another danger of course. But the Listening Devices Act and other laws are so vague that a prosecution might not succeed in Australia. There was a recent court case in the UK in which someone who had copied some secrets could be charged only with theft of photocopying paper."

Another business which is performing very nicely thank you is Law Enforcement Equipment Associates. Owned by an American called Bill Herrington, LEEA has a very good reputation in the security industry, selling a lot of equipment to State police forces and other government agencies. Although the company sells lock picks, bugs, and other questionable devices to private detectives, Herrington says he would not sell such things to people outside the law enforcement trade. But that doesn't apply to lie detectors, secret cameras and other select pieces of equipment, which are sold to anyone.

Herrington, a balding, pudgy-faced man in his mid-30s was expelled from a Pennsylvania medical school for putting a dead man's penis in a hot dog bun which was presented to the Dean of Medicine at a football game. This marked the end of Herrington's medical career and the beginning of his involvement in the field of dirty tricks. He was accepted into the US Secret Service soon after being banished by the Dean, spending the next six years learning about bugging and related arts, most of it in the bug-prone years of the Nixon presidency.

Now Herrington is busy importing and selling the bugs popularised by his old boss, plus a wide range of other security equipment. He is a sincere and conscientious man who seems to nurse a genuine belief in what he is doing — he has very real fears of crime and revolution.

He advises me: "In this country, you've seen the beginnings of terrorism with the Hilton bombing. In a way, I'm glad that happened when it did — sometimes you don't see the forest for the trees. Another point is that, with so many different nationalities here in Australia, things can only get worse. I don't want to put down our so-called ethnic friends — shit, I'm an ethnic myself, staunch Irish-American — but the fact is that almost every single siege situation has involved a migrant.

"So you've got the roots of terrorism, you've got drugs, other things like unemployment — there is a need for law enforcement agencies to do their job efficiently. They require modern equipment to keep up with the criminals. There's not much of this equipment being used by criminals here at the moment, but I expect Australia to follow US trends. There's an organisation in the States called the Black Tuna gang — a big drug outfit. They've got agents constantly monitoring the police, and a lot of their equipment is more sophisticated than the stuff the cops are using." (His words on the likelihood of Australian criminals getting hold of such gear are to prove prophetic.)

Samples of Herrington's wares are displayed, gallery fashion, in a long room doubling as the office of his regional manager, Barry Harrison, a former nuclear and chemical warfare officer with the Australian Army. The most imposing item is a three-metre-high periscope, the top lens of which is disguised to look like an air vent. It is fitted into a van for surveillance purposes, and no one outside guesses the real purpose of this ordinary-looking air chimney. "It's ideal for insurance investigators who might want to check on a worker's compensation claim or private detectives watching a home," says Herrington. An optional extra to this urban periscope is a camera attachment.

The next item on the agenda looks just like a ray gun but is actually a parabolic microphone, which is to recording what the telephoto lens is to photography. Properly aimed under ideal conditions, its range can extend to more than 250 metres.

Herrington takes a little boy's delight in showing me some of his more fiendish gadgets. "You'll like this," he says with a crooked grin, picking up a plastic bottle marked "Letter Bomb Visualiser". I watch Herrington soak a sealed envelope with a chemical from the bottle and — bingo — suddenly I can read the letter inside. "You simply use a mirror for any print which is back to front," explains Herrington. He also shows a similar zest in showing me lock picks concealed in a dummy fountain pen.

Next, we come to a metal box topped by two powerful lamps. "What do you think *this* is?" he asks, with a glance that seems to anticipate his getting a wrong answer.

"It looks like some sort of lighting system," I reply.

"That's right," says Herrington. "It's an emergency lighting system, but it's also a great piece of surveillance equipment. Look inside."

He opens the front of the box to reveal a camera. "You can put it on a time lapse to take pictures at regular intervals, or hook it up to a sensor so it photographs everyone who walks by it." Herrington fondles the cold metal cabinet affectionately. "We sell these to bosses who want to know who's stealing material from the warehouse at night or who's going into a prohibited area. It doesn't have to come in the form of an emergency lighting system — we also sell clock and smoke alarm versions."

Another metal box contains a vehicle-following system which is much more sophisticated than the one at Security World — a solid state unit which gives you the speed, direction and distance of the vehicle on which you've planted a magnetic beacon.

Other equipment on Herrington's shelves includes a miniature tape recorder which can fit easily into a cigarette packet, binoculars having a built-in cartridge camera, a voice activator, and a special slow-running cassette recorder with seven hours of recording time on each side of the tape. And, because every bug has a de-bug, there is a hand-held tape recorder detector, an impedance analyser for de-bugging telephones, and a very elaborate scrambler unit. Equipped with 25 different channels, the scrambler foils phone-tappers by making conversations they're listening in to sound like interchanges between two railway station masters having cleft palates. Postal and Telecommunications Union leader George Slater and the Queensland Premier, Joh Bjelke-Petersen, not two people you'd normally expect to have much in common, each possess a scrambler.

Herrington's pride and joy is a $6000 voice stress analyser — to the layman, a lie detector. One which can

be used without the subject knowing. Snugly fitted into a briefcase for those oh-so-important business meetings, this machine tapes and electronically analyses speech. Its ability to detect the tones of a liar are said to be quite uncanny. Of this device NSW Premier Neville Wran has stated: "Heaven forbid that we should ever reach the point where politicians were given such a test." NSW Attorney General Frank Walker has foreshadowed legislation which would prohibit the stress analyser, spurred not only by his leader's remark in Parliament but by a NSW Privacy Committee report. This 46-page document claims that the threats which lie detectors pose to privacy far outweigh the possible benefits of suspects being able to prove their innocence.

However, Herrington's side-kick Barry Harrison says that, during the past two days, there have been two individual queries made from NSW Government departments interested in purchasing the stress analyser. And he says he's taken another call from the Queensland Law Society. According to Harrison, the society wants to find out if there's some way it can be used on clients (out of court).

Some of the other nasty devices which Herrington and Harrison deal in include a torch-like affair which can dazzle its victim for 20 minutes with the explosion of an extremely powerful flashbulb, thumb-cuffs (so much more portable than regular hand-cuffs — trouble is, they rip off the thumbs of anyone who struggles violently), and an armory of guns — anything from a simple .38 handgun to a $2000 machine pistol. Herrington stresses: "With stuff like that, I deal *only* with the Government.

"ASIO, Customs, Commonwealth Police and the State police have all bought stuff off me. I have the most sophisticated equipment in Australia. When it comes to bugs, we don't deal with much of the primitive FM stuff. We go into UHF, VHF, even microwave. We sell bugs as small as *this.*" He carefully plucks a single hair from the thin covering on his head, holding it four or five centimetres in front of my face. "Or we can get a tiny bug like that and laminate it into a business card. Oh, that reminds me . . ." (he reaches into his breast pocket) ". . . here's *my* card."

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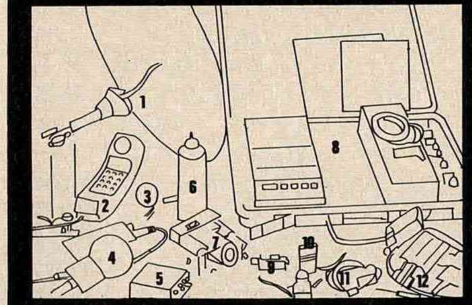
Four days after my visit to Law Enforcement Equipment Associates, I went back to their East Sydney premises to check details of some of the equipment. The place was in a state of confusion. Thieves had broken in and stolen more than $30,000 worth of equipment. Herrington told me



Get these little buggers —
1) Parabolic microphone
2) Telephone interceptor
3) Telephone recording device
4&5) Tape recorder & bug detector
6) Letter bomb visualiser
7) Binocular camera
8) Lie detector
9&10) Voice activator, bug
11&12) Microphone, lock picks

rather sheepishly how the burglar alarms hadn't been switched on by the last person to leave on the night of the burglary. "This is all very embarrassing," he moaned. Then his eyes narrowed into mean little slits. "If ever I find out who did this, I'll ruin them. I know every dirty trick in the book."

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Bill Herrington and other traders in security hardware form a unique sub-strata under Australian law. They justify their sales of things like bugs and burglary tools by saying they are going to private detectives who form an important arm of the law enforcement machine. But the distinction between private detectives and other private individuals becomes irrelevant when one considers how easy it is to get a private inquiry agent's licence. In NSW alone there are 8000 individuals holding licences — that's just 1500 fewer than the number of police officers in the State. The tapping of North Sydney Liberal candidate Dr Peter Solomon's phone by a strange and unlikely "private detective" called James Twaddell is a case in point.

The "Solomon Affair", as it was dubbed when the matter blew up last year, is one of a number of political phone-tapping cases to have come to the attention of the press and public. Many political figures have periodically complained about being bugged. Often they seem to have turned the issue into a powerful weapon by pointing the finger at the opposition. But many believe that most political phone taps are carried out by the Australian Security and Intelligence Organisation. ASIO is alleged to have tapped the phones of MPs, union leaders, journalists and a host of other people. A member of the Canberra press gallery told me that he was certain ASIO was tapping the phones of several journalists at the time of the Office of National Assessments leaks. He said that: "They seemed to be tapping our home phones. The officials providing us with information would not talk to us on our private lines, but didn't mind calling us at the press gallery offices. I gather that Parliament House itself has always been out of bounds to ASIO."

Telecom technicians have traditionally carried out the installation of phone taps on behalf of ASIO, but now technicians want to alter the procedure. Said Col Cooper, NSW Secretary and Federal President of the Australian Telecommunication Employees Association: "We don't see anything in writing when we're asked to tap a line. It would be nice to see a warrant from the Attorney General."

In April this year, the Federal Opposition spokesperson for Science and Administrative Services, Dr Dick Klugman, lodged a question on notice with the Attorney General, Senator Peter Durack, inquiring how many telephone taps were being authorised. Durack abstained from answering the question "due to security reasons". However, when Dr Klugman asked the same question seven years before under the Whitlam Government, he was given an answer. In 1973, 107 interceptions were approved, most of which had a duration of three to six months. The Law Reform Commission document states: "It may indeed have been the case that the 107 wire taps authorised during the year ending March 1973 resulted in the overhearing of 12,000 different people engaged in 68,000 conversations."

Until quite recently, telephones were allowed to be tapped *only* for reasons of national security. This was spelled out clearly in the Telephonic Communications (Interception) Act of 1960 which also provided penalties for offenders. That was superseded by the Telecommunications (Interception) Act last year which laid down new fines of up to $5000 and extended wire-tapping powers to the Commonwealth Police and Customs officers. The specific aim of this was to electronically investigate drug offences. There is a rather vague clause in the new Act empowering these agencies to tap phones of people suspected of committing *any* offence.

Earlier this year a storm broke out in Federal Parliament over the use of wire-tapping devices by Commonwealth Police then investigating the so-called "Greek Conspiracy" case. This case, involving allegedly fake invalid pension claims, is an ongoing prosecution which lately has been dropping defendants like ripe fruit. It looks like becoming the most expensive piece of litigation in Australian history. On three occasions, Commonwealth Police tapped phone conversations without proper authorisation. The device used was a rubber suction cap "telephone recorder", which is how they're described by Dick Smith and certain other electronics shops.

After much agonising, Senator Durack told Parliament that he had received advice from the Solicitor General, Maurice Byers, QC, that the taps were indeed illegal. Durack told Parliament: "There appears to have been a belief in the community, which over a number of years has extended to many Federal police officers, that these devices may be legally used by one party to record the conversation without the knowledge of the other party. On the views expressed by Mr Byers this is, of course, incorrect."

Durack said that the offending policemen would not be prosecuted because of the technical nature of the difference between legal and illegal recordings. And the evidence obtained through these taps was completely admissible (as indeed is most illegally obtained evidence under Australian law). The Attorney General added that recording a phone conversation with a *microphone* which picks up sound directly from the receiver was *not* illegal under Commonwealth law.

Says the Law Reform Commission in a recent discussion paper on privacy and intrusions: "Individual privacy may be invaded equally by either procedure (ie, the suction cap or microphone). The distinction is anomalous and should be terminated by appropriate extension of current Commonwealth laws."

And legislation on a State level covering the use of listening devices is, believe it or not, even more confused. First of all, it clashes with the Federal wire-tapping Act, which effectively prohibits telephone taps by State police. However, State listening devices Acts appear to permit such measures, although, if it came to a legal crunch, Federal legislation would override State laws.

Generally, State laws are interpreted as relating to the use of bugs, tape recorders and other equipment not making use of Telecom's facilities. This approach changes from State to State. In NSW and Queensland, listening devices may be used by a party to a conversation or by an outsider with the consent of one party. In Western Australia, South Australia and Victoria, they may be employed by a party to the conversation or by an outsider with the consent of *all* parties. There are also vastly different procedures in the issuing of warrants ranging from the Supreme Court authorisation required in Queensland to the rather roughshod approach of the South Australian police, who apparently do not even have to justify the use of listening devices.

The point I've been leading up to with all this legislative detail was once summed up very clearly by the formidable former head of the US FBI, the late J. Edgar Hoover, of all people: "Law enforcement without civil liberties is a hollow mockery."

And following on from that, a quote from American legal authority Louis Schwartz: "Free conversation is often characterised by exaggeration, obscenity, agreeable falsehoods and the expression of anti-social desires or views not intended to be taken seriously."

State and Federal laws have concerned themselves almost exclusively with the use of listening devices by government agencies, failing to protect private individuals from their abuse. Over the past 20 years, there have been a mere 10 Federal prosecutions for telephone interception, none of them involving phone tapping as we know it today. No one has ever been prosecuted under the various State listening devices Acts passed in the past decade. There have been a handful of cases where evidence gathered electronically and illegally by police has not been accepted by a judge, despite its total admissibility.

It seems incredible that there's been no attempt to control import and private sale under current legislation. The NSW Listening Devices Act has a clause which bans advertising and open display of equipment, but how many Sydney policemen have walked past a Kings Cross electronics shop which openly displays bugs in its front window? Maybe the bug that sparked off a "Schoolgate" scare in Sydney's eastern suburbs recently came from this shop. A group of school pupils had been caught monitoring their teachers' conversations through a bug which they'd very cleverly planted in the common room.

So much for listening devices. What about secret cameras like those sold by Bill Herrington? Insurance companies are using implements like Herrington's urban periscope and other wondrous examples of optical grinding to peer into people's homes. The NSW Police Observation Squad has just finished tests on a briefcase camera. You simply press a button on the side and a spring-wound camera starts to snap away. The squad already has a similar camera disguised as . . . well, they've spent about $5000 on it, so I'd better not say.

Next, consider this ad which recently appeared in a local computer magazine: "From the moment your employees enter the front gate until they leave for home, they've always been on their own. And no matter how dependable they are, it's been almost impossible to hold them accountable for their actions. The Identification Network from . . . . . gives you accountability for people and facilities that you never thought possible . . ."

Yes, Big Brother *is* watching.

Justice Kirby told PLAYBOY that he hopes to bring about the introduction of a privacy Act that protects the individual against various forms of intrusions. Hopefully, it will not befall the same fate as our watered-down human rights bill.

A world of sinister devices born of incestuous paranoia looms closer than you might imagine. And, unless something is done to change the laws, we could soon see the time come when we are *never* alone.

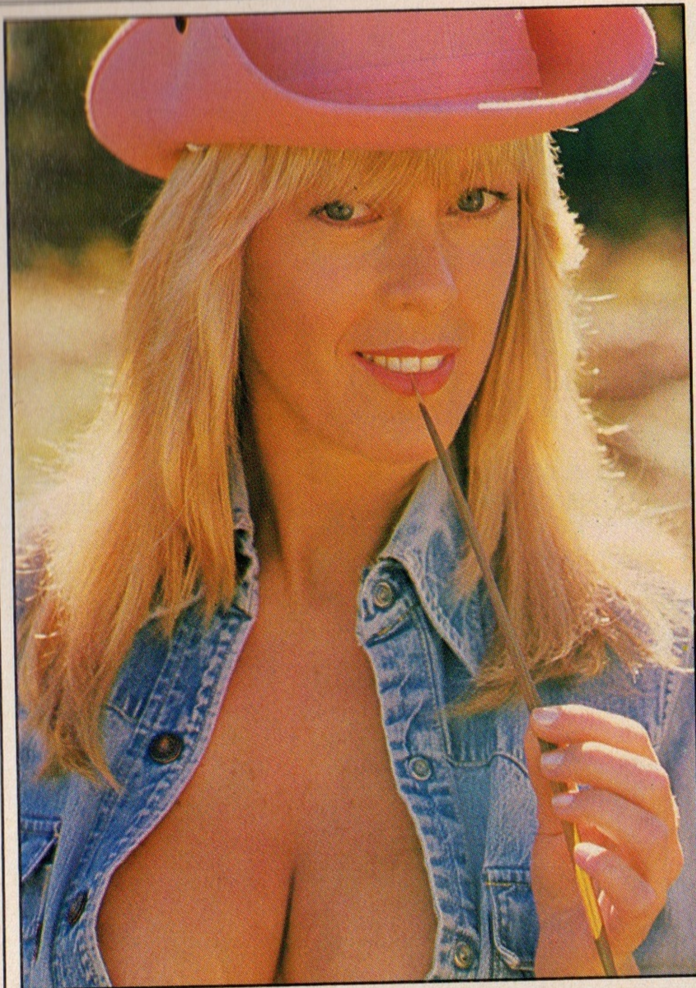
FAST LADY

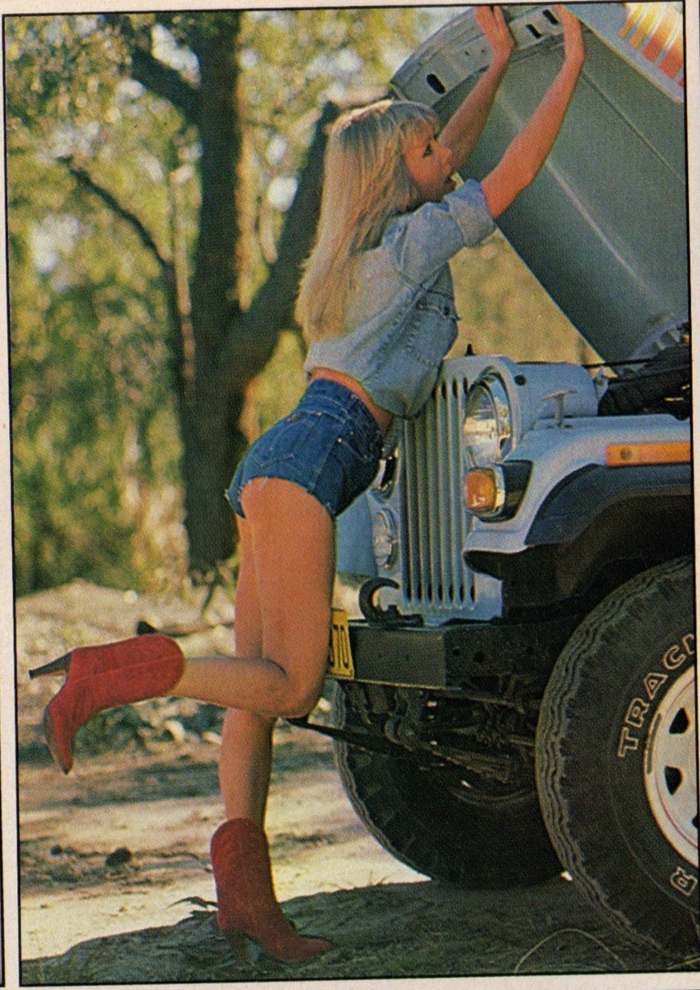
TO KNOW what makes Karen West tick, you must go back to her days at Penleigh Presbyterian Ladies' College in Melbourne. There she was school running champion and head of the relay team.

She still revels in sports — driving, riding, skiing . . . and making love.

"I'd like to try skiing down a slope completely nude," says the beautiful

Photography by Rico Mettbach





blonde thrill-seeker. "Making love in the snow would also be interesting. It would be like making love in a cloud, and there would be a delightful feeling of naughtiness about it — the same feeling I get in the summer when I don't wear pants under my dresses."

We photographed Karen at her mother's farm near Werribee, Victoria, which breeds Spanish dancing horses. She took her Jeep Renegade on a hair-raising drive around the property, throwing up clouds of dust as she expertly wielded the steering wheel and gear stick.

"Some of my friends call me 'Lead Foot West' because I drive so fast," she said afterwards.

"I'm continually searching for new thrills. Last year I almost took up

"My lover must be both tender and thoughtful — no 'wham bam, thank you ma'am' types for me."

"Making love in the snow would be interesting. It would be like making love in a cloud, and there would be a delightful feeling of naughtiness about it."

hang gliding, but was talked out of it."

Karen also plans to drive a really fast pacer and ride in a racing car. But she stresses: "I don't like making too many plans. I'm a great one for doing things on the spur of the moment — like making love in a car just for the hell of it. There's something very sexy about cars. All that power under the bonnet and the back seat just waiting to be christened . . .

"I'm a very energetic lovemaker, always trying out new things and doing it in new places. I'm never too

"The fastest thing I do is spend money. I'm hopeless at saving and budgeting. It's very boring and people who are obsessed by it are missing out on a lot."

"I've always been a flirt. And sometimes I say outrageous things to men, though I try not to lead them on too much."

intense about it, though. Sex should always be fun."

What else does Karen like in a man? "Youth," she says. "In the past, most of my lovers have been older than me, but now I'm more attracted to younger men. They are more adventurous and less staid, and not so inclined to over-pamper a girl."

Lead us to the fountain of youth!

"Physically, my men should ideally be both slender and lithe, and preferably blond. Those muscle men turn me off."

MISS NOVEMBER

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: Karen West

BUST: 36" WAIST: 24" HIPS: 36"

HEIGHT: 5'6½" WEIGHT: 8s 5lbs SIGN: Scorpio

BIRTH DATE: 19.11.51 BIRTHPLACE: Melbourne

FAVORITE BOOKS: Roald Dahl's books of short stories:- Kiss Kiss & Someone Like You and Gone With The Wind

FAVORITE ACTORS: Clark Gable, Peter Sellers, Richard Dreyfuss, Jane Fonda, Goldie Hawn & Bette Davis

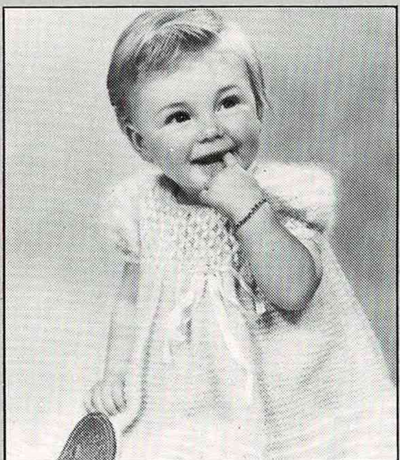
FAVORITE FOOD: Most food especially Indian curry & vegemite!

FAVORITE MOVIES: The Rose, Being There, Gone With The Wind, The Champ & The Goodbye Girl.

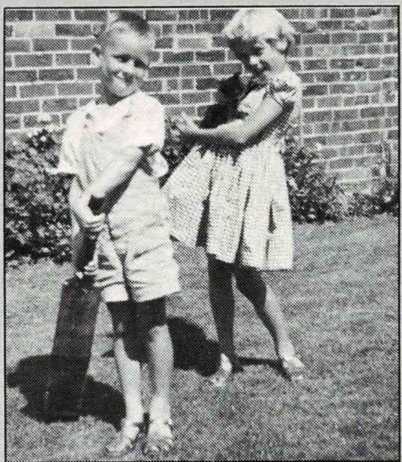
TURN-ONS: Lying on the beach on a warm summers night, cuddled up in bed listening to the rain on the roof top, and all the guys at Playboy!

TURN-OFFS: Smoking, untidiness & jazz music.

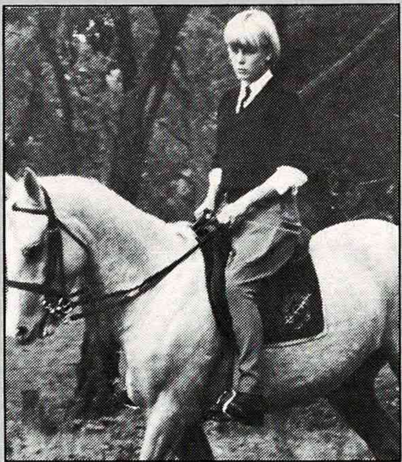
FAVORITE MUSICIANS: Rod Stewart, Neil Diamond, Rolling Stones, Donna Summer, Bette Midler & Barbra Streisand.



my first photo session age 12 months



Holding my pussy age 7 years



arriving home after a trail ride - age 15 years

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

Some days after the cremation, the funeral director called on the widow to deliver her late husband's ashes in, as she had stipulated, a screw-top urn. The bereaved widow invited him out on to the balcony of her unit. There, when she opened the container, a brisk breeze quickly whisked away its contents. "That's a very moving gesture, Mrs Clarke," murmured the mortician, "you're consigning Mr Clarke's remains to the winds of the city he loved."

"It was the least I could do for him," sighed the woman. "Poor old Fred always did want a blow job."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *an off-color comedian* as an obscene jester.

Ian was real weird in the motel room last night," the girl confided to her best friend. "At one point, he asked if he could put the tip of his organ in my ear."

"Did you let him do it, Sue?"

"Well . . . yes. But only in my left ear."

"Is it more sensitive or something?"

"No, silly. You see, I'm saving the other one for Mr Right!"

That new guy who has such a reputation in classical poetry just has no appreciation of the academic proprieties," sniffed a female member of the English department to a confidante. "During our date last night, he wanted to screw me doggerel style!"

I need help," pleaded the caller on the sexual-problems hotline. "I'm in my middle 20s and I've had only one erection in my whole life!"

"That does sound like a problem. Can you recall its duration?"

"Let's see . . . I was 15 at the time . . . That makes it almost 10 years!"

Said the bank teller, "Sorry, Miss Munn,
As a callgirl you've just been outdone
By a client named Beck,
Who's rescinded his cheque
On the grounds of inadequate fun."

It had been a case of very definite but controlled attraction to each other at the singles' resort, and the couple were rationally discussing their possible marriage. "In all fairness, Kay," said he, "I should tell you that I'm a golfaholic. I play every day in the late afternoon in the spring, summer and autumn, and every Saturday and Sunday all year round."

"Thank you for your frankness, Roger," said she. "In the same spirit of candor, I should tell you that I'm a hooker."

"I wouldn't worry about that," smiled the man. "Just remember to keep your backswing smooth and your wrists straight."

Alone at last, the couple undressed together for the first time, and the girl eagerly gave her boyfriend's torso the once-over. Observing this, he puffed out his chest and pounded it, saying, "See this? Eighty-six kilos of male dynamite!"

"Yes," the lady purred, "Pity it's got only a five-centimetre fuse."

A not-too-bright habitué of a neighborhood pub had finally married, so when he next stopped by, one of the other regulars maliciously asked: "How many times did you do it on your wedding night, Gus?"

"How many? Oh, six and a half."

"*Six* times? How did you ever manage that? And what was that half time?"

"It was like this," Gus explained, "in, out, in, out, in, out — and then *in*!"

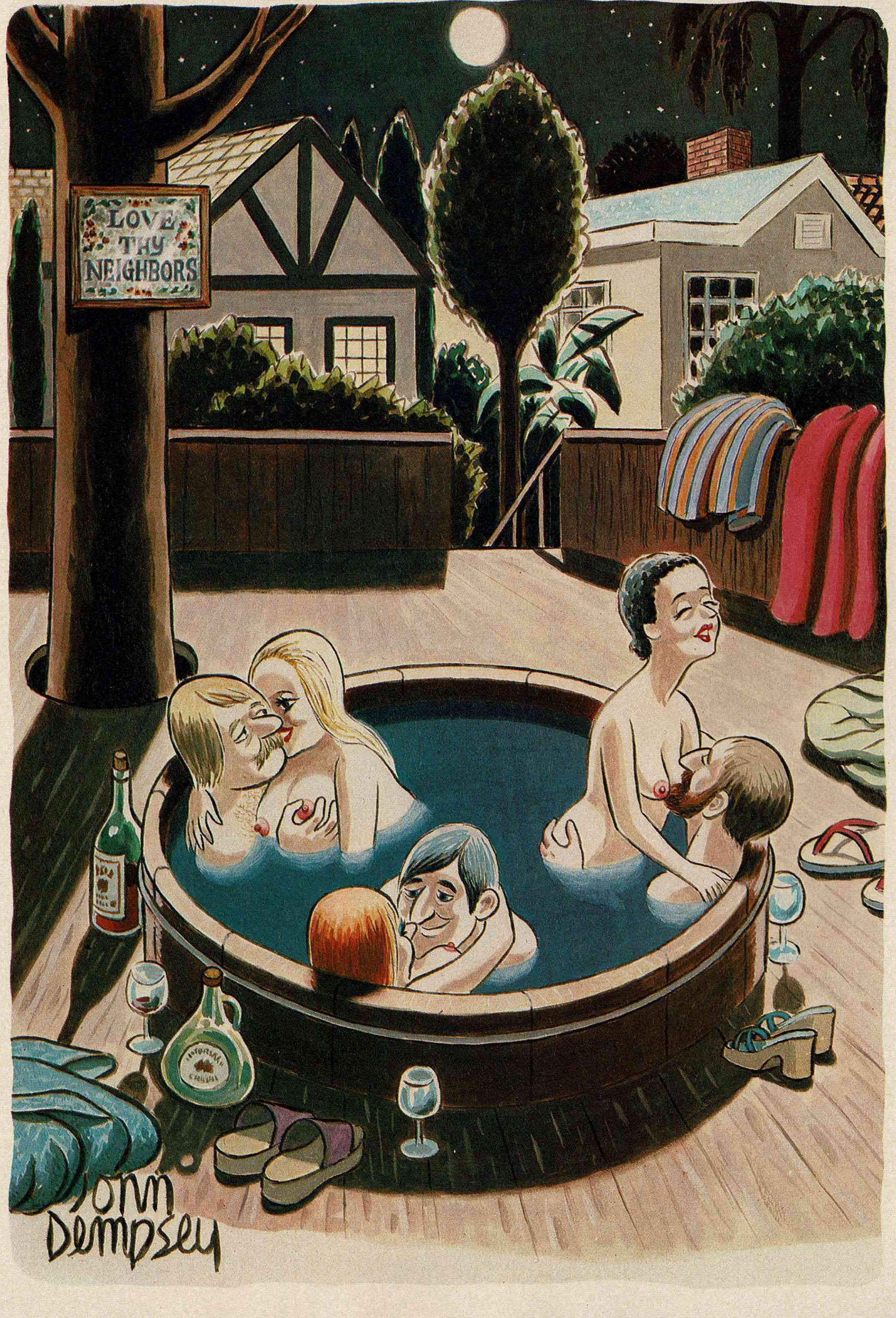
It's the weirdest group-medicine clinic," the patient reported. "You should see the doors of the various doctors' offices! The orthopedist's has a broken hinge, the oculist's has a peephole, the psychiatrist's is painted in crazy colors — and the gynaecologist's is open just a crack."

The best way to get rid of bad vibes, insists a self-reliant girl we know, is to put in fresh batteries.

With regard to the two basic theories of the origin of the universe, Miss Bushwick," said the professor to the student who had been day-dreaming, "can you correlate the concepts of the steady expansion and the big bang?"

"Er — yes," answered the girl. "In my experience, the first frequently leads to the second."

Heard a funny one lately? Send it to Party Jokes Editor, Australian PLAYBOY, *Box 4088, GPO Sydney, 2001. We'll pay $25 for jokes used.*



I DIED IN VIETNAM

The Government Just Forgot To Tell Me

Article by Russell Deiley

LIKE THE Vietnam war itself, the battle for retribution is escalating into a major conflict, with disabled veterans and their families pitting themselves against the Australian Government and chemical companies in a massive court case for compensation.

A crusading Brisbane lawyer, Bill McMillan, is quietly and professionally preparing the case for thousands of Australian victims of the chemical war. He is emerging as a central figure in the battle, which promises to create legal history in Australia and the United States.

McMillan, who regards himself as "just a country lawyer", has already scored several points in the preliminary legal skirmishes, including securing the eminent QC Tom Hughes — Attorney General in John Gorton's Vietnam war cabinet — to lead for the veterans in the High Court. But he maintains the Government continues to withhold information vital to the case and stubbornly refuses to accept the growing body of scientific evidence against the chemicals Canberra ordered used in the war.

Says McMillan: "We are getting a lot more information from official American sources than we are getting through Canberra. This is making it much harder to prepare our case to take to court in Australia. The Government refuses to supply us with the information we request on the grounds that it is restricted and the release of which would jeopardise national security." In some cases, the US Government has released information which the Australian Government claims it cannot give, McMillan says.

Still, the evidence continues to mount. McMillan has files on 3000 individual claimants stacked in the "Agent Orange" room of his chambers on the first floor of Comalco House, within a writ's throw of the Brisbane court complex. (Agent Orange is one of the powerful chemical defoliants used in the war). He anticipates that the number of individual claims could top 8000 before the serious courtroom business starts.

The files tell horrifying stories of veterans with chronic mental and physical illness, wives who have miscarriages, and sickly, handicapped children — all attributed to the chemical warfare in Vietnam. The bitterness of the veterans is mirrored in the banner behind which they are grouping: I DIED IN VIETNAM — THE GOVERNMENT JUST FORGOT TO TELL ME. The banner is illuminated in a rainbow of purple, green, orange, white, pink and blue — the code names given to the chemicals used for the insecticides and herbicides sprayed by the American and Australian troops in Vietnam . . .

Veteran Lester Eugine Riedlinger was one of the last Australians to serve in Vietnam. His duty tour in Nui Dat with the 1st Field Squadron, Royal Australian Engineers, ended shortly before the then Prime Minister Gough Whitlam recalled all the Diggers. Confident he was over the recurring bouts of inexplicable illness and depression which had blighted the years following his return, Riedlinger had a vital investment in life in the balmy 1980 dry season in Darwin. His second marriage was settled, his job as a schoolteacher secure and he and his wife, Ivy, were establishing a home. But neither Riedlinger nor his wife survived the winter. In early June he called on a friend and confidant, Frank Acorta, secretary of the Northern Territory branch of the Vietnam Veteran's Association, and complained that the chest pains and concentration lapses which had baffled doctors in the past had returned. On June 8, Lester Riedlinger shot and killed his wife, Ivy, and then turned the gun on himself . . .

In death maybe the Riedlingers and men such as VC-winner Ray Simpson, whose immortality on the battlefield did not extend to the Vietnam aftermath of the cancer ward, will be remembered fleetingly during the daily recitation of the oath in RSL clubs and at Anzac Day roll call . . . *at the going down of the sun, and in the morning, we shall remember them.*

But who'll remember the thousands of veterans who claim to be disabled for life because of the chemicals used during the war? Bill McMillan is determined that the Goverment and chemical companies will be made to account for their actions. He is no stranger to courtroom fights for legal injustice and indifference. Several times he has gone to bat on Bjelke-Petersen-prepared wickets and won cases for the Aurukun and Mornington

Illustration by Bob Haberfield

The Walking Wounded

THE COURT action against the Government and chemical companies for compensation will centre around two Vietnam war veterans — Kenneth George Fulton and Richard Brady.

Kenneth is the second of three brothers to serve in Vietnam. He and his elder brother, Barry, were together in Nui Dat in 1966 and both patrolled in defoliated areas. Like his brother, Kenneth developed an irritating rash while in Vietnam.

Ken and his wife, Joan Elizabeth, have had four children. The eldest, Carmel, is the only surviving child who does not suffer a chronic illness. Three-year-old Sara developed a rash shortly after her birth and the condition persists. The youngest, Winston, has a serious deformity which doctors advise requires major corrective surgery. A third daughter, Rachel, died suddenly at the age of 11 months in 1976. Joan Fulton also suffered a miscarriage in 1977.

Barry Fulton and his wife, Shirley, have four children. Marlene, born before Barry went to Vietnam, is perfectly normal. The three children born since his return are handicapped.

The youngest of the Fulton brothers, Peter, served in Vietnam with the RAAF. One of his sons has a wall eye, the second was born with a hole in his heart, but the third and youngest son appears healthy.

The eight children born to the Fultons' one brother who did not serve in Vietnam and their two sisters are perfectly healthy.

Richard Brady was posted to Nui Dat with the 1st Field Squadron in January, 1971. On his return, he complained of a chronic rash and nausea. He recalls defoliant spray settling on the camp swimming pool which he helped clean. Six children have been born to Brady and his wife, Barbara. The eldest, Craig, was born before Brady left for Vietnam. Craig enjoys normal health.

Their second child, Mark, was born in 1973 with a heart murmur and an eye defect. Elissa, born two years later, also has a heart condition and eye trouble, a harelip, cleft palate and ear trouble. Heart and eye problems also plague Justin, who was born in 1977. Last year, Barbara Brady gave birth to twins. Simon was born with massive heart and liver damage, and died of a cerebral haemorrhage 10 days after birth. His twin brother, Benjamin, survived four cardiac arrests in the first week. But he has no toes on his right foot, suffers bronchial asthma and has had an operation for a severe squint in his left eye. His heart is also damaged.

Island Aborigines and for concerned Christian protestors provoked by the police into contravening the Queensland anti-street march law.

McMillan has also been retained to seek compensation for the victims of nuclear fallout from the Anglo-Australian atomic tests in the '50s and by people suspected of suffering radon poisoning (the gas given off from radium) during uranium mining.

From the time John Harper, a Queensland Vietnam war veterans' activist, walked into his office last January, McMillan has never doubted the justness behind the Vietnam servicemen's cause. And the longer he spends preparing the briefs for the thousands of veterans, their wives and children seeking compensation through American and Australian courts, the stronger grows his gut feeling that he and his primary clients, Kenneth Fulton and Richard Brady, can win. And the case he is preparing received the ultimate nod of respectability when one of Australia's most eminent Queen's Counsels, Tom Hughes — Attorney-General in the Gorton Cabinet when the war was at its peak — indicated his willingness to represent the veterans in the first High Court round of their legal fight.

However one looks at the Hughes offer, it is significant. As the man responsible for administering the National Service Act and as principal spokesman for the war in the Gorton Government, Hughes attracted most anti-war flak. Protestors abused him on university campuses and outside his Bellevue Hill, Sydney, home and even painted slogans on his house. On one occasion he used a cricket bat to repel them.

"Tom Hughes said he is more than willing to accept the brief to lead me in the High Court," McMillan said. "The fact that he is prepared to take a much smaller fee (Hughes normally charges $2000 a day) says a lot about the issues in this case."

Even with Tom Hughes in his Australian corner and the world's most successful and experienced environmental causes lawyer, Victor Yannacone, masterminding the US campaign, McMillan does not underestimate the legal complexities.

There will be one major difference between the presentation of the Agent Orange hearings in America and Australia: all the former US and Australian veterans seeking damages in the Federal District Court in Westbury, Long Island, from the manufacturers of the herbicides and insecticides used in Vietnam will be lumped together in a class action.

Because class actions have never been accepted in our courts, McMillan faces the probability of having to prove each claim individually in Australia. The contentious issue of allowing class actions in Australia is currently under consideration by a committee headed by the chairman of the Australian Law Reform Commission, Mr Justice Kirby.

But the first hurdle McMillan faces is to persuade the High Court that Fulton, Brady or any other man who served in Vietnam has the right to sue the Government. To do this, he and Tom Hughes will have to sway the full bench of the High Court on two points of law. They will be asking the judges of the High Court to waive the Statute of Limitations, which lays down that a person must sue within three years of the incident which he claims caused the damage for which he seeks compensation. McMillan and Hughes will also be asking the court to overrule a precedent set by Mr Justice Windeyer in *Parker v the Commonwealth* 15 years ago. In his decision on an action brought by the widow of a civilian who was killed in the collision between *Voyager* and *Melbourne* in February, 1964, Justice Windeyer stated: "No one, civilian or member of the Armed Forces, can bring an action for negligence based upon anything done in the course of the actual operation of war."

McMillan retaliates: "I cannot accept that, in this day and age, the Windeyer decision is a true expression of the law. It makes soldiers and ex-soldiers third-class citizens. I can't accept that and I don't think anyone else should be able to.

"We are not saying that a soldier should have the right to sue a superior officer over disciplinary matters or punishment. What we are saying is that, if negligence or the lack of care of duty can be proven against a Government as the employer of a serviceman, he should have the same right to take action as any other employee has."

To prepare for the massive court case McMillan and his associates in the United States, his Brisbane partners and their full-time and back-up staff are now sifting through tens of millions of documents (McMillan himself works an 80-hour week). Just one chemical company, Dow, which, along with Monsanto, is being sued in both the Australian and American

actions, tendered four million documents with the Long Island court.

The US Government has ordered 330 of its agencies with material that might be relevant to the American case to stop mulching documents and to make them and other material available to the Yannacone/McMillan team. The US Government has also made available to Yannacone, at a peppercorn rental, a disused Internal Revenue store as a library for the mountain of documents to which McMillan and his staff have access.

McMillan claims that, in contrast to the US authorities, the Australian Government is being deliberately obstructive. He says he has personally asked Defence Minister Jim Killen to supply him with details of troop strengths, movement and deployment, but the information is being withheld. He accepts that the Government might want to keep secret details of commando-type operations — which he is certain the North Vietnamese and Russians have long known about — but he cannot accept the blanket restriction placed on all information.

"We keep being put off with bureaucratic mish-mash. Officials within the Defence Department say they don't have the information, or they can't get it or that it will take a long time to get it. As it happens, we have got quite a lot of the information we need from America and if the court demands any authentication of the material we will tender in evidence I'll be quite prepared to fly a retrieval officer to Australia for the trial," McMillan says.

"If the Australian Government wishes to deny its own records as supplied to us from the United States, then it will be seen publicly to be withholding information. I am confident we can go into court with a convincing case based on information we have already got."

Would he be prepared to call as witnesses Malcolm Fraser or other members of the current Cabinet who held the Defence or Army portfolios during the Vietnam conflict to take the lid off what he describes as a Government cover-up?

"That is a possibility, but I don't want to say who we will or won't be calling to give evidence."

McMillan says preparation of his side's case would certainly have been made easier if the Freedom of Information Bill had not been held up in Parliament. Had the Bill been law, he is certain the Government would have been compelled to give up information it has been withholding.

He stops short of saying that the delay in the passage of the Freedom of Information Bill has been part of the Government's cover-up strategy on Vietnam, but there can be no doubt that the Government is resolute in its determination to make it as difficult as it possibly can for the Vietnam veterans to get into court.

In preparation for his massive legal battle against the Government, lawyer Bill McMillan reviews tragic cases attributed to Vietnam's chemical war.

Nevertheless, the legal machinery has begun to move. In writs already filed with the court, Fulton and Brady are seeking unspecified damages from the Government as well as the nine chemical companies — Dow, Dupont, Shell, Union Carbide, Ciba-Geigy, Monsanto, NuFarm, Amalgamated Chemicals and ICI.

By McMillan's reckoning, the main reason for the Government's apparent bloody-mindedness is political. "The Australian Government does not want to be the first among the former Vietnam allies to make a break in the wall. It wants the US, as the major power, to make the first move. And the US Government, which is not being sued by us in the American class action, is reluctant to make voluntary compensation payments to all the Vietnam veterans because that will then put the onus on the chemical companies to reach settlements with the veterans. And that could open up the floodgates in terms of the numbers who would seek damages and the amounts involved.

"Not, as the chemical companies are saying, that we want to wreck the manufacturers of the chemicals used in Vietnam. In the event of us succeeding in or out of court, we are planning a novel approach to the damages payout. We plan to allow the companies to continue to make money for our clients by paying the damages awarded into a trust fund over a number of years. In that way, whatever the companies pay out in damages will be tax deductible."

The companies named in the US action have already brought the American Government into court as a third party. As one lawyer put it: "The chemical companies are taking out some insurance. If they are found liable for injury caused to American or Australian servicemen in Vietnam, they will try to off-load some of the responsibility on to the Government. Their reasoning will be that they were only filling Government orders and specifications. It is also quite feasible that they will use similar legal ground by trying to apportion some of the legal liability put on them to the Australian Government."

There is every possibility that, denied a class action — and this seems inevitable — the clients represented by Bill McMillan will be in the Australian courts for many years.

McMillan says that, if he and his senior counsel can win the right for Fulton and Brady to sue the Government, and if the two men are eventually awarded damages by a Supreme Court jury, there is no guarantee that the Government or the chemical companies will be prepared to sit down and discuss compensation for all the rest of his clients.

"Nor do I think there is any chance of the Government doing anything about class actions before we get into court. This means that, if they refuse to settle other claims out of court if we win the Fulton and Brady case, the courts will be clogged for 15 to 20 years with Vietnam veterans bringing individual actions," he says.

"Perhaps the Government thinks that the issue will finally run out of steam and that the veterans will get tired of waiting in the queue to get into court. But if that is the Government strategy, I'm sure it will backfire. When we get into court, the issue will become so big that the people of Australia won't allow the Government to sweep Vietnam and its shadow under the carpet."

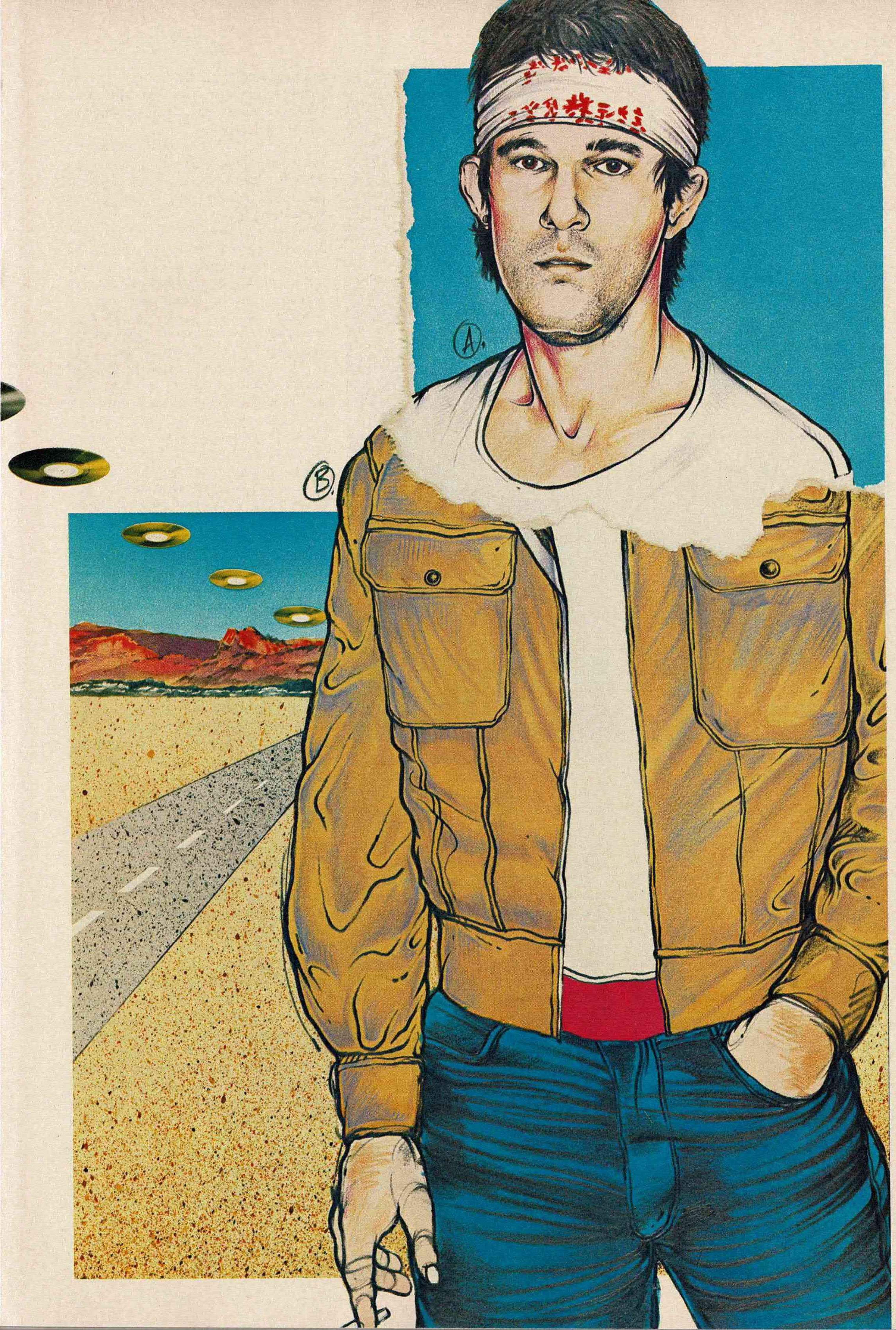


Illustration by Bill Burrows

COLD CHISEL: CHIPS OFF THE OLD ROCK PILE

audiences demand more bad craziness from their musical folk heroes every day and jenny hunter-brown, on tour with chisel, learns why they're a study of both psychology and rock 'n' roll

A STRANGE and crazy ceremony is going to take place at your local hotel tonight.

If you haven't taken part in one of these mass rituals, you may find it bewildering to behold. It combines the touch of a Billy Graham revivalist meeting with the decadent feel of a Roman orgy, but it smells more like a cattleyard at high noon. Imagine a thousand young people dressed in clothes designed to last a single season milling in a large room under the pall of tobacco and marijuana smoke. In every second hand is a glass of alcohol. Beneath the feet, a bed of crunching glass. Garish lights flicker over the jerking heads, and a screaming, rhythmic noise obliterates all attempts at communication.

Faces and bodies turn, from time to time, toward a large stage at one end of the room, where a team of young men are taping down musical equipment as though they expect a hurricane to come and blow it all away. Towers of black speakers frame the stage. Abruptly, the disco shuts off, the house lights go down. The five members of the band appear on stage to a tumultuous uproar of approval, and the only lights in the heaving blackness stream from theatrical cans, shining down on the stage like so many stars. They make a sound akin to the crash landing of a Concorde with a hold full of champagne glasses. The bass boils your bone marrow, the middles cook your brain and the highs leave you half deaf. You can't dance, you can only jerk, because your body is locked into the crush of other bodies. You have to be a fan to put up with it. It's called pub rock. I love it. The band are Cold Chisel, its prime Australian exponents.

•

"In the early days," says the measured, laconic voice of keyboards player and principal songwriter Don Walker, "we thought we were a 'karass'. That's Kurt Vonnegut's term for a group of people who are destined to be together. It just seemed inevitable . . . Of course, in those days, I had a few hippy beliefs up my sleeve, and the rest of the band was so young and impressionable . . ."

He may laugh, but in fact the bonds which keep the group together are extraordinarily strong. Two of them have announced at various times they were leaving, one has come close to being fired and one has both announced he was quitting and nearly been dismissed on separate occasions — yet they stay together. They have bedded each other's girlfriends, insulted each other's friends and punched each other in the mouth.

They have been dropped by four managers in quick succession, music industry figure Ross Wilson said they had no commercial potential and they were turned down by every major record company in Australia, including the one they eventually signed with, WEA.

Somehow, through all that, they not only managed to stay together, but became one of the most close-knit groups you'd ever find, in or out of a working situation. "Each of us can predict what another's going to do, how he's going to react to things," explains Barnes. "There's a lot of give and take. It's got to the stage where we're almost like brothers; you can be totally different, but you've still got that inner feeling for each other."

Musically, Chisel fit together like the parts of a body. It was a good blend of talents from the start — they *knew* it was — and the years have produced a near-intuitive empathy, giving them extraordinary freedom to improvise and experiment. Cover versions are often played for the first time (and pulled off superbly) in front of large, paying audiences.

But as people . . . well, they're a mixed bunch.

•

Donald Hugh Walker was born in Ayr, northern Queensland, in 1951. The family left for Grafton, NSW, when he was four, and now on this tour, he's returning there for the first time . . .

A crane stalks across the long, straight road cut through the swamp as the Rover pulls to a halt to let Don out to introduce himself to the couple who, 24 years ago, purchased the house his father built. A good half hour later the rest of the band are fidgeting — yet reluctant to extract Don from this unimposing weatherboard — wherein, no doubt, he is soaking up the realities of Ayr like the hungry sponge he is. For, although Walker's talent for writing from imagination is remarkable, his

appetite for examining the realities of matters, even *after* he's written about them, is insatiable.

You know I'll disappear some long
weekend
Find a mangrove landscape
Stretch out along some busted jetty
And forget who I am . . .

"One Long Day"
Don Walker, Rondor Music.

Walker has always been the songwriting backbone of Cold Chisel. A small country town childhood along with a closeted, studious adolescence produced a serious government cadet working at the Defence Department's Weapons Research Establishment in Adelaide. The music bug had bitten however. Ever since seeing a local psychedelic band called The Shades Of Blue, Walker had been investing his childhood piano lessons in playing with a string of rock bands.

What he viewed as a limited field of experience nevertheless did not stop him tackling, as a songwriter, the very broad range of topics which was to help inestimably in pulling Chisel out of the mire of anonymity.

His general fascination with crime and punishment in Australia resulted in a spectacular trilogy on *East.* "Standing On The Outside" was the first, in which the narrator, feeling "*. . . No amount of work's going to buy my way to freedom,*" decides to turn to armed robbery. "Four Walls" is the bitter hymn from inside and a high point of the album. "Tomorrow", inspired by the adventures of William Munday, is written from the point of view of an edgy prison escapee.

Chisel have played twice (unpaid) in Sydney's Parramatta Jail, and Walker keeps up regular contact with the resident entertainment officer, enterprising George Crawford (who, coincidentally, is serving time for armed robbery). Through Crawford Walker got to meet Munday, who was positively impressed by "Tomorrow", although he doesn't particularly like rock 'n' roll. Don also made contact with some inmate songwriters. In interviews, he's often asked why he always writes about the misfits of society — men (always men) who don't want love or can't win at it, don't want religion, a family or a club. Men who've had a bellyful of working on the same tired merry-go-round, who've taken all the crap they can stand, who ain't gonna listen to no more pissin' round.

Walker can't, or doesn't want to, give a direct answer to the question, but has responded with something like: "Misfits? What misfits?" The obvious answer might be that the songwriter writes about outsiders because he feels like one. Even in the music business, he stands out: his past is so extraordinary for the job.

•

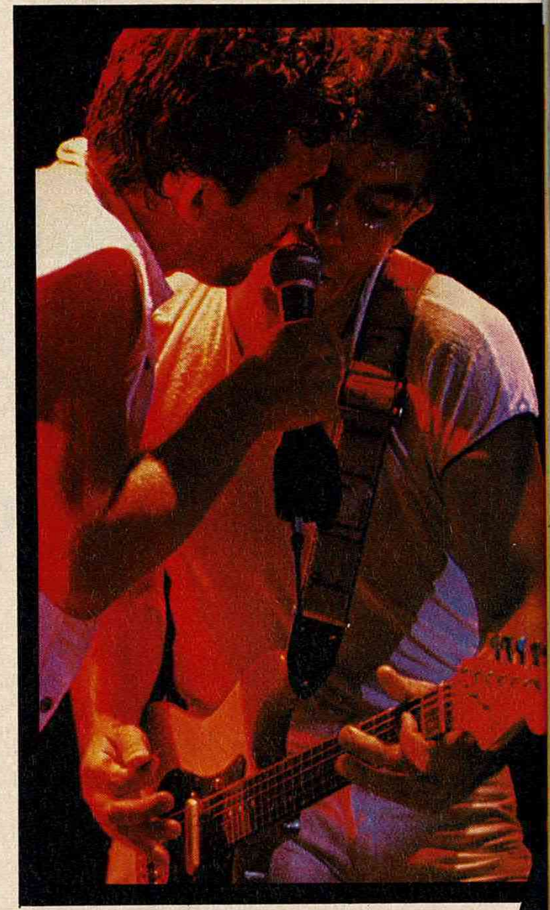
Born in the Gorbals section of Glasgow the night his dad became featherweight boxing champion of Scotland, James Dixon Barnes, now 24, emigrated with his family as a five-year-old child. He is the fourth of six children. Last year he said that, if he couldn't sing, he'd probably be a welder. He was 17 when he joined the band and is the youngest member.

Bass player Phil Small, 26, is by far the most easy-going and, by their standards, "normal" member of the group. He worked in window display for John Martin's department store in Adelaide for four years before deciding to sink or swim with Cold Chisel in 1975. His whole family had a musical background and he'd wanted to be a musician ever since, as an 11-year-old, he had watched his elder brother play guitar. Jim says: "If Phil had five bucks, he'd give you three."

Ian Moss, 25, was born in Alice Springs and dropped out of an electronics course in Adelaide soon after passing fifth form. Ian tends to go "walkabout" without warning and was, in fact, fired from a pre-Chisel group for continually failing to show up at rehearsals. Outside of his intense relationship with the guitar, Moss tends to be withdrawn. He has a weird and often playful sense of humor, remarkable for its lack of malice. Barnes describes Moss as having "a bit of a genius in there somewhere, but it's trapped."

Drummer Steven Prestwich is, at 26, the eldest in a big family of boys he describes as "anti-everything punks from Liverpool". He dropped out of school at 15, and, like Moss and Barnes, took a series of miscellaneous unskilled jobs. Steve migrated to Australia with his family at 17, settling in the same rough, outer-Adelaide migrant town of Elizabeth which fostered Barnes.

Both Barnes and Prestwich are volatile under the influence of liquor which, since they make a living by playing in pubs, finds its way into their systems with regularity. Steve's normally well-mannered personality undergoes a Hyde transformation at a certain blood alcohol level, at which stage he's prone to become part of all manner of aggressive incidents. He nearly got the band thrown off the Rod Stewart tour in early '79 when he told Stewart's guitarist that if *he'd* been party to Stewart's last album, *he* couldn't face daylight. Steve also inquired how it felt to play in a band of poofters. The only time manager Rod Willis ever struck any member of the band was after Steve got sloshed and



tuned his drumkit through Molly Meldrum's live taping of "Humdrum" when Chisel first appeared on the ABC-TV show *Countdown.*

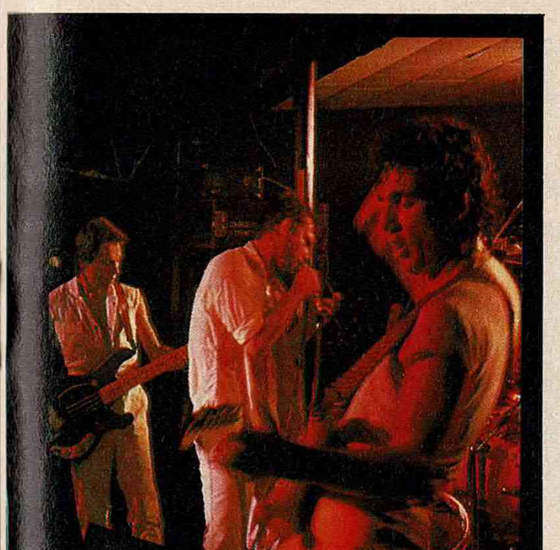
As often as not, Jim is in the other corner. Willis, all too often called upon to make placating calls and damage payments to irate hotel proprietors, recalls the night Barnes and Prestwich fought, toe to toe, up and down the corridors of the Mawson Hotel, around the carpark and back inside the hotel (taking two doors off their hinges in the process) before they could be separated and dragged into separate bedrooms.

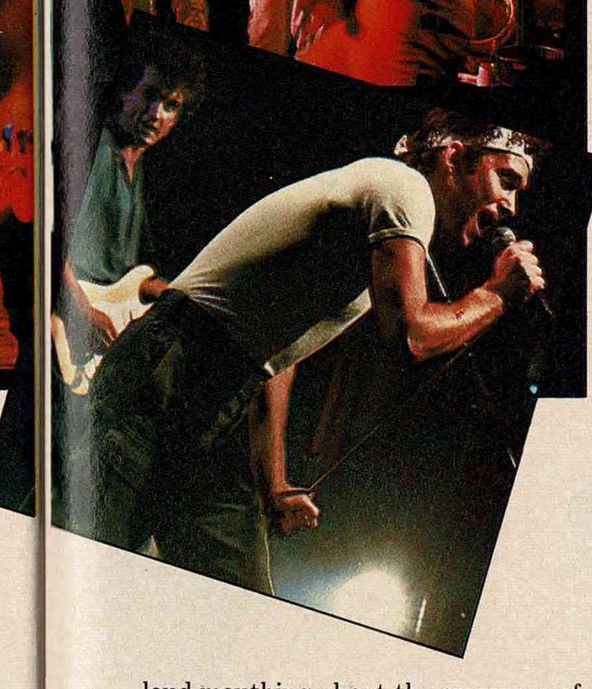
The aftermath of these incidents is invariably the same: Jim and Steve wake up the next afternoon wondering how they got the cuts, bruises, cigarette and rope burns, and ask what happened last night.

•

Sydney-born Rod Willis, 33, is a qualified wool-classer plucked from the ranks of potential farmers by rock 'n' roll. He spent many years as a roadie in Europe and America with acts of the calibre of Fleetwood Mac, and later, tour-managing UFO and Savoy Brown. He caught Chisel one night at Sydney's Chequers in front of an unresponsive "crowd" of about 30 people, and was immediately floored by their musicianship, versatility and charisma. He thought they were world class material.

At a somewhat drunken *après*-gig party, with much belly-aching and





loud-mouthing about the crassness of Australian rock audiences, Willis gave his card to Don Walker. This led to a trial six-month management period with the band which started in June, '77. The arrangement proved so mutually satisfying that he never left.

However, Willis soon realised that he'd taken on quite a handful. He remembers visiting the band just after he took them on. The five band members and a roadie — Ian's brother Peter — were in three minuscule rooms in a low-rent Kings Cross hotel in Sydney. "There were clothes scattered all over everything, and empty baked bean tins . . . And I'm looking at them, and they're putting this money together to go out and buy a bag of *chips* or something for dinner. I just felt, Jesus Christ — these guys are really *survivors.* If they've got the capacity to stay together through this, they can live through *anything.*

"And they used to be the greatest hustlers. I used to see Jimmy Barnes, and that guy would have *no money.* Don used to split up $20 between them every now and then, and Jimmy would have his $5 spent within five minutes. But he would always have a bottle of scotch and six women hanging off him every night at Chequers.

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I don't know if Barnes really wants to be a star; perhaps he doesn't know either. In this group of down-to-earth people, most of whom value their friendships — particularly early ones — more than money, Jimmy Barnes still manages to stand out. He burns through his paycheck, shelling out to all comers. People he keeps company with, outside of the band, generally come from his pre-Chisel days. He cares a lot about what they think, and it probably took quite a conscious effort for him to climb onstage wearing something other than jeans and T-shirt, lest one of his friends from the band's old Adelaide haunt, the Largs Pier Hotel, should be there and sneer that he was "selling out".

Barnes is entangled in one aspect of the star game. He's one of those men who can't stand being called a chicken, and this, combined with his love of partying, makes him particularly susceptible to a game into which young punks and fledgling rock stars are always trying to entice him. It involves taking ludicrous amounts of drugs and drink to see who'll pass out first. And the more the media focus on Jimmy and his hard-living image, the more these young gun-slingers want to outdraw him.

"It gets a bit uncomfortable, now and again, when you go to a party and you get all these young guys trying to force booze and pills down your throat because they want to see how much you can take. But no matter how much of it you get, you just lean against the wall and tell 'em you're straight.

"Probably since the publicity's changed, and that's been happening a lot, I've quietened down. Because I know, I've often thought, 'I'm going to end up killing myself'. For my own sake, I've put myself back a bit."

A typical Cold Chisel gig starts at full throttle, eases to high cruise, brakes through the bends, shifts up half a dozen gears and heads for the finish line like the entrants in the grand prix. "Goodbye", the last song in their encore, is the cue for Jimmy to try to break through the barriers of the crowd and jolt them into a new level of excitement. The adrenalin level is hiked to improbable heights.

This is the instant Barnes jumps into their midst, followed by scuttling roadies who try to feed metres of unsnarled microphone lead to him as he — traceable only by a snorkel-like, uplifted vodka bottle — fights his way to some vantage point on which he can perch to sing. The spotlight finds him, he screams through a chorus and struggles back to the stage. The band then winds an already impossibly fast song up to a breakneck speed, ends it and runs offstage . . . generally into some poky room whose most interesting feature is a bare lightbulb. The moment is crucial.

If something has gone wrong toward the end of the gig — if the foldback (which lets the band hear themselves onstage) was terrible, or the power cut out because the venue's wiring couldn't withstand the massive appetite of the band's PA system and lighting, or a girlfriend has suffered a real or imaginary slight — that's the time something's got to give. "It's like a radiator boiling, you know?" sighs Jim, shrugging. "You leave the cap on, and the pressure builds up . . . eventually it blows."

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"I can't see them breaking up, I really can't," says Willis, responding to an inquiry as to whether years of slogging at America with no light at the end of the tunnel would spell the end. "Their change of attitude since the release of *East* reassures me that they have the awareness that it's completely within their capabilities to attain what they want.

"When I took the band on, I said it would take them three years to realise their potential . . . three full years of gradual change. Now it's become more than day-to-day. They've realised that it's a career, a business. You can't evade that.

"And you can't just live in that aura of adulation, of thinking you're so huge that people are going to come to your shows and all you have to do is belch; that people just want to look at you, they're not really interested in your music; that they're not really listening to you.

"If you start to believe that, then you just go through the motions. And you're going through the motions of killing yourself. You might as well give up. Because, actually, they're going to chuck you out pretty soon. And once they drop you, no amount of marketing, re-evaluation, new image will make them pick you up again.

"And the band is very aware of all that — that they have to give 100 percent. Maybe they try *too* hard and . . . maybe that's the problem," says Willis, lowering his voice, always concerned with looking at situations from every possible angle.

"But they're certainly working 10 times harder than when they were playing residencies at Chequers or whatever. They had nothing, really, to worry about then. Now they have a *hell* of a lot to worry about."

YOUR SEXUAL HOROSCOPE

SCORPIO

PRIME THAT scorpion barb for 12 months of solid activity. The stars promise a year of hot, in-the-cot action with the angle of Uranus tipping that just about anything and everything will happen. Look for unexpected encounters in the most unlikely places and with the most interesting people. Females who've been known for their distance will suddenly become warm and attainable as they welcome you to the secret cellars of their sex lives. Don't palm off the chance of the odd one-night stand. Most will be rewarding experiences, and the terms under which they are offered will make such opportunities hard to resist. November and December promise a full-on party rush which will put you in the pipe for lots of bedroom activity with the more attractive female guests. Jot down a few names and numbers in your little black book because, when your pencil finally runs out of lead, it would be nice to have some for future reference — *when* you've regained your energy and refilled your exhausted barb.

The first quarter of the year is choked with action and surprises as you score it with one or two people who you've fancied from afar. Exercise some caution here; most men don't like others who borrow house, car and, more especially, wife. The risk of bodily harm is strong . . . and scorpions make such an ugly crunching noise when they're squashed underfoot.

From now through to your next birthday will be filled with more highs than lows but don't expect to have your sexual needs as well catered for all year as you do during the Christmas period. This could be a saving factor because it serves to relieve you of the constant pressure of proving your prowess. You'll still get ample opportunity to illustrate why the Scorpion is the sexiest sign of the zodiac. Any suggestions of nuptial bliss should be treated with caution unless the idea of scuttling down the aisle claw-in-claw with an amorous crab appeals.

Opportunity is a key factor in what will be a rewarding year. Members of the opposite sex will show ample consideration and gratitude for your attentions and there is no danger of any supply shortage. Just remember not to get trapped in your own circle of fire — too many little wigglies crawling around your desert hovel at the same time might result in your being the victim.

Green lights are go for career opportunities and if the boss's wife gives you a rise just remember there are more ways to succeed than punching the company clock. Any overtime investment in this area could have you rocketing up the professional ladder or hot-footing it out the door. Keep your job options open with the knowledge that it is far better to be cast out than to be castrated.

THIS MONTH

uranus rebels this month, and aspects for romance look like causing a fling with a sting

by arthur bowman

Illustration by Pat Nagel

AQUARIUS

The stars are offering no chance for Aquarians to show what liberated, rebellious types they like to be. As much as you try to live up to the reputation, you will only meet with failure and a resultant drooping ego. Sitting in the corner, sorrow in hand, is no solution to the problem. So, bear up, little water bearer; relief is at hand. When Venus moves into Scorpio, your vital juices will reappear and start to flow into the most receptive vessels.

TAURUS

A little bull sprinkled upon fallow ground might just reveal the most fertile of all sexual pastures. But, be warned, your energy levels will have to be high because you will only retain your partner's interest by providing a regular and willing service. Artificial insemination might be all the rage but the stars hint at more traditional and pleasurable methods for you. If you insist on sinking your teeth into something more tasty than cud, watch out!

LEO

The lion's out of his lair roaring about what he wants from the sexual free-for-all. It promises good hunting for all lions with plenty of willing pussy on the prowl. The new moon falls right in your angle of domestic conditions and this brings the machete down on some matters — much to your secret relief. The following weeks will provide the space for nocturnal ramblings and a chance to pursue your primeval instincts. It won't last forever so attack now.

SAGITTARIUS

Draw a bead on your favorite targets because the next few weeks will present a chance to show your accuracy with that little arrow. Burying it deep into a juicy little Virgo looks a good bet. A few stray fillies will canter into view later in the month, and a stray lamb peels out of the Aries fold to keep you amused. Your obliging nature and sharpened shaft will keep you in demand and provide enough willing partners for you to make a sensible selection.

PISCES

The fish is swimming against the astral stream this month as he attempts to rasp scales with everybody but the right partner. There are many turned on by your finny appearance so look for those who appreciate what it really means to take the bait. But be warned, Neptune has you under his nasty gaze, and since he's the ruler of infection, you'd better check the water before you take the plunge. Business pressures may appear, but don't rise to the bait.

GEMINI

The appearance of a perfect pair will have you at full stretch as you strive to keep up with the demand. Don't worry: twice the output will yield double return so don't be tempted to do things by halves. A Taurus might offer a wild ride this month so just jump aboard and hang on. She'll be double parking, crossing double centrelines, breaking all the rules, and you'll be backtracking like crazy to keep the peace. Beware of marriage-broking Sagittarians.

VIRGO

Give up the virginal guise! Your stars suggest you have no hope of maintaining the charade, so when sexual opportunity thrusts its loins in your direction, let your crotch rule your head. Mercury does a double take on the 12th, putting an even brighter tinge on your sex life. An associate willing to cast off the virginal anchor will provide great assistance but be warned against a Scorpio whose barb carries nuptial poison. A crusty crab will be a tastier morsel.

CAPRICORN

Not even the rocky heights to which the goat aspires can freeze your sexual desire. The air might be slightly rarefied but the correct stimulation will stir the spirit enough for you to forsake the mountain retreat for greener pastures. It will be pure bliss when you discover what you've been missing. True compatibility could rest with the finny delights of a Piscean and a special fish will flounder your way this month. Grab it by the tail and hang on.

ARIES

If the ram finds his sexual torrent running hot and cold, perhaps he should pay heed to wiser heads. Less haste will produce more progress, so stroll down to screw the whole herd of ewes rather than rushing down to do just a few. With Jupiter and Saturn inside your angle of partnerships, your stud appeal will wane if you continue with that quick-pump, non-recoil action. The new moon promises a delicious encounter with the best bit of fluff in the flock.

CANCER

Now is the hour for creeping into that cranny and sinking your little nipper into something soft and fleshy. Both you and partner will be incredibly turned on by the experience, but the simple truth is that you can't keep it up all month. The crab is ruled by the moon and, at the end of this lunar cycle, you'll have to change pace or wind up in the crab mornay. Never fear, you won't revert to your hermit crab status. November 7 brings a new moon and a new meeting.

LIBRA

The dawning of a new sexual era will set the Libran's point of reference awry but don't be alarmed. The next few weeks will demand an increase in sexual activity and you'll be in there swinging with the best. This means more parties, hot nights and social whirls in which to do your chasing and scoring. There are some good and bad forecasts which means life will be a bit up and down. That was always your favorite motion so just sit back and enjoy the ride.

...and the living is easy

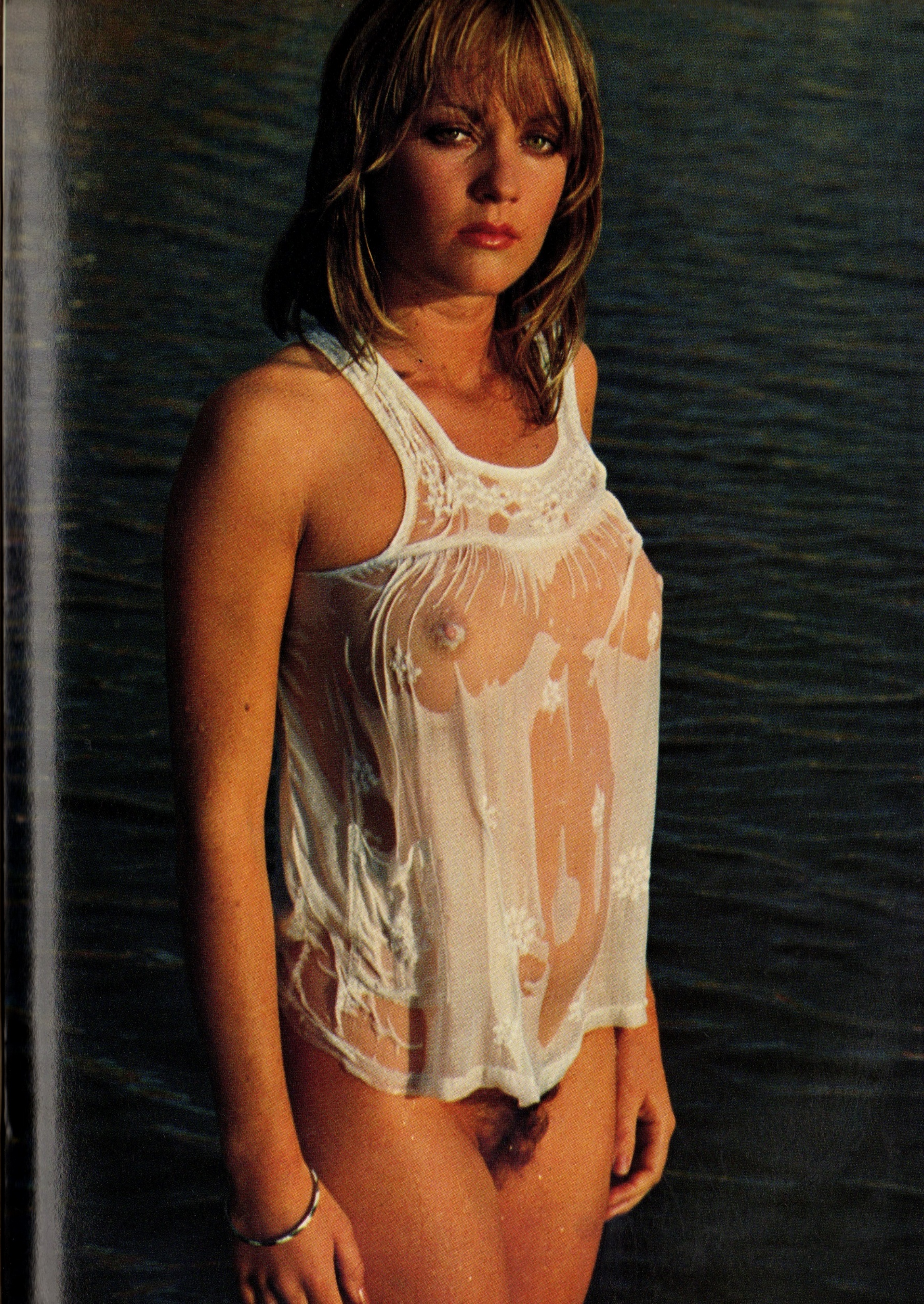
from the misty past, summer dreams will flood back to set you tingling with a sense of sweet anticipation

"Give me a rough, tough outdoor man," says Amanda. "Those pallid Woody Allen types turn me off."

The scene could be colonial, although Tracy (right) has shed the Victorian shrouds, except for just a touch of lace.

"Making love in a swimming pool," says Ruya (above), "gives the whole thing a completely new dimension . . ."

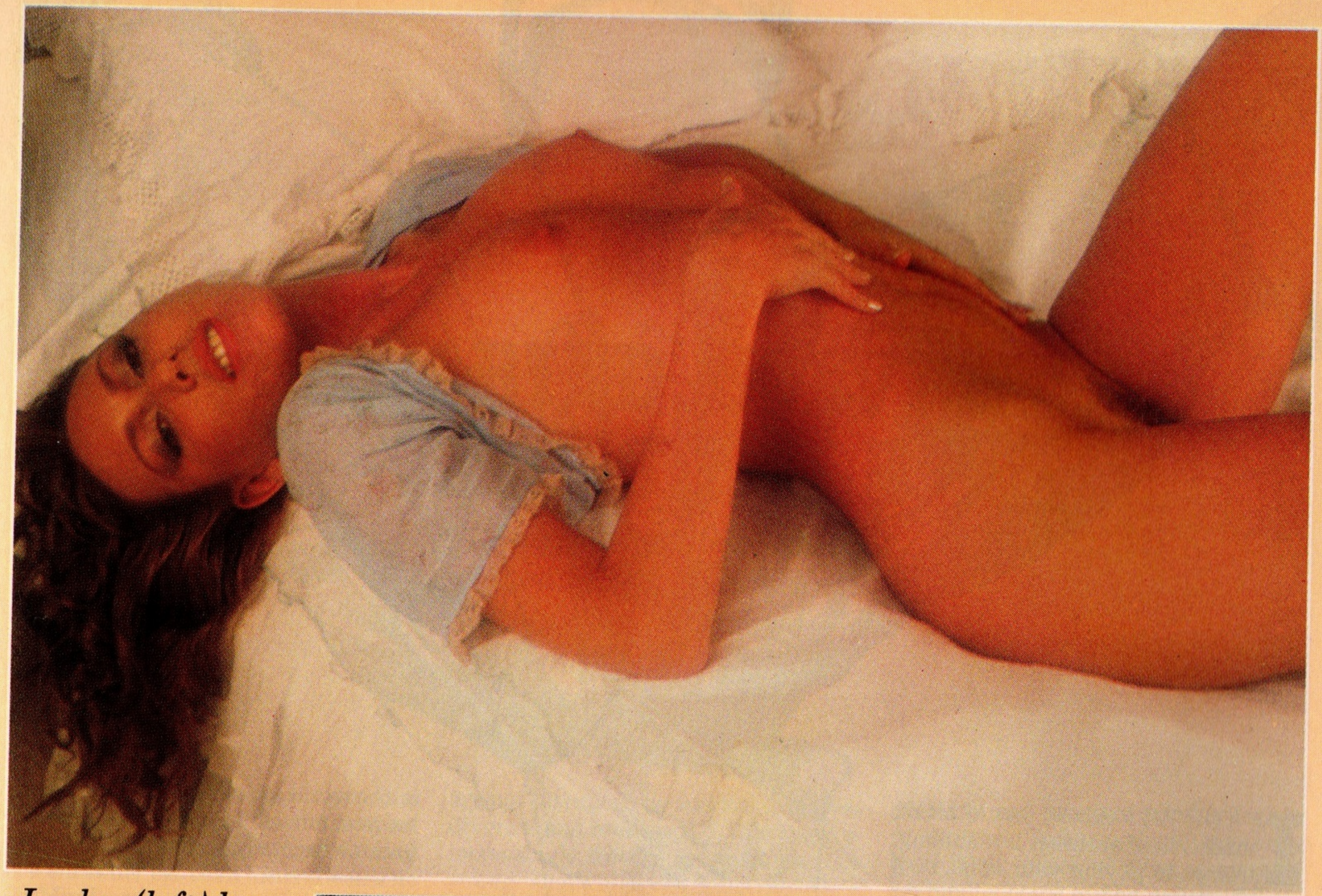
"I can forget about everything," says Michelle (right), "if I am sunbaking, sailing or surfing. They release me."



Beautiful dreamer Yolanda knows one way to get the best out of summer is simply to lie back and enjoy it.

There's one place Diane (right) wants to be — Noosa. "I might leave my job this year and never go back . . ."

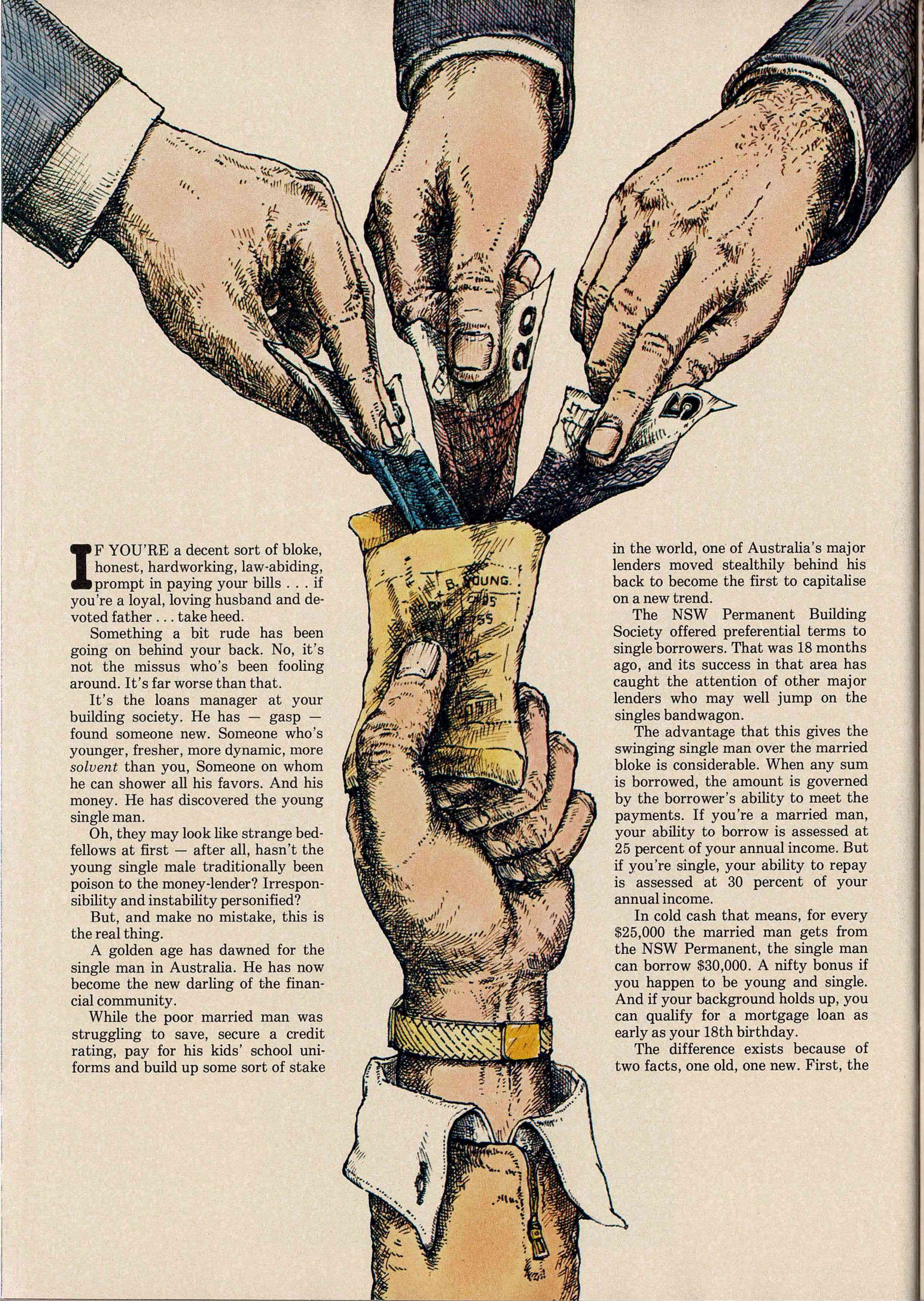
"I'd like to go on a lonely beach," says Stephanie (above), "and go skinny dipping. With a lover, of course."



Lesley (left) has a dream of riding a stallion at sunrise, and then going home to sink into the arms of a lover

The seclusion of a courtyard is an ideal place for Kim (right) to disrobe and take in her quota of Vitamin D

Health freak Maree (above) yearns to take her lover to a lonely beach . . . with a big stock of organic goodies



SALARIED, SOLVENT AND SINGLE

the fun couple of the decade is the bachelor and his bank manager— paul mann explains why it pays to remain a swinging single

IF YOU'RE a decent sort of bloke, honest, hardworking, law-abiding, prompt in paying your bills . . . if you're a loyal, loving husband and devoted father . . . take heed.

Something a bit rude has been going on behind your back. No, it's not the missus who's been fooling around. It's far worse than that.

It's the loans manager at your building society. He has — gasp — found someone new. Someone who's younger, fresher, more dynamic, more *solvent* than you, Someone on whom he can shower all his favors. And his money. He has discovered the young single man.

Oh, they may look like strange bedfellows at first — after all, hasn't the young single male traditionally been poison to the money-lender? Irresponsibility and instability personified?

But, and make no mistake, this is the real thing.

A golden age has dawned for the single man in Australia. He has now become the new darling of the financial community.

While the poor married man was struggling to save, secure a credit rating, pay for his kids' school uniforms and build up some sort of stake in the world, one of Australia's major lenders moved stealthily behind his back to become the first to capitalise on a new trend.

The NSW Permanent Building Society offered preferential terms to single borrowers. That was 18 months ago, and its success in that area has caught the attention of other major lenders who may well jump on the singles bandwagon.

The advantage that this gives the swinging single man over the married bloke is considerable. When any sum is borrowed, the amount is governed by the borrower's ability to meet the payments. If you're a married man, your ability to borrow is assessed at 25 percent of your annual income. But if you're single, your ability to repay is assessed at 30 percent of your annual income.

In cold cash that means, for every $25,000 the married man gets from the NSW Permanent, the single man can borrow $30,000. A nifty bonus if you happen to be young and single. And if your background holds up, you can qualify for a mortgage loan as early as your 18th birthday.

The difference exists because of two facts, one old, one new. First, the single man generally has more disposable income than does the married man. Second, the single man of today is a shrewder cat than his predecessor. He'd rather buy than rent, any time, and he's able to meet his repayments.

As Ron Mead, loans officer for the NSW Permanent, puts it: "The single man doesn't have the same outgoings as a married man — such as a dependent wife or children. And in the past few years, single people have realised that they don't have to wait until they get married to buy a house. Some of them probably never even want to get married. But they know that mortgage repayments often work out less than renting and at the same time they have an asset.

"The resolution to increase the amount available to single people was based on a trend we recognised, that more and more single people wanted to buy than rent. And we found they were reliable in meeting payments."

That's not all.

Not only are today's bachelors shattering the myth of irresponsible singlehood, they actually are *more* reliable than married men. Adds Ron: "Our record shows that singles are a better risk because their repayments are not disrupted by marital disputes, divorces and break-ups." This trend is increasingly likely to work in the young single's favor as Australia's growing divorce rate threatens to rival that of California.

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Above, you have one of the more spectacular examples of why, more than ever before, single is best: not only is it more fun, it actually *pays.* In dozens of subtle ways, the single man is rapidly learning that he can have his cake, and eat it too.

You can ignore all those gloomy statistics about suicidal bachelors leading out unhappy, unhealthy and unfulfilled lives in comparison with their married brethren. The image of the lonely bachelor dissipating his youth in pools of cheap booze and self-pity is as dead as the dodo. A single bloke today has to be an imbecile if he's not able to make bachelorhood work for him.

Forget about the whingers, those types who're eternally carping about how hard it is to get a start in the world. It's never been easier. Modern bachelors are on one great subsidised spree in contrast to those poor, miserable bastards who married for love, property and peace of mind a decade or so ago. Today's single man can have it all: peace of mind, a piece of ass and a piece of the action. All on easy-to-manage terms.

It starts with tax.

Let's look at a classic type: the youthful up-and-comer, early 20s, a promising junior exec with sound prospects, earning $20 grand a year. That's not too unrealistic; indeed, a recent American business survey revealed that, if you're not earning the equivalent of your age in thousands of dollars, ie, $25,000 at age 25, you can't really consider yourself a success.

A single man earning $20,000 a year will make $1666 a month, gross. Out of that, he'll pay $472 into the Treasury to help Mr Fraser fend off the Russians or whatever it is he wants to do with it. Which leaves him having $1194 a month disposable income. Not bad, huh?

A married man earning $20,000 will pay $405 a month in income tax. If he has a dependant wife. That's $67 a month more in his pocket than in the single man's. With that extra $67, he has to feed and clothe his wife and their children, however many children they may have. There is no tax relief

Illustration by Con Aslanis

for dependent children. If the married man has a wife who is working, he pays exactly the same tax as the single man. That tax relief for a man with a dependant or dependants is the sole area where the family man gets any kind of a break over his single counterpart. And, as you can see, it's peanuts. In every other quarter, the married man is very often penalised, both directly and indirectly, simply for liking the family life.

The single man enjoys all the benefits society has to offer the married man, but he has got more available money to spend on them. And in cases like the NSW Permanent, the married man is actually discriminated against in favor of the young lion.

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One of the classic areas in which the bachelor scores over the married man is rental accommodation. If circumstances dictate that the single man cannot live cheaply at home with his parents and he has to rent for a while, he invariably gets more for his dollar. It's more than likely he'll share a place with a like-minded flatmate, male or female.

If you're single, and you and your flatmate can each chip about $60 or $70 a week into the rent kitty, you can get yourself a pretty swank place in any of the capital cities. But if you're married, you probably carry the burden yourself — and $70 a week gets you a lot less than $140.

Of course, it helps if your wife is working, even though you will both be taxed as single wage-earners. But at that point at which you decide to have children, your income will be halved and your expenses at least doubled — financial trauma which need never affect the career bachelor.

It's probably worth mentioning here that this is where homosexuals are recognised by lending institutions and retailers as excellent customers due to their reputation as fast payers.

Homosexuals don't have children to support. Therefore, they have a much greater disposable income than the married man and it stays that way all their working lives — a benefit the heterosexual career bachelor is just beginning to appreciate.

The only other instance where the married man has an advantage over the single man is in car insurance. But it's a minor victory, and a very short-lived one. Single men younger than 24 pay more than married men or men of more than 24 years of age for car insurance. But not that much more: it's often less than 25 percent, and after the 24th birthday the premiums level right out.

New car prices in Australia are horrendous for everyone, of course, but because of his very lifestyle, the bachelor gets a lot more car for his money. Especially if it's a company car or a leased vehicle he can write off for tax purposes. The family man is more or less relegated to the Commodore class for reasons of economics and convenience, whereas the young bachelor can get himself a sporty TR7, the bed-on-wheels, paint it fire-engine red and have lots more fun. And it's just as tax deductible as any other car if it falls under the government's $18,000 depreciation limit.

And supposing your classic playboy type in his red TR7 lands himself in hospital more often than the stolid family-car man, what then? It doesn't matter. The Medical Benefits Fund of Australia Ltd will bed him down in a private ward, put splints on his limbs and generally patch him up for an annual premium of $350. The married bloke, with his presumably more sedentary lifestyle, pays $700 a year for the same coverage for his wife and himself — and mind you, they get the kids thrown in for the same price. Which is something, anyway. Yet you must keep in mind that the married man is forking out exactly twice as much as the single man — while only getting the same paycheque.

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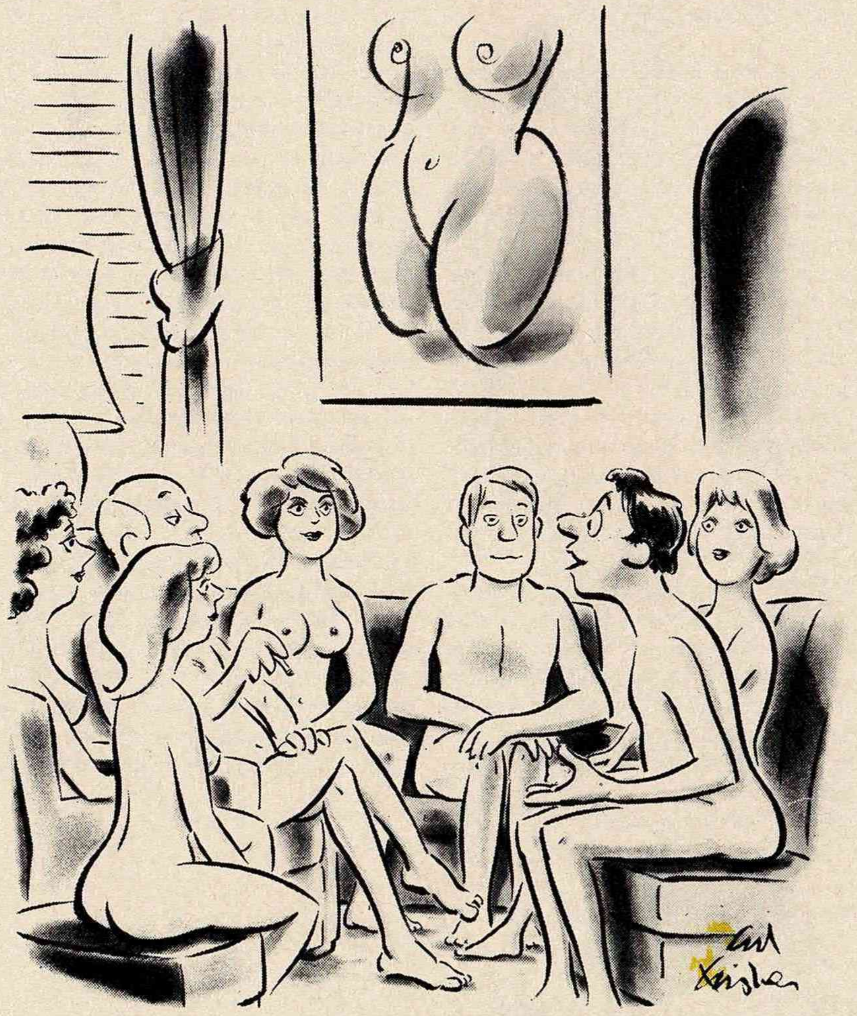
It used to be that the married man accepted his burden with a grudging good grace, secure in the knowledge that it was all worth it in the long run. While the grasshopper frolicked away the summer of his years, the ant plodded stoically on, working hard, living clean, paying off the mortgage, providing for the future. He made do with beer instead of scotch, liver instead of steak, Coolangatta instead of Copacabana. He knew that, by the winter of his life, he'd be resting comfortably in the bosom of his family; house, car and furniture all paid for; a couple of tickets on the *Weekly's* cruise to treat the wife.

Now that's all gone out the window. The grasshopper's got it all.

He drives a fast vehicle, keeps the company of even faster females, squanders much of his disposable income in the best bars and restaurants, and still cops a bigger loan from the bank to buy a better house than the married mug down the street.

Listen . . . hear that rumbling noise in the distance?

That's the sound of a lot of very pissed-off ants.



"Okay . . . but, before we go any further, may I suggest we begin using first names."

How sure are you of your Scotch?

If you're looking for the smooth, mellow taste of a fine Scotch Whisky, you can be sure of Grant's. You can be certain that with the Grant's name comes over a century of traditional distilling using the most essential element of all – pure highland water from the crystal springs and sparkling burn of the Robbie Dubh, Grant's own stream. Ask for Grant's and be sure.

Grant's will give you what you're looking for.

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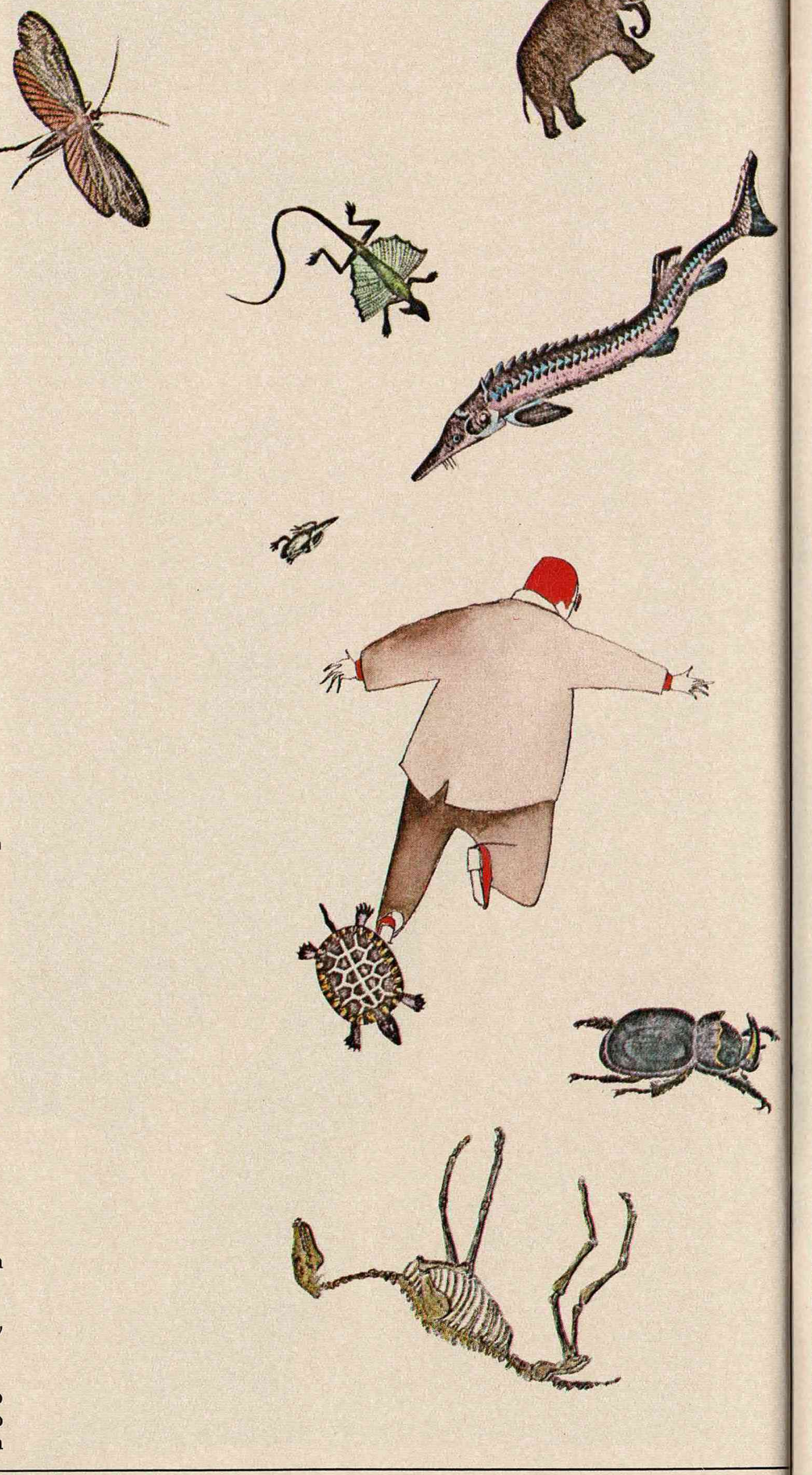

HANG IN THERE, HOMO

as stories go, this is the greatest — trouble is, no one knows the end. ken collie tells you the way that he sees it

This is about people; starting from the time when there weren't any.

(No dumb questions, eh? No silly interruptions. This is serious.)

In the beginning there were no people, no animals, no insects, no birds, no plants, no nothing. Earth was a mess; nothing but molten rock and burning gas. Whether it began with a big bang or a faint whisper is something to argue about if you're into that kind of thing, but you can take it that the world — as from Day One and for some time onward — wasn't quite ready for people.

Time passed. The rock went off the boil and began to solidify. The fires began to die down and flickered out. Earth decided to play it cool. Water filled the hollows. The world was —

(Never mind how the water got there, it was there! Take it or leave it.)

As I was saying, the world was on its way to making sense, but still had a long way to go.

Soon there were Things living in the water. Some were content to settle for this, but others turned freaky and wriggled ashore. These quickly lost themselves and settled down to live wherever they happened to be because they couldn't remember what they'd been doing before. So now, instead of being water Things, they were land Things, slobbing around and looking bloody awful, eating one another, and queueing up waiting for their turn to become extinct.

Illustration by Victoria Roberts

Meanwhile, plants grew and bore flowers. Birds and bees appeared. The birds built nests and laid eggs. The bees buzzed from flower to flower collecting nectar, because they liked it, and spreading pollen because they didn't know any better.

This caused sex.

In the absence of pressure groups campaigning against it, sex moved in, settled down, liked the look of things, and stayed on. It remains today as a very striking illustration of Nature's magnificent talent of starting things she's unable to stop. This led to the inevitable result: people.

The world suffered from a serious outbreak of people, quickly reaching epidemic proportions. Suddenly, there they were. Probably simply a few isolated groups at first — and these most likely thinking they were the only ones — but before you could spell pterodactyl, there weren't enough caves to go around. The people began to form tribes and count heads. After which, having grasped the concept of simple arithmetic, they went forth and multiplied.

Courtship was a pushover. Or a knockout, if you like. When a man saw a women he fancied, he bashed her, grabbed her by the hair of her head and dragged her into a cave. Or at least that's what wise parents said happened to good girls. Bad girls were picked up by the fuzz.

(Eh . . ? Painful? What are you talking about? Shut up and listen!)

So there it was: a man, his mate, their home. And they went on to live together in much the same way as married people do today, except that these two spoke only in grunts right from the start.

By this time the situation was well on its way to getting out of hand. Thinking of Earth as one huge department store, PEOPLE became one of its busiest departments. People were available in a full range of sizes and styles and in all wanted shades. In some areas they were cheaper by the dozen; in certain other places they appear to have been rationed. But in every case they were quite obviously here to stay.

They started to organise. They formed communities and made laws itemising indictable offences such as coveting the bloke next door's wife, or ox. They launched the world's first profession, and girls who took it up successfully were usually stoned.

(What? What do you mean, what else is new? The people used genuine stones, and . . . Oh, never mind!)

From there on people got sillier and sillier until eventually they became civilised, which served them right.

It is interesting to note that, right from the start, Man began inventing things, beginning in a small way with stone axes and clay pots and such and going on to more ambitious projects. It followed that he would one day be able to develop something he would call "science".

He did, and fallout included anthropology, archaeology, palaeontology and a number of other mind-boggling 'ologies taking their addicts back to square one for a second look at the whole business all over again. And the result . . . ?

Like it or not, mate, you're a *Homo sapien.* Don't fight it, it's bigger than all of us. Anyway, it's a pretty good number: *Homo sapiens* is a Latin expression meaning "thinking man". How about that? It beats hell out of being called *Homo erectus,* which happened to be an earlier —

(No, no. It has nothing to do with that at all. Nothing whatever to do with that.)

Where was I . . . ? Oh, yes, *Homo erectus*: an earlier model with nothing much going for him except for his recently acquired ability to stand more or less upright and walk around without his knuckles dragging along the ground. I take a poor —

(For God's sake! I said his knuckles, damnit, his KNUCKLES!)

I take a poor view of the way science treated *Homo erectus.* His common name is Java Man and that has quite a ring to it. But would it do for the science buffs? No, sir. They examined his skeleton and said, "*Pithecanthropus*", and when we're dealing with men who use that kind of language, you realise how lucky we were to be able to score the simple term *Homo sapiens.*

The Java Man is now extinct. The Neanderthal Man is extinct. Another incredible hulk known as the Cro-Magnon Man is extinct.

And Homo sapiens . . . ?

Don't rush us; we're working on it.

WHAT IS A FIZZ WITHOUT KAHLUA?

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AP3467

OZ POLITICS... YUCK!

every country gets the politicians it deserves, but nobody deserves politicians this bad!

by Ronald Conway

VIEWING THE Australian scene with a cool Scottish eye in the late '50s, John Douglas Pringle remarked of the adage that every country gets the politicians that it deserves: "No country deserves politicians as bad as these." He later modified the judgment by saying that Australia's political representatives only *sounded* worse (on parliamentary broadcasts) than they usually were.

Winston Churchill once remarked to R. G. Menzies: "You seem to conduct your politics in Australia with a fine 18th century gusto." Not a bad intuitive comparison for anybody who knows something about British politicians of the 18th century — notable more for smugness, economically-cushioned rowdiness and pompous public claims than conscientiousness or decisive leadership. In Australia, the parliamentary bar rather than the parliamentary library seems the fountain of most back-bench wisdom.

One of the saddest pieces of unrealism which has gripped the Australian electorate for decades is the stubborn belief that politicians have far more scope for bold or decisive government than the multi-corporate society now permits. Probably no voter on Earth has more disrespect for his political representatives while expecting so much from them than the Australian. The root of this problem reaches back to the 19th century when our forebears were conditioned very early to arbitrary centralist regimes in coastal capital cities. Despotic rule by the governors of colonial Australia fostered a peculiar blend of suspicious resentment of political authority and an ignorant belief in its potential power to work social wonders. After the granting of responsible government to New South Wales and Victoria in 1851, this contradictory combination of passive-aggressive dislike and dependence was then transferred by the people to squatter-based assemblies of that day. "Why don't the bastards do this or that" became our perpetual refrain.

The harsh truth is that the modern MLA, MHR or Senator has a much narrower scope to bring about any significant social or economic change that we, the electors, not-so-fondly imagine. Even at the Cabinet level, Ministers are buffeted and button-holed at any hour of the day or evening by powerful special interest groups whom they dare not fail to consult and fear to enrage. If the Federal or a State Cabinet wants to bring down a bill that affects, say, working hours or conditions in industry, it usually has to sound out the relevant top bureaucrats of the Treasury and Public Service, the Chambers of Commerce, representatives of the trade union movement, the legislative lawyers and sundry sniffers out of loopholes. It may perhaps consult a powerful tycoon, influential academic or media baron as an extra insurance against the bill being torpedoed even before it is tabled in the House.

Yet, even conceding the shackles which hamper creative politics in our larrikin society, both the style and substance in the political assemblies and Cabinet rooms of the Western world seem at the lowest level since World War Two. In this regard, Australians would say that our politicians have never had too far to fall! The remorseless lens of the TV camera has shown up politicians in front of the Australian public in a way never possible before 1956. The dangers of judging the calibre of men and women by the image they project have never been greater. Yet, surprisingly, the televised image has usually turned out to be closer to reality than one would have expected. John Gorton rambled, burbled and chop-philosophised in his last days as PM as if he had just tumbled out of a cocktail bar, and Bob Hawke's former abrasive nastiness before the cameras stemmed, by his own reformed admission, from the same problem of the world seen through a glass filled with liquid. Poor Sir Billy McMahon crashed to political disaster as much due to his gnome-like unctuousness and love of the reedy platitude as for any other reason. For all his breezy wit and his sparkling manner of nothing-to-hide Gough Whitlam always had a strange deadness around the eyes which made half of the electorate suspect him to be an untrustworthy poseur. Try as he will, Malcolm Fraser has never entirely avoided projecting a strange combination of shyness, reticence and constipated hauteur. This was never a problem for his great mentor of the right, Robert Gordon Menzies. As for Bill Hayden, the Australian populace is turned off by nobody so much as a cheerless, nit-picking whinger.

This credibility gap between real public estimation and the presented political image has even more to do with the refusal of politicians to admit their own limitations. They rarely own up to some of the concealed forces which prescribe or limit their range of activity. A politician who will publicly admit that he was wrong or unequal to a problem (as did President Carter over the Iranian hostages rescue bid fiasco) is now so rare in Canberra that both Houses spend unnumbered hours over petty fault-finding, muck-raking and tawdry bickering. Nobody listening to broadcasts from the House of Representatives would get the impression that the Government was there to do other than proclaim its infallibility and that Opposition was present to do other than abuse the Government or make mean-minded capital out of its mistakes. Party loyalties must have their place. But when party advantage overrides responsibility to national welfare, the democratic system becomes a sick comedy. Partisan mud-slinging enlightens nobody and serves none but vulgar political hacks.

Foreign affairs, more than most departments of state, tends to show a crass lack of sophistication among the Australian politicians. In Andrew Peacock, the country appears to have a relatively young and vigorous Foreign Minister, the sharpest man in the portfolio since the days of Evatt and Casey. But, alas, the besetting sin of Cabinets and Prime Ministers has always been their reluctance to let Foreign Ministers do the job they were appointed to do. Curtin and Chifley rarely interfered with Dr H. V. Evatt; perhaps it might have been better if they *had* placed a few curbs on that brilliant but sadly erratic luminary. But more recent Prime Ministers have never been able to resist the temptation to push themselves uninvited on to the world stage. They have rarely listened to prudent

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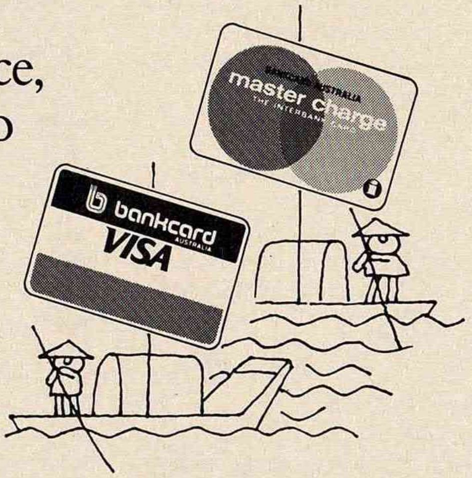

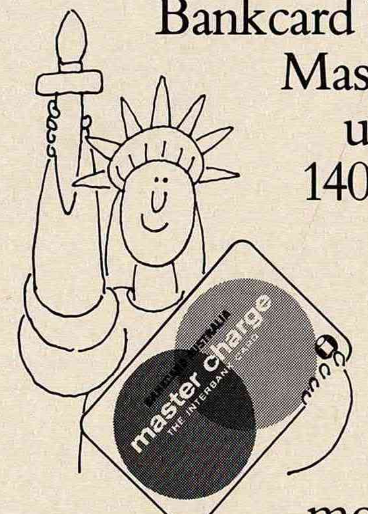

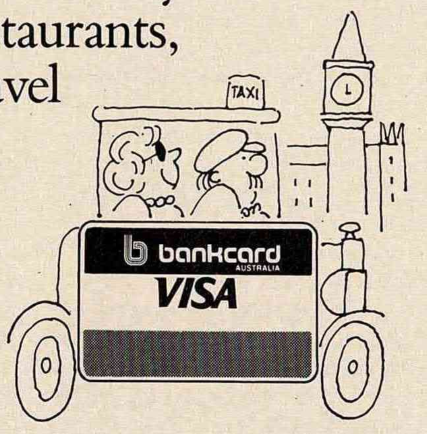

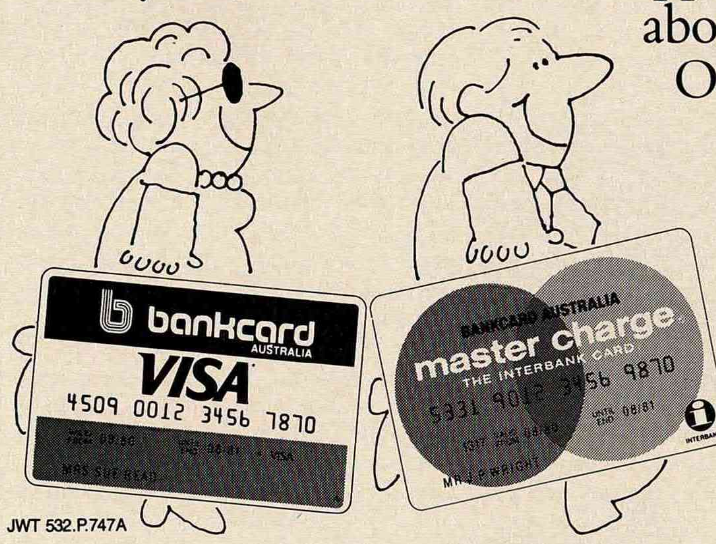

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advice from career diplomats. The activities of Mr Fraser in Lusaka before the settlement of the Rhodesian problem were no doubt a good public relations exercise. Yet Asia and the Pacific, not Africa, is our proper sphere of influence. The insistence of the PM in grimly holding to recognition of the infamous Pol Pot regime in Kampuchea reduces his comparative toughmindedness toward the Russian occupation of Afghanistan to the level of expedient cynicism.

Fulfilment of domestic election promises is also a characteristically weak point for Australian politicians, even given the difficulties of putting money where one's mouth has been once the Treasury benches are won. The Fraser Government in fact has promised much and threatened much, but delivered a good deal less. Its promised "get-tough" policy with recalcitrant unions has been so far confined to passing more potentially punitive legislation which it knows it will never possess enough muscle to enforce. The result has been to irritate unionists without taming them.

If sobering shadows are falling across the once slap-happy ranks of Australia's six million workers, this is due far more to the advance of automation and unemployment than any concern regarding the potency of politicians. That lunatic portrait painted by the Left, that of "Fraser and his repressive gang of Fascists", has never been fleshed out by events. The PM and his men have repeatedly talked tough but rarely acted tough. Though the present Government is a promised enemy of centralism, the incredible undergrowth of boards, commissions and new governmental instrumentalities — which increased under the last days of Gorton and McMahon and then exploded under Whitlam — shows no signs of being pruned back.

One of the most glaring evidences of the failure of will and common sense among Australian politicians of all stripes has been the furtive tendency to refer most ideologically sensitive decisions to various commissions and boards of inquiry. This ploy absolves the rulers of the day from taking measures that are clearly for public welfare but likely to be offensive to the various powerful vested interests. In Victoria, especially, the Hamer Government has developed the technique of stalling and shelving needed reforms by referral to Royal Commissions into a fine art. And Canberra is not far behind.

Each Australian State has its special difficulties which might not have been caused by politicians but which have certainly been ignored or compounded by them. In New South Wales, a recurrent issue has long been municipal corruption and graft. In this area there has been almost a tradition going back to the days of Robertson, Crick and Willis a century ago. The problem has been aggravated by the fact that the right wing of the NSW Labor Party has been more than usually tainted and complacent because of its long entrenchments in power. The endemic weakness of the State Liberal Party has ensured that Sydney in particular has remained curiously like Boston, Massachusetts. A "working class" Tammany Hall (the term for a political party exercising control through charity and patronage) has run the State while the largely WASP parties of the right have concentrated on the control of the economy. The smooth reformist noises made by Neville Wran as the nation's most successful media-hugger have not blinded analysts to the fact that the old guard of the Labor Party still has a firm grip upon the public purse. Hence many needed reforms remain cosmetic. Educational reform is one area desperately needing attention, public secondary schools being a virtual disaster area.

In Victoria, it is the parties of the Right who have a long tradition of a gentlemanly milking of the system. Aside from Sir Henry Bolte, who was very nearly his own man, the State has had a long history of shady, colorless leaders. Where NSW has been famous for graft in the matter of dealing with contracts (remember that missing $1 million in the Captain Cook graving dock scandal of the '50s?), Victorians have preferred to put their faith in land! Dirty land deals have been a Victorian specialty for decades. Where else but in the Garden State could such an arrogant and incompetent monolith as the Housing Commission flourish without political check for so long. As for public transport, Melbourne now has the worst services, due to political inertia, in the Commonwealth.

Meanwhile, many West Australians must wonder whether mining princelings like Lang Hancock rather than Sir Charles Court are running the State. In Queensland, there is an air of open and morally confident socio-economic brigandage in the rule of Joh Bjelke-Petersen which causes his more devious southern admirers to wonder how he continues to get away with it. South Australia might have well captured the palm for the best-run State had not Don Dunstan and his young left-wing Attorney-General, Peter Duncan, spent so much media time telling the rest of the Commonwealth how marvellously enlightened Labor rule in Adelaide really was. In point of fact, the Dunstan Government created, per capita, the largest and most costly bureaucracy operated by any Australian State. It spent most of its term in office abusing Canberra for not subsidising it with taxes wrung from other States.

Much of the problem of getting decisive and alert government out of Australian politicians stems from their own background and motivation. Too many entrants to parliament have regarded political office as a kind of nice prestigious culmination to an often undistinguished previous career. Authentic ideals of public service long fostered by the Oxbridge old-boy network of Britain have mostly been absent. Partly for this reason our parliaments contain proportionately too many lawyers, corporation men, farmers and trade unionists — and not enough engineers, psychologists, small businessmen, housewives, shopkeepers, scientists, clergymen, nurses or social workers.

The chief virtue of Australian politicians has always been that of the Australian people themselves — a level-headed pragmatism which could never produce the year-long hysteria of a Watergate or the bemedalled buffooneries of a banana republic. But this very Earth-hugging quality is what helps maintain our grinding mediocrity and lack of public vision. For better or worse, the name of the deity, patriotism, love of country, is never off the lips of most American Presidents. When a Gough Whitlam tries out the same rhetoric, we sense he doesn't believe a word of it. The Malcolm Frasers of this world don't even bother with that sort of rhetoric at all. It is the economy, the economy and still again the economy. How refreshing it would be to hear a Prime Minister or State Premier speak eloquently and sincerely about the long, bitter pilgrimage of mankind toward beauty, truth and true civilisation. How pleasant it would be to appeal to some spark of dignity and idealism in the Australian electorate which goes beyond balancing the budget or even washing the car. How about it, Messrs Fraser, Hayden and Hawke? Some of us at least are sick to death of money talk. We would like to hear that somebody up there really believes that life is more than bloody bread and circuses.

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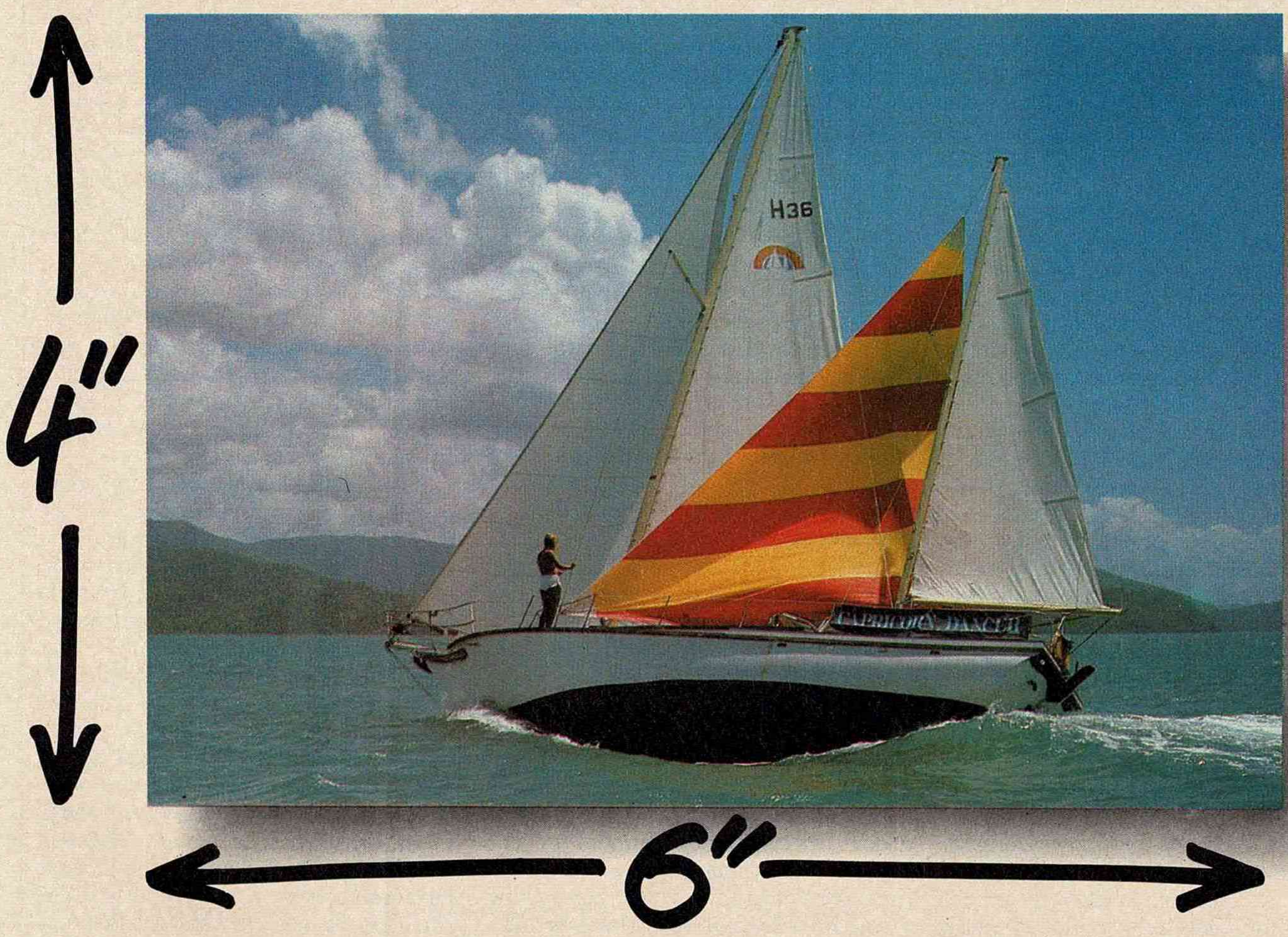

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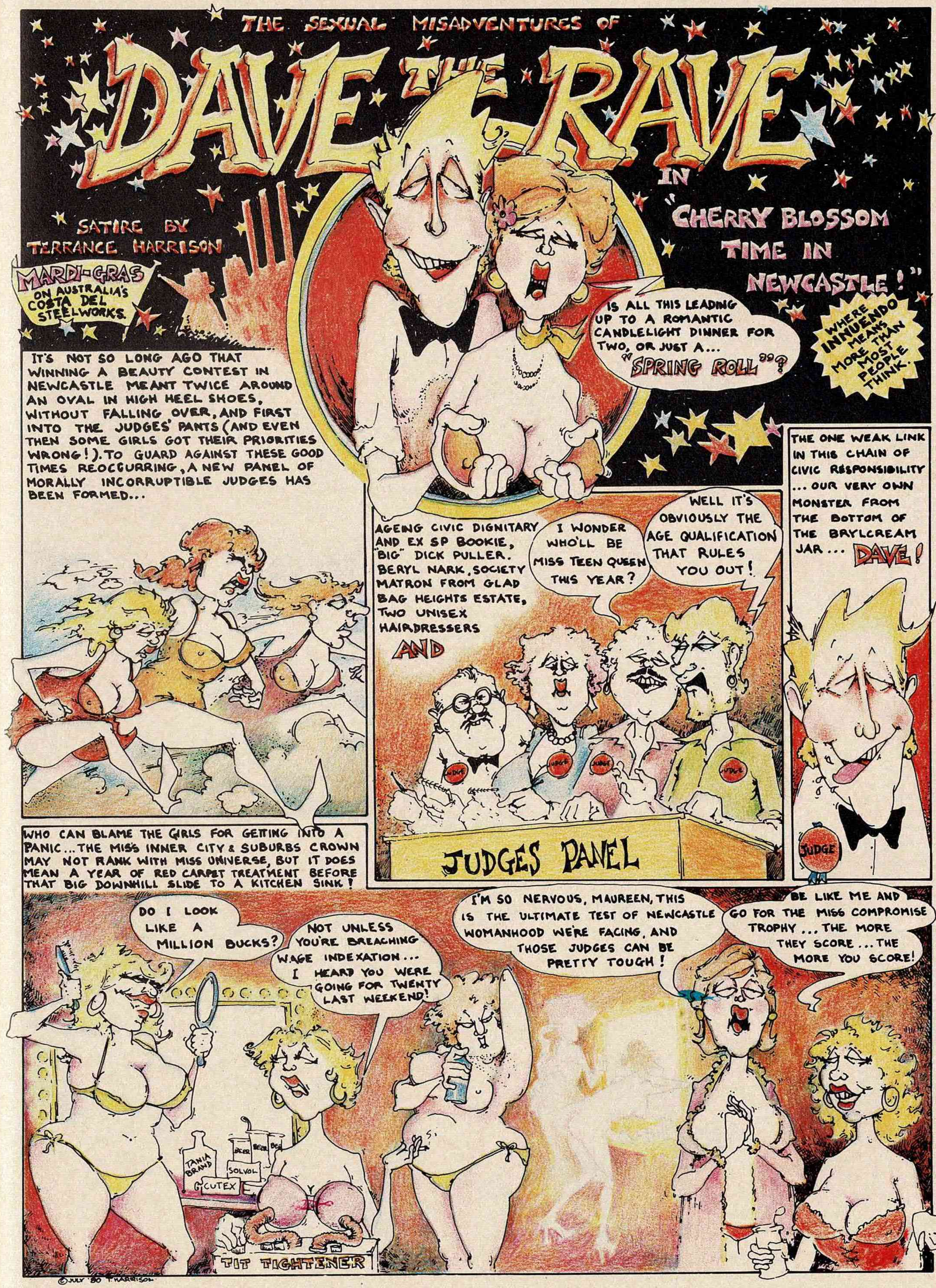
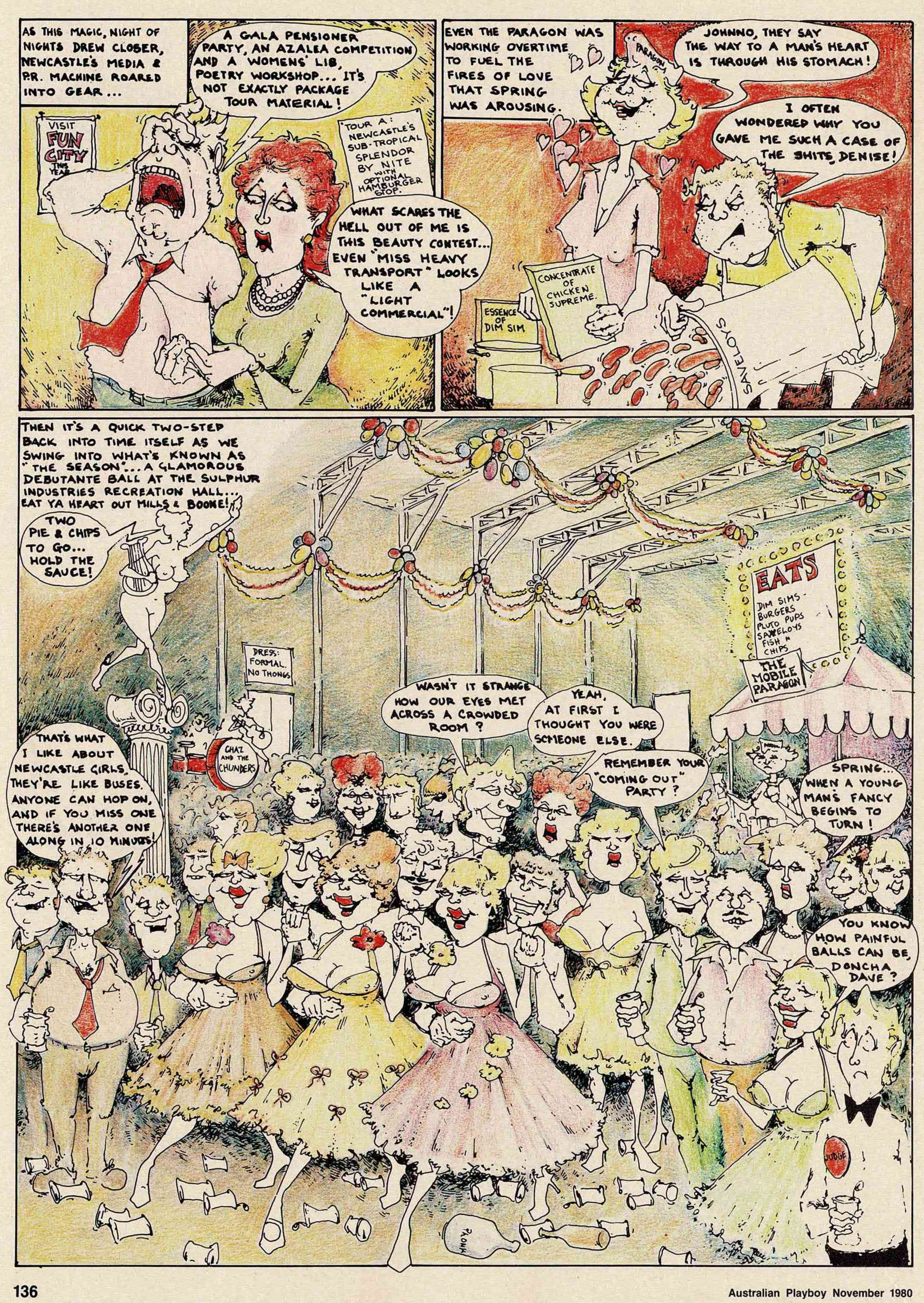
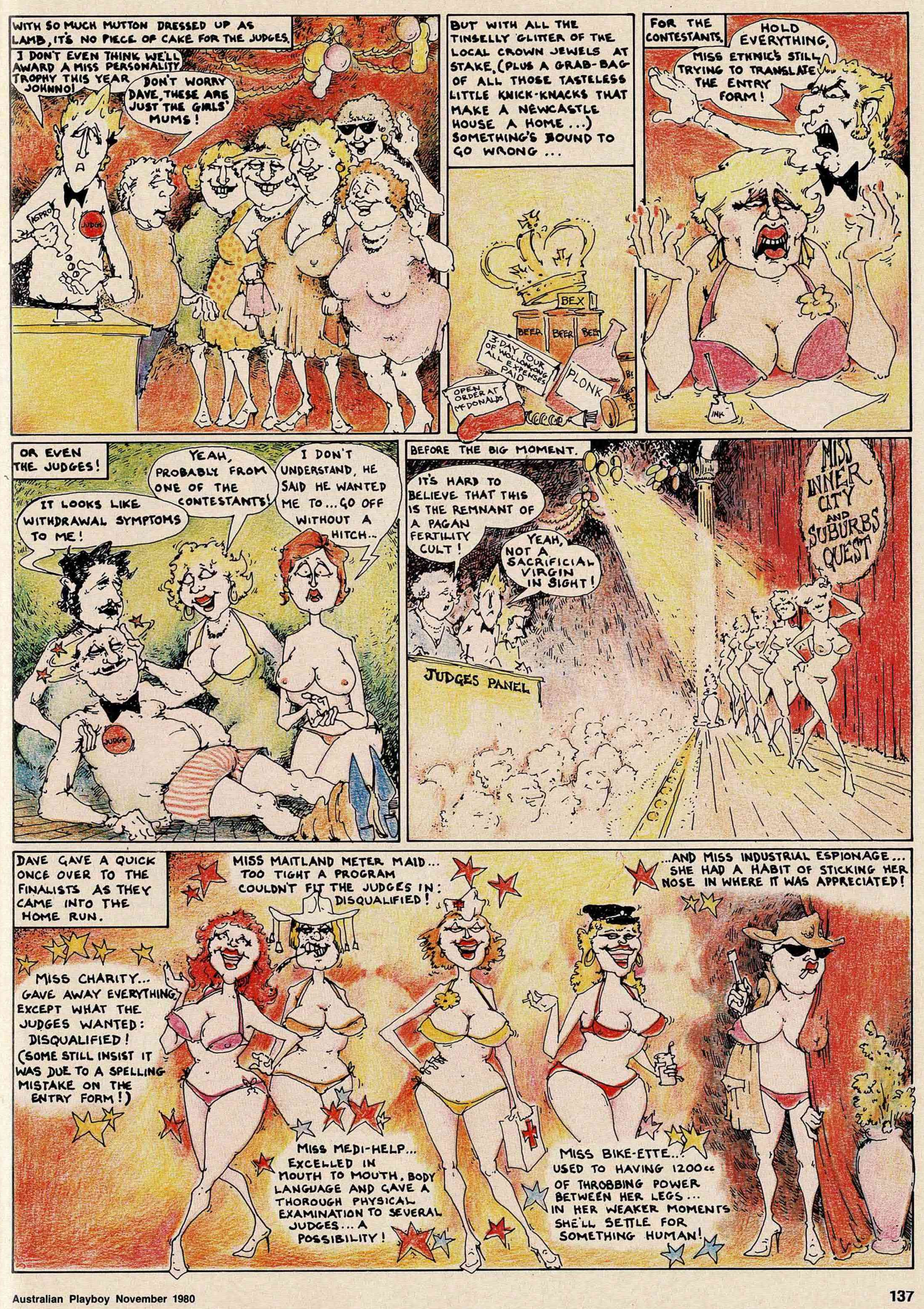
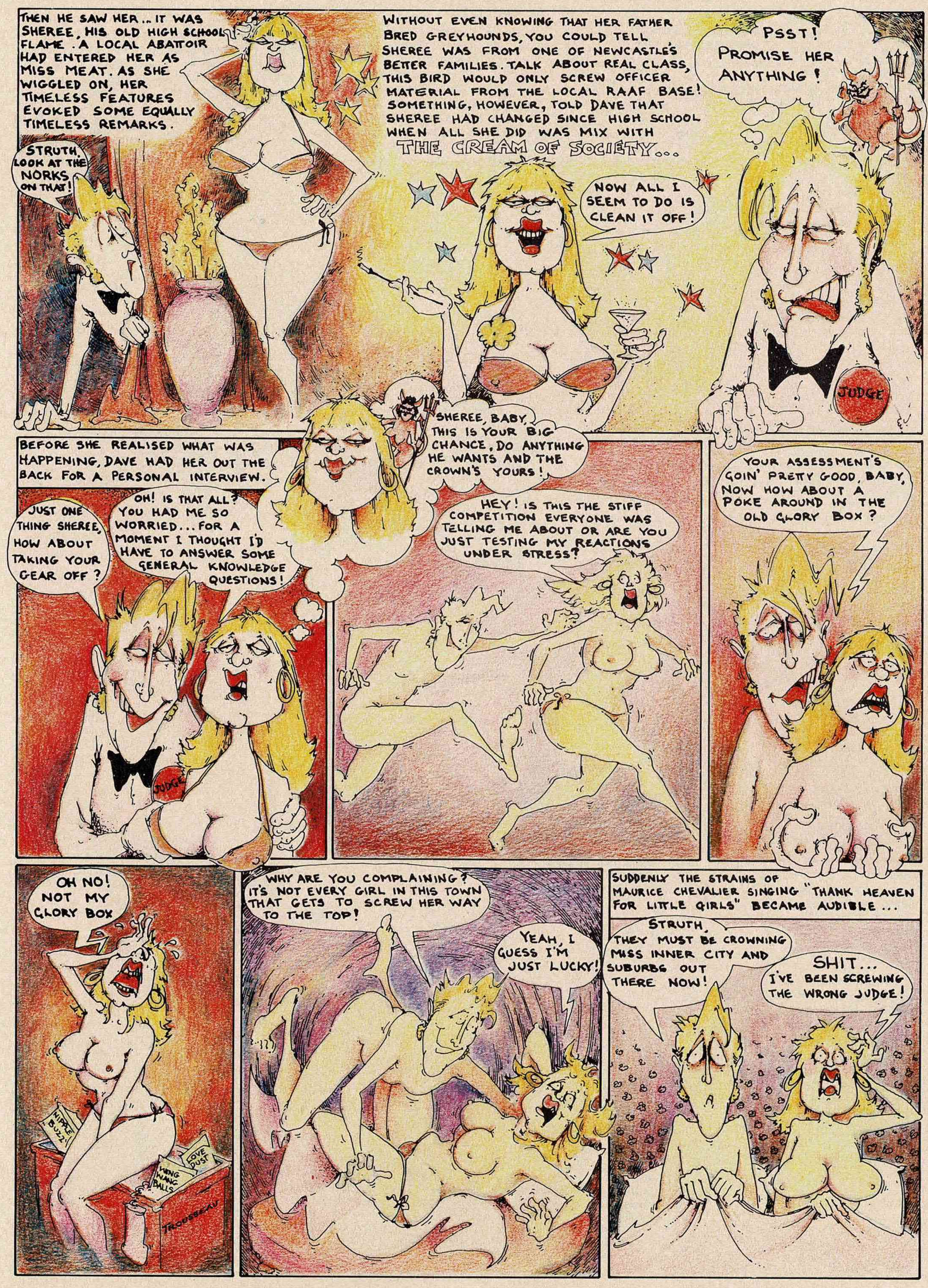
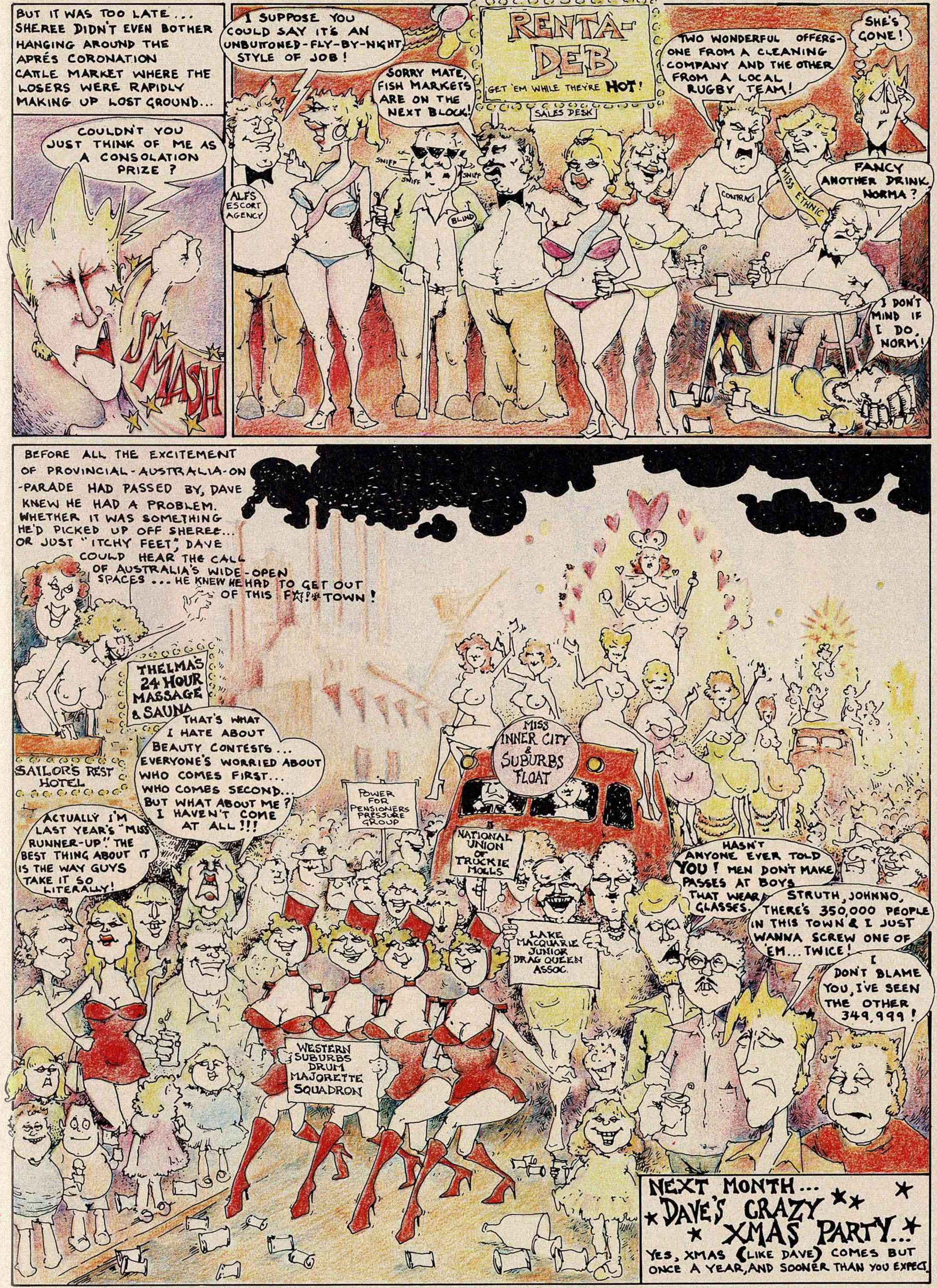



AS THIS MAGIC, NIGHT OF NIGHTS DREW CLOSER, NEWCASTLE'S MEDIA & P.R. MACHINE ROARED INTO GEAR ...
A GALA PENSIONER PARTY, AN AZALEA COMPETITION AND A 'WOMENS' LIB, POETRY WORKSHOP... IT'S NOT EXACTLY PACKAGE TOUR MATERIAL!
VISIT FUN CITY THIS YEAR
TOUR A: NEWCASTLE'S SUB-TROPICAL SPLENDOR BY NITE WITH OPTIONAL HAMBURGER STOP.
WHAT SCARES THE HELL OUT OF ME IS THIS BEAUTY CONTEST... EVEN "MISS HEAVY TRANSPORT" LOOKS LIKE A "LIGHT COMMERCIAL"!
EVEN THE PARAGON WAS WORKING OVERTIME TO FUEL THE FIRES OF LOVE THAT SPRING WAS AROUSING.
PARAGON
JOHNNO, THEY SAY THE WAY TO A MAN'S HEART IS THROUGH HIS STOMACH!
I OFTEN WONDERED WHY YOU GAVE ME SUCH A CASE OF THE SHITS, DENISE!
ESSENCE OF DIM SIM
CONCENTRATE OF CHICKEN SUPREME.
SAVELOYS
THEN IT'S A QUICK TWO-STEP BACK INTO TIME ITSELF AS WE SWING INTO WHAT'S KNOWN AS "THE SEASON"... A GLAMOROUS DEBUTANTE BALL AT THE SULPHUR INDUSTRIES RECREATION HALL... EAT YA HEART OUT MILLS & BOONE!
TWO PIE & CHIPS TO GO... HOLD THE SAUCE!
DRESS: FORMAL. NO THONGS
EATS
DIM SIMS - BURGERS PLUTO PUPS SAVELOYS FISH N CHIPS
THE MOBILE PARAGON
WASN'T IT STRANGE HOW OUR EYES MET ACROSS A CROWDED ROOM?
YEAH, AT FIRST I THOUGHT YOU WERE SOMEONE ELSE.
CHAZ AND THE CHUNDERS
THAT'S WHAT I LIKE ABOUT NEWCASTLE GIRLS. THEY'RE LIKE BUSES. ANYONE CAN HOP ON, AND IF YOU MISS ONE THERE'S ANOTHER ONE ALONG IN 10 MINUTES!
REMEMBER YOUR "COMING OUT" PARTY?
SPRING... WHEN A YOUNG MAN'S FANCY BEGINS TO TURN!
YOU KNOW HOW PAINFUL BALLS CAN BE, DONCHA DAVE?


WITH SO MUCH MUTTON DRESSED UP AS LAMB, IT'S NO PIECE OF CAKE FOR THE JUDGES.
I DON'T EVEN THINK WE'LL AWARD A MISS PERSONALITY TROPHY THIS YEAR JOHNNO!
DON'T WORRY DAVE, THESE ARE JUST THE GIRLS' MUMS!
ASPRO
JUDGE
BUT WITH ALL THE TINSELLY GLITTER OF THE LOCAL CROWN JEWELS AT STAKE, (PLUS A GRAB-BAG OF ALL THOSE TASTELESS LITTLE KNICK-KNACKS THAT MAKE A NEWCASTLE HOUSE A HOME...) SOMETHING'S BOUND TO GO WRONG ...
BEX
BEER BEER
3-DAY TOUR OF WOLLONGONG ALL EXPENSES PAID
OPEN ORDER AT McDONALDS
PLONK
FOR THE CONTESTANTS.
HOLD EVERYTHING, MISS ETHNIC'S STILL TRYING TO TRANSLATE THE ENTRY FORM!
INK
OR EVEN THE JUDGES!
IT LOOKS LIKE WITHDRAWAL SYMPTOMS TO ME!
YEAH, PROBABLY FROM ONE OF THE CONTESTANTS!
I DON'T UNDERSTAND, HE SAID HE WANTED ME TO... GO OFF WITHOUT A HITCH...
JUDGE
BEFORE THE BIG MOMENT.
IT'S HARD TO BELIEVE THAT THIS IS THE REMNANT OF A PAGAN FERTILITY CULT!
YEAH, NOT A SACRIFICIAL VIRGIN IN SIGHT!
MISS INNER CITY AND SUBURBS QUEST
JUDGES PANEL
DAVE GAVE A QUICK ONCE OVER TO THE FINALISTS AS THEY CAME INTO THE HOME RUN.
MISS MAITLAND METER MAID... TOO TIGHT A PROGRAM COULDN'T FIT THE JUDGES IN: DISQUALIFIED!
...AND MISS INDUSTRIAL ESPIONAGE... SHE HAD A HABIT OF STICKING HER NOSE IN WHERE IT WAS APPRECIATED!
MISS CHARITY... GAVE AWAY EVERYTHING EXCEPT WHAT THE JUDGES WANTED: DISQUALIFIED! (SOME STILL INSIST IT WAS DUE TO A SPELLING MISTAKE ON THE ENTRY FORM!)
MISS MEDI-HELP... EXCELLED IN MOUTH TO MOUTH, BODY LANGUAGE AND GAVE A THOROUGH PHYSICAL EXAMINATION TO SEVERAL JUDGES... A POSSIBILITY!
MISS BIKE-ETTE... USED TO HAVING 1200cc OF THROBBING POWER BETWEEN HER LEGS... IN HER WEAKER MOMENTS SHE'LL SETTLE FOR SOMETHING HUMAN!



THEN HE SAW HER... IT WAS SHEREE, HIS OLD HIGH SCHOOL FLAME. A LOCAL ABATTOIR HAD ENTERED HER AS MISS MEAT. AS SHE WIGGLED ON, HER TIMELESS FEATURES EVOKED SOME EQUALLY TIMELESS REMARKS.
STRUTH, LOOK AT THE NORKS ON THAT!
WITHOUT EVEN KNOWING THAT HER FATHER BRED GREYHOUNDS, YOU COULD TELL SHEREE WAS FROM ONE OF NEWCASTLE'S BETTER FAMILIES. TALK ABOUT REAL CLASS, THIS BIRD WOULD ONLY SCREW OFFICER MATERIAL FROM THE LOCAL RAAF BASE! SOMETHING, HOWEVER, TOLD DAVE THAT SHEREE HAD CHANGED SINCE HIGH SCHOOL WHEN ALL SHE DID WAS MIX WITH THE CREAM OF SOCIETY...
NOW ALL I SEEM TO DO IS CLEAN IT OFF!
PSST! PROMISE HER ANYTHING!
JUDGE
SHEREE, BABY, THIS IS YOUR BIG CHANCE, DO ANYTHING HE WANTS AND THE CROWN'S YOURS!
BEFORE SHE REALISED WHAT WAS HAPPENING, DAVE HAD HER OUT THE BACK FOR A PERSONAL INTERVIEW.
JUST ONE THING SHEREE, HOW ABOUT TAKING YOUR GEAR OFF?
OH! IS THAT ALL? YOU HAD ME SO WORRIED... FOR A MOMENT I THOUGHT I'D HAVE TO ANSWER SOME GENERAL KNOWLEDGE QUESTIONS!
JUDGE
HEY! IS THIS THE STIFF COMPETITION EVERYONE WAS TELLING ME ABOUT OR ARE YOU JUST TESTING MY REACTIONS UNDER STRESS?
YOUR ASSESSMENT'S GOIN' PRETTY GOOD, BABY, NOW HOW ABOUT A POKE AROUND IN THE OLD GLORY BOX?
OH NO! NOT MY GLORY BOX
NIPPLE BUZZ
LOVE DUST
WING WANG BALLS
TROUSSEAU
WHY ARE YOU COMPLAINING? IT'S NOT EVERY GIRL IN THIS TOWN THAT GETS TO SCREW HER WAY TO THE TOP!
YEAH, I GUESS I'M JUST LUCKY!
SUDDENLY THE STRAINS OF MAURICE CHEVALIER SINGING "THANK HEAVEN FOR LITTLE GIRLS" BECAME AUDIBLE...
STRUTH, THEY MUST BE CROWNING MISS INNER CITY AND SUBURBS OUT THERE NOW!
SHIT... I'VE BEEN SCREWING THE WRONG JUDGE!



BUT IT WAS TOO LATE... SHEREE DIDN'T EVEN BOTHER HANGING AROUND THE APRÉS CORONATION CATTLE MARKET WHERE THE LOSERS WERE RAPIDLY MAKING UP LOST GROUND...
COULDN'T YOU JUST THINK OF ME AS A CONSOLATION PRIZE?
SMASH
I SUPPOSE YOU COULD SAY IT'S AN UNBUTTONED-FLY-BY-NIGHT STYLE OF JOB!
ALF'S ESCORT AGENCY
SORRY MATE, FISH MARKETS ARE ON THE NEXT BLOCK!
SNIFF
SNIFF
SNIFF
BLIND
RENTA-DEB
GET 'EM WHILE THEY'RE HOT!
SALES DESK
TWO WONDERFUL OFFERS- ONE FROM A CLEANING COMPANY AND THE OTHER FROM A LOCAL RUGBY TEAM!
CONTRACT
MISS ETHNIC
SHE'S GONE!
FANCY ANOTHER DRINK, NORMA?
I DON'T MIND IF I DO, NORM!
BEFORE ALL THE EXCITEMENT OF PROVINCIAL-AUSTRALIA-ON-PARADE HAD PASSED BY, DAVE KNEW HE HAD A PROBLEM. WHETHER IT WAS SOMETHING HE'D PICKED UP OFF SHEREE... OR JUST "ITCHY FEET", DAVE COULD HEAR THE CALL OF AUSTRALIA'S WIDE-OPEN SPACES... HE KNEW HE HAD TO GET OUT OF THIS F☆!* TOWN!
THELMA'S 24 HOUR MASSAGE & SAUNA
SAILOR'S REST HOTEL
THAT'S WHAT I HATE ABOUT BEAUTY CONTESTS... EVERYONE'S WORRIED ABOUT WHO COMES FIRST... WHO COMES SECOND... BUT WHAT ABOUT ME? I HAVEN'T COME AT ALL!!!
ACTUALLY I'M LAST YEAR'S "MISS RUNNER-UP". THE BEST THING ABOUT IT IS THE WAY GUYS TAKE IT SO LITERALLY!
POWER FOR PENSIONERS PRESSURE GROUP
MISS INNER CITY & SUBURBS FLOAT
NATIONAL UNION OF TRUCKIE MOLLS
LAKE MACQUARIE JUNIOR DRAG QUEEN ASSOC.
WESTERN SUBURBS DRUM MAJORETTE SQUADRON
HASN'T ANYONE EVER TOLD YOU! MEN DON'T MAKE PASSES AT BOYS THAT WEAR GLASSES.
STRUTH, JOHNNO, THERE'S 350,000 PEOPLE IN THIS TOWN & I JUST WANNA SCREW ONE OF 'EM... TWICE!
I DON'T BLAME YOU, I'VE SEEN THE OTHER 349,999!
NEXT MONTH... DAVE'S CRAZY XMAS PARTY...
YES, XMAS (LIKE DAVE) COMES BUT ONCE A YEAR, AND SOONER THAN YOU EXPECT.

Two new ways to come to Marlboro Country.
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Now you can get even more of that rich Marlboro taste with a new, convenient 25 pack.
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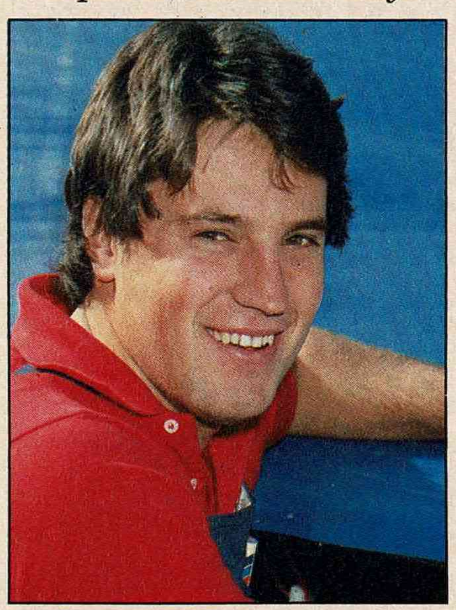
TOP OF THE (18-FOOTER) CLASS

a youngster named iain murray has everybody riding in his wake in the big money races, reports russell deiley



THE SAW-TOOTHED chop whipped up by the 30-knot nor'easter snaps at the hulls of the 18-footers swarming for position behind the starting line off Clark Island in the heart of Sydney Harbor. Skippers curse as the uneven waves smash over men and skiffs, butting their yachts off course.

The curses don't carry upwind to the chartered ferry treading water in the lee of Bradleys Head. But all eyes and binoculars lining the ferry rail are trained on the fleet of 18s. The ferry is a floating gambling ring masquerading as a cruise boat. Half a dozen bookmakers shout the odds while the cockatoos keep a weather eye for police toppers.

"Three to one the scratch boats bar one," a bookie offers. And the other bookmakers are similarly ungenerous with their odds about that one boat. It is hard to get set on *Color 7*, the mount of skipper Iain Murray, four times world champion at 22 and, on his day, practically unbeatable in the 18-footers, the fastest mono-hull yachting class. And most sailing days are winning days for Murray and his champion crew of Don Buckley and Andrew Buckland who all grew up in boats around Sydney's northern beaches and are right at home with a stiff nor'easter keening in the sails.

No boat goes as consistently fast as *Color 7*, especially in strong winds when an 18-footer can plane along at 30 knots — the equivalent speed of 240km/h in a car. It is the kind of speed that can terrify even the most experienced sailor. The hiss of spray and the clapping sails drown words. Manoeuvres have to be co-ordinated and intuitive. Crewmen manning the spinnaker and the mainsail must know automatically what move the skipper is going to make before he bends the tiller. Their six legs locked together on the one-metre steel outrigger have to flex in unison. When the chop is short, fast and erratic, the skipper doesn't have time to plot a course. One false move and his bow will nose into the wave instead of avoiding it, and serious injury is ever-present when a charging skiff, its boom, mast and steel stays begin cartwheeling. There is just no margin for error when less than one-tenth of the planing hull rides the surface.

Despite all the Sydney Harbor bookies' reluctance to lay Murray in the regular weekend races, *Color 7* does occasionally get beaten. In the last world championship series sailed in New Zealand, Murray won only one of the seven races, compared with five wins when he defended his crown in 1979. But his worst placing in the big New Zealand series was third. "The bastard is just too consistent for us," says arch-rival and former Olympic representative, Peter Sorenson, who won two of the New Zealand races.

"It was the same story in the open world championship in San Francisco in June. We managed to take races from him, but he heads us off in the overall points score. His problem is he's a genius. It's incredible to think he has done all he has in designing and in racing and that he is still only 22."

And so say all of the other leading 18-footer skippers. For even in losing, Murray still wins because he has designed and is now building all the top racing skiffs in Australia, for long the No 1 nation in the class. Murray's competitors are in the classic Catch 22 bind. To have any chance at all of continuing to close that gap which has separated them from Murray, they have to have the best boats and not one of them denies that the Iain Murray designs produce the slickest racing machines.

Murray designs the craft on a draftsman's desk in the office of his Brookvale factory. He and Buckley and their staff build the skiffs on the factory floor and, a few kilometres away, Buckland shapes the sail cloth that propel the craft wherever the racing is keenest. To be competitive, an 18-footer crew needs a new boat every season to keep pace with the galloping technical developments, and the Murray-Buckley production line is at full stretch to turn out six boats in the off-season.

It's a sweet set-up, although not without its complications. Six weeks before the 1980-81 season opened, Murray and company were so busy filling orders that their own new boat was still on the drawing board. "This is our boat," said Murray, ruefully kicking $10,000 worth of unmoulded carbon fibre — the ultra-strong and light fibreglass which has been adapted by boat builders from the aeronautical industry.

The pressures of the demands of his competitors apart, the Murray monopoly is creating other, potentially more serious ripples in the 18-footer pond. With the exception of the exclusive 12-metre territory of the America's Cup, 18-footers are the

most expensive smooth-water racers. These days it costs $50,000 to put the obligatory new boat into the water every spring. And to meet that sort of recurring cost and the expense of travelling to Perth, to New Zealand and to San Francisco for the regattas a crew needs sponsorship.

It is not for the sheer pageantry that ATN7, Steelstocks, Chesty Bond, PK and Pacific Harbour each lend their logos to the 18-footer spinnakers. Their money is keeping the 18-footer fleet afloat in the airy-fairy hope of a promotional return.

As fate has had it, Ted Thomas, the general manager of ATN7 and a sailing buff, picked a winner when he took a punt five years ago on a 17-year-old 18-footer novice in Iain Murray. The channel has since then invested more than $100,000 in Iain Murray and his racing boats and reaped a windfall in indirect advertising throughout multi-channel, newspaper and magazine coverage of 18-footer races in which *Color 7* has won or been prominently placed.

Other sponsors, however, in this specialised and most professional of sailboat racing have not been as fortunate. At least eight sponsors spent between $50,000 and $60,000 last season for their boats and crews to finish in the shadow of Murray and the *Color 7* craft. Not surprisingly, some of the big spenders have spent the winter reviewing their continued involvement in 18-footer sponsorship.

And not unnaturally, the winter's disquiet has spread to the sailors themselves. This season has opened without former world champion and long-time favorite of the ferry punters Dave Porter at the helm of a boat. "I've had a good innings — 10 years and a lot of fun, excitement and success in the class," he says. "But it has become too much of a business with too much money involved. A couple of years ago I could put a very competitive boat into the water for about $22,000, but these days it costs something like three times that."

Not that he begrudges Murray his sailing success. "Iain was a thorn in our side from the time he came into the class. I have the utmost respect for him. He's a darned good sailor and he has built a very good crew and support group round him. He is also the only real businessman in a class which has now become big business," Porter says.

"But there was a lot of fighting last winter because of all the talk about Murray forming a group of eight crews for a series of sprint races with each of the boats being sponsored to the tune of between $70,000 and $80,000 in return for a guaranteed coverage on Channel 7." Porter feels that kind of organisation will lead to an elitist cartel which will leave a lot of 18-footer sailors out in the cold.

For his part, Murray says he, Buckley and Buckland have formed a company not to freeze anyone out, but to advise the sponsors and the sponsored. As he sees it, there have been several instances of sponsors not getting value for money and other cases in which crews have been let down by their backers. "It will be our responsibility to make sure that each side fully understands its commitment when a sponsorship deal is made," he says.

Murray makes no apology for the fact that he is into sailing as much for the money as he is for the thrill of racing and winning. As a young man in a hurry, his running has led him up several business paths and into the odd dead end. The Porsche sports car which stamped him as a rich young man has gone, along with his zest for the stock exchange futures market.

"The Porsche was simply too expensive for me to run and I got my fingers burnt playing the wool futures market," he says. "I realised that if I was going to have any chance of making money on the wool futures I had to be on the phone to my brokers three or four times a day and I just didn't have the time for that kind of close contact."

He says the newspaper stories about his wealth "have been grossly exaggerated. My parents and I have invested in some property (a house in Five Dock, a unit at Manly and a flat in Marrickville), but the deals were made on 90 percent loan money. In net assets I don't own a lot — maybe I just talk a little better than the next guy, but my only real investment is in property value appreciation."

Everything, however, is a sidelight to sailing, designing and building boats. In this area, at least, he is getting by with little help from his mates. A solicitor is a sleeping partner in the Iain Murray Sailing Centre at Seaforth and the fact that Peter Sorenson is a close friend and solicitor as well as a sailing rival might explain that silent legal connection. And, of course, Don Buckley is a partner in the business of designing and building the 18-footers and, with Andrew Buckland, a partner with Murray in the consultancy operation.

Murray is already casting a speculative eye overseas, especially on the supermarket of big money sailing, the United States. Highly spectacular as it is, 18-footer racing is primed to take off on American harbors and television. If and when it does, Murray-designed boats will set the pace for the first few years. He's also keen to move into other areas and is watching the developments in two specific fields. One is a series of races being planned for a new 12-metre design by the American Professional Yacht Racing Association. This association will soon hold an elimination series to sort out the 12 fastest boats in the class to race on an eight-regatta circuit for prizemoney totalling $2 million. The first regatta will be sailed off Long Beach in March and the 12 crews will then follow the sun, wind and cash through San Francisco, Seattle, Detroit, Newport, Annapolis, Tampa Bay and Houston.

Murray is also trying to whip up interest in a revolutionary approach to an Australian challenge for the America's Cup in 1983. He is convinced Australia will mount a serious challenge for the Auld Mug only with a completely professional challenge financed by big business but organised and controlled by men who understand yacht design and sailing.

"I realise we cannot do it without the financial support and fund-raising organisational ability of wealthy and successful businessmen like Alan Bond." Murray says. "But backers such as Bond should stay in their offices and make money and not be calling the shots in Newport."

"An expert panel should be given a free hand to supervise the design, construction and sailing of the next challenger. Of course I want to be on that panel and I want to see people such as designer Alan Payne, Jim Hardy — because of his experience in America's Cup sailing — and young talented yachtsmen on the panel. We should already be set up for 1983 so that we can have two new 12-metre boats built in time for two full-time crews to begin racing one against the other for two years before the big challenge begins."

Murray realises that such an approach will cost something like $4 million but insists that Australians cannot expect all the international prestige that will flow from a successful America's Cup challenge to come from the bargain basement. And he refuses to be involved in any America's Cup challenge unless satisfied it has an even-money chance.

In the meantime, Iain Murray has a hefty personal investment in keeping *Color 7* up ahead of this summer's charging challengers for his 18-footer crown. Now that his critical investment eggs are stored in one sailing loft or another, he has a lot more than his reputation on the line this summer.

You've studied the figures. Now get the facts.

THE BULLETIN
Australia's weekly news magazine.

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THE FRATRICIDE CAPER

it wasn't any good, thought hardy, to find one brother if he lost another in the process —fiction by Peter Corris

HE HAD a long, horsey face that only needed a pipe stuck in it to bring it to perfection. His eyes were a washed-out blue and his sandy hair was cut in a severe short-back-and-sides. He looked like the archetypal Aussie, a six footer, a survivor of Lone Pine and the Somme. He was from Taranaki, New Zealand. The black Oxfords were polished, the grey flannels were pressed and his tweed jacket had been expensive and fashionable some 20 years ago. The woman with him was fashionable now and anytime; she was a tall, Viking blonde in a green silk dress with modish accessories. He was Hiram Dempsey, farmer, and she was his daughter Susan, secretary.

We were sitting in my dusty office with the linoleum decor and the streaky windows. Hiram made the

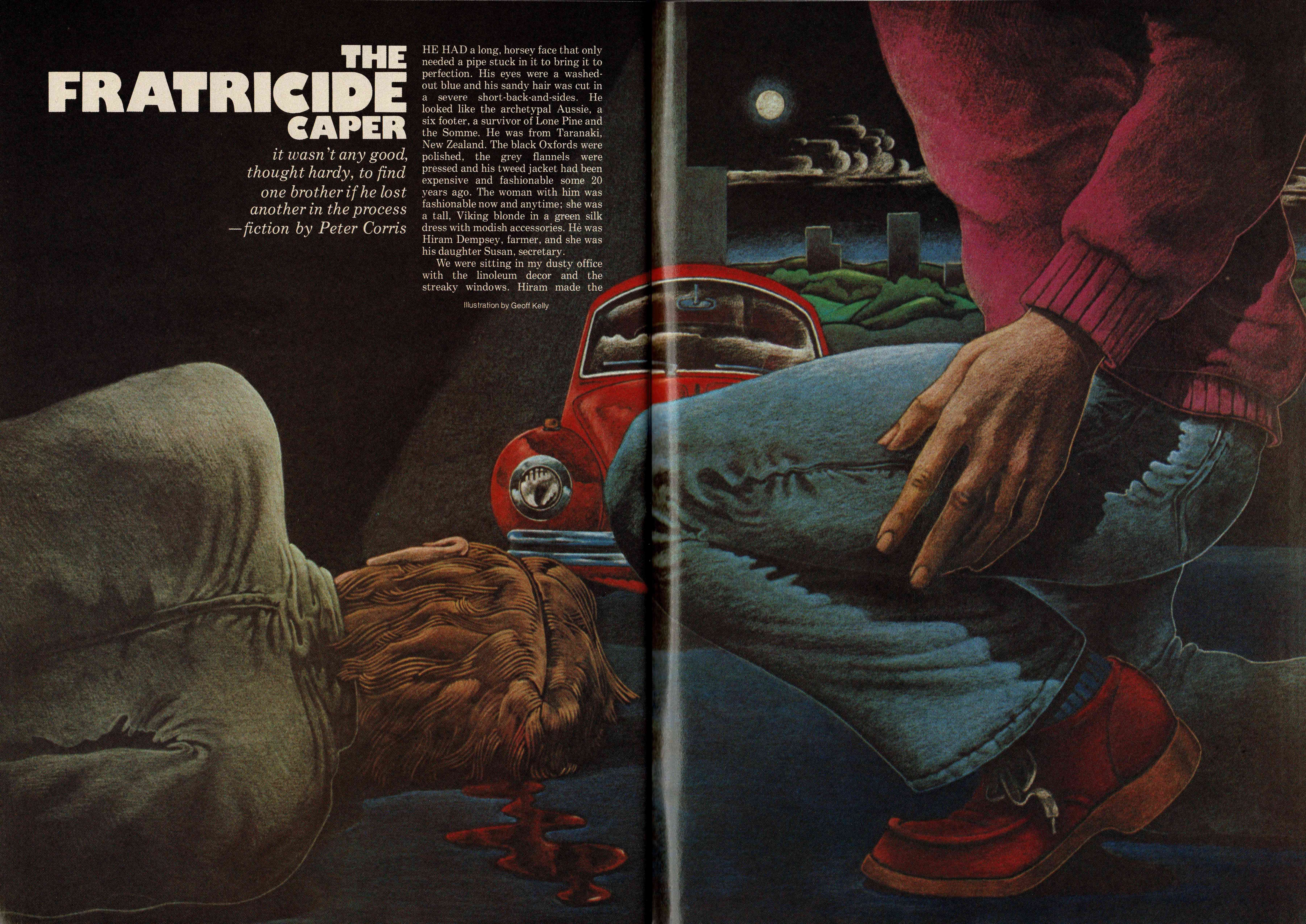

Illustration by Geoff Kelly

Sanyo honours the Japanese compact.

The new Ultra Mini series car radio and cassette players. Small enough in size to replace the standard radio. Big enough in sound to fill any cabin. SANYO

introductions, mentioned the New Zealand policeman who'd referred him to me and then let Susan take over. I saw the pride in his face as she spoke.

"We want you to look for my brother, Mr Hardy. We understand you're very good at finding people."

I tried to look modest. "It depends how badly they want to stay lost. Some dig in deep, some stay on the surface. When did you last see him?"

She paused. "Fifteen years?"

Dempsey nodded. "Fifteen's near enough." He had that slight Scots burr many older New Zealanders have, slurring the hard i sound.

"I scarcely remember him," she went on. "I was only seven or so when he left."

"Why did he leave?"

Hiram looked over my head out at the summer sky. "Robert and I didn't get along. I'm a farmer, he wasn't. I'm a Christian, he was a sinner."

"What sort of sins?"

"Theft, drunkenness, loose living."

I thought I had the picture. "When you say theft do you mean . . ."

"Cars."

"Right." It sounded familiar: a country boy out of his mind with boredom pinching cars, getting pissed and screwing girls; it happens, some of them become public servants.

"Robert came to Australia, Mr Hardy, to Sydney. My mother — she died three years ago — said that he always talked about the big city and he meant Sydney."

"He might have moved on. New York's bigger, so's London."

"No." Hiram said the word harshly. "Robert sent his mother a postcard every few years. After she died I found them. They were posted in Sydney."

"Do you have them?"

He reached into his jacket pocket and took out a slim stack of postcards held by a rubber band. He passed them over to me. The cards were mundane: the Bridge, the Opera House, the Zoo. The messages were minimal and written in a firm, round hand: "Dear Mum, Hope you are well. All's fine with me, loving it in Sydney and doing very well. Hope to get over to see you before too long" — that sort of thing. They were dated at two- and three-year intervals with a gap of four years in the middle of the sequence of seven. The last card was dated just one month ago. Dempsey watched me examining it.

"He didn't know his mother had died," he said.

I looked at the man. There was something unyielding about him and I decided that I'd been wrong about the pipe. The prop he needed was a Bible.

"Why do you want to locate your son now, Mr Dempsey, as I gather you haven't forgiven him his trespasses."

"Don't blaspheme," he snapped. "I have less than a year to live, Mr Hardy. I'll be joining my wife before long. I have a growth. I'm hoping that my eldest son will farm my land. It's been in Dempsey hands for five generations." He let out a sound that in a weaker man would be called a sigh. Some of the lines around his eyes which I'd taken to be marks of country hardiness now looked like tiredness and there was a fragility beneath his resilience. "It's unlikely I know," he went on. "Robert was a wastrel but he might be redeemable."

"Sure. Well, we need a starting point. I gather you have another son. Would he have had any contact with his brother?"

"No. William is 30 and settled. He lives in Wollongong. He's an academic." He spoke the words without much enthusiasm. Old Dempsey must have been a hard man to please; any son who didn't have cowshit on his boots wasn't a son at all.

"He'd remember him though. Could I have his address?" Susan gave it to me as the old man seemed to withdraw into himself. Maybe he was hoping that his Creator was a farmer. I asked for a photograph of the prodigal and she produced an old snapshot and a newspaper cutting. The photograph, which was yellowed and creased, showed a youth in his late teens standing beside a motorcycle. He was smiling broadly and he had a mop of dark curling air. He was a good-looking lad.

"That was taken of Robert just before he left," Susan said quietly. "The motorcycle was stolen."

I nodded and looked at the cutting. It was a press photo of a picket line outside a shop or an office. The caption had been cut off but two words remained of a headline above the picture — *sacks Clarke*. The picketers were carrying placards which were too blurred to read; the head of one of them had been circled in red ink.

"We found this among Mother's things," Susan said. "We think she believed that to be Robert."

I studied the faces; it was possible. Some weight had gone on and some hair had gone off. Maybe. The mother's eye plus intuition could have been right or it just could have been wishful thinking.

I turned the cutting over. On the back was part of an advertisement for motor cars. There was a picture of a Ford Falcon and the showroom's address was in Chatswood. I know a bit about Falcons because I own one; this model was a few years younger than mine, say in the early '70s. Great detecting, Cliff.

"How would your mother have got a Sydney newspaper?"

"William used to send them, when he thought there was something in them that might interest her. She was a great reader and he sent the book pages and articles on writers and films and things." Susan looked at her father who was sagging a little from the ramrod position.

"My father is tired, Mr Hardy. Will you help us?"

I said I would, collected a $200 retainer and their address in Sydney for the next few weeks. They were visiting a few relatives, winding up the old man's life.

I ushered them out and set about earning their money by calling Harry Tickener at *The News*. He confirmed that there were a few people in the organisation who could identify a newspaper from the type and layout and that, if the cutting was from one of the half-dozen papers published by his employer, I could find the issue in a bound copy or on microfilm. I walked the two kilometres to *The News* building, stopping to deposit the cheque and to buy some fruit for my lunch. These days I walk for an hour and eat fruit for lunch instead of sitting and drinking beer. I still miss the beer. The citizenry of Sydney were out in force in their light summer rigs; it was early summer but a lot of the women were tanned and it was a pity to take them off the beaches. Susan Dempsey had a good tan, I recalled, and looked like she'd play a great set of tennis; I'm just over 40 and the regimen has kept the fat down but I still feel furtive when I have randy thoughts about females 20 years my junior. There's a bit of Hiram Dempsey in us all.

Tickener was too busy to talk as usual. He introduced me to a sub on one of the papers who instantly identified the cutting.

"*The Sunday Post*," he said. He was a little roly-poly man who scratched his head a lot with a pencil. "Only ran for a year or so. That narrows it down."

"Still a lot of looking."

"Yeah. Who's this Clarke?"

I said I didn't know.

"Rings a bell," he said. "Yeah, around that time. Come on. We'll look him up in the cuts."

We went down to the library and he pulled out a metal drawer crammed with quarto-sized manila envelopes. All had names on them followed by occupations. Some were thin, as if they could contain only a single sheet, and others bulged fatly. Thomas Clarke's file was thinnish. He was a

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unionist involved in a strike at a food processing plant in Wollongong in 1972. Clarke had refused to work with non-unionists and had been sacked. Reading between the lines of the cuttings was the message that Clarke had been trying to unionise the plant and had run foul of the management. The strike lasted two months and the unionists won. A large article on Clarke's sacking had been published in *The Sunday Post* and it included my photograph. The men were picketing a supermarket in Wollongong which stocked the company's products; a heavy man in the centre of the picture was identified as Clarke, the others shown were described as his "supporters".

The sub made photostats of a few of the cuttings for me, I thanked him and left the building. Outside, it was hot and cheerful. I felt pretty cheerful myself. I enjoy the south coast, especially when someone's paying me to go down there. I walked back to the office, drove to my home in Glebe and packed a bag. I put in swimming trunks and a towel, but I left the snorkel and speargun behind.

If you stay on the highway, the drive to Wollongong is a two-hour bore; if you turn off and go through the national park and the string of mining towns along the coast from Stanwell Park it's a lot better. I took the slow route and drove past the campsites and beaches that would soon be filling up with holidaying hedonists. Packed in between the sea and the scarp, on which the land slips so that people can't hang their timber-and-glass fantasies off it, the coal towns don't seem to have changed much in the past 20 years. The ocean was a deep blue and crashed in firmly as if rehearsing for a long, hot summer. There were two or three caravans already in place, forerunners of the tent-and-caravan cities that would spring up from now to April.

It was after six o'clock when I reached Wollongong; I checked into a motel down near the beach and went for a swim. My body was winter pale and the water was icy cold. It was a brief visit to the beach. I went back to the motel, showered and changed and watched the evening news on TV. After a couple of middies and a barbecued steak at the pub opposite the motel I was ready to go to work.

Dr William Dempsey lived in one of the fashionable hillside suburbs of Wollongong. I spoke on the telephone to his wife who was also a New Zealander and easily intrigued by the story of her husband's long lost brother. Dr Dempsey was lecturing at the university that evening and was expected home soon after eight. I was invited for nine. As soon as I hung up I regretted that I hadn't asked what subject he taught — in my experience physicists and historians are as different as Afrikaaners and Bantus. I arrived on time and a 30ish woman with a well-dressed good figure let me in and took me through to a room which had a big window occupying most of one wall. The house was well up, and during the day the window would be full of first-class ocean view.

She got me a scotch and soda which was about three times too strong. She stood in the doorway looking very agitated; her carefully prepared black hair was a bit astray.

"I'm sorry, Mr Hardy, he's never late as a rule. The meal's ruined."

There was a noise from the back of the house and she went off to take care of it. The room had a few comfortable chairs, a TV set and a coffee table; there were magazines and books on the table and more books on the floor near one chair and a whole lot more in a big bookcase. I took a sip of the scotch and went over to look — they were mostly novels and biographies but here and there other books had been stuck in or laid across the top of the rows. These were studies of work-places, unions and aspects of the labor movement. Some had Dempsey's name in them and so did some of the novels. He could be a political scientist, economist or sociologist — it's hard to tell these days — but the novels definitely ruled out physics.

Mrs Dempsey, who'd introduced herself as Rosemary, came back carrying a scotch that looked about as strong as mine. She was very edgy.

"That was Graham, our eldest," she said. "I'd promised him his father would come in and say goodnight. I don't know what to do."

"Have a drink and sit down." She was in that distracted state that comes from listening to your own fears. An outside voice is welcome and usually obeyed. She sat down and sipped mechanically.

"Have you rung the university?"

"Yes. Just before you arrived. He left the lecture theatre on time."

"Would he stop off on the way, for cigarettes, liquor?"

She shook her head.

"Might have had a breakdown."

"He's more than an hour *late!*" She looked at me as if I were an idiotic child. "If he had a breakdown he'd call the NRMA and he'd call *me!*"

"Let's give him a few minutes." I forced her to talk and learned that Dempsey was a senior lecturer in sociology. He had a PhD from the ANU and they'd been in Wollongong for five years. I sipped the scotch and

tried to think of more to say but her eyes were screaming at me. I got up.

"Okay, I'll go have a look for him. I'm retained by the family anyway."

She told me that Dempsey was a tall, thin man with spectacles who'd been wearing light drill trousers and an army-style shirt. The car was a red VW beetle. I told her I'd call as soon as I knew anything and advised her to get a friend over for support. She said she would. I drove the obvious route to the university and heard no sirens, saw no flashing red or blue lights. It was a Monday night, quiet, with four TV channels available.

Dempsey was teaching a special course in industrial sociology his wife had told me, and most of the students were adults who'd be rushing off to their own families and activities. The lectures were held in a set of halls at the northern end of the campus. I located them on the campus map and parked in the roadway at the front. The lights in the grounds were modern and bright but the lecture halls were in darkness. I walked around the building and found a car park about 50 metres back surrounded by a chest-high hedge. I saw the shape of a VW in the corner of the park and began to run.

William Dempsey was lying on the ground beside the car with his feet under the hedge. One side of his face was covered with blood and it had flowed up into his hair and down into his shirt, soaking one of the pockets. He wasn't wearing spectacles. He was breathing evenly and the blood still oozed from a cut running along where his hair was parted. I opened the car door; there was a set of keys in the ignition and a briefcase flung on the passenger seat. Light from the car washed across Dempsey, and he groaned. I squatted down beside him and told him to lie still.

He lifted one hand, let it flop, then tried a leg. "Who're you?"

I told him and said I was going to ring for an ambulance.

"No, wait." His voice was weak but urgent. "Rosemary told me you'd be coming." He screwed up his eyes and looked at me. The eye on the blood-smeared side came into life, which was a comfort. "Don't call an ambulance. Just help me."

"Nothing doing," I said. "Your skull might be cracked, you could die in an hour. Lie back and wait."

"I won't." Something in the way he said it, something petulant, almost childish and yet determined, made me listen to him. "If you go off I'll get in that car and drive it."

"You wouldn't make it."

He lifted his head, groaned and let it fall back. His voice was weaker. "Hardy, if you ring my wife she'll have a doctor waiting for us at home. If he says so I'll go to hospital, but I don't want to. This is political."

The last word was spoken so softly I had to bend down to hear it.

"This bashing, it's political?"

"Yes," he whispered.

It all sounded like everything I usually like to avoid. But he meant what he said enough to take a risk and incur some pain saying it. That was worth something, also I admired his taste in novels.

"I'll bring my car around, it's bigger. Take it easy." I jogged back to the road and drove around behind the lecture halls to the car park. Dempsey clenched his teeth as I lifted him into the back seat but he didn't make a sound. Moving him, I noticed more blood, down one side of his chest and on his back. I got him more or less stretched out with something soft under his head. He closed his eyes and I lifted the unbloodied lid with a finger. It looked all right.

"Bag," he said.

I got his case from the VW and took the keys out of the lock. There was a Crook-Lok lying on the floor and I put it on and secured it, then I locked the car. I looked back at him before starting; he opened his eyes and tried to give me a wink. I thought about the strong scotch I'd left on Rosemary Dempsey's table and hoped it would still be there. I drove out of the quiet campus and through the almost empty streets as smoothly as you can in a 15-year-old Falcon.

Dempsey's house was unnaturally bright, the way houses are when ever there's some crisis on. Rosemary Dempsey had a neighbor, a woman as well turned out as herself, with her and they were both drinking coffee and smoking when I walked in. When I got into the light I saw that some of Dempsey's blood had got on my shirt. Rosemary paled when she saw me.

"Oh Christ!" She jumped up and knocked her coffee over, the dark liquid soaking the cloth and dripping on the floor. "What happened?"

"Calm down," I said. "He's in the car and he's alive."

We got him into the house and on to a divan on the sun porch. The neighbor turned out to be a nurse and she got busy cleaning Dempsey up and checking him over. He was conscious but in a lot of pain and not making much sense.

"He said there was a doctor you could contact," I said.

Rosemary looked at the other woman. "Zelda?"

"The cut needs stitching."

"I'll call Archie." She went out quickly and I followed her through to the sitting room. My scotch was sitting where I'd left it and I took a good slug of it. Rosemary was holding the phone, waiting for an answer; she pointed to the scotch bottle on the coffee table and gave me a full candlepower smile. She was a very attractive woman in a slightly sculptured way. I re-made the drink and went back to the sun porch. Dempsey's color wasn't too bad and Zelda was holding his head up to a glass of water.

"Who's Archie?" I said.

She grinned up at me. "Archie Pappas," she said. "He's the local communist doctor. You knew the Dempseys were commos of course?"

The wood under my feet was polished pine, the whisky in my glass was Black Label. "No, I didn't."

"Sure," she said. "Raving reds."

The doctor arrived just as I was finishing the drink. He was dark and squat with a spread waist. He butted a cigarette and bustled across to the divan. After looking at the cut, which was clean, now gaping open, he got a medical torch out of his bag and looked into Dempsey's eyes.

"He's bleeding from his side and at the back, doctor," I said.

"Who's he?"

Rosemary glanced at me blankly as if she didn't know the answer, then she remembered — I was the one who'd brought her husband home and stopped her tearing her hair out. "This is Mr Hardy," she said. "He's a sociologist from Sydney."

Pappas kept on doctoring. "Oh really, what's your field, Mr Hardy?"

"Criminology," I said.

Zelda gave an amused snort but the doctor didn't seem to notice; he prepared a syringe and I got the idea that I wasn't going to get much information out of Dempsey that night. The needle went in and the doctor cleaned up. "He'll be okay," he said. "I've stitched the cut on his head and put a dressing on the ribs. There's no fracture. Concussion, but not bad."

"No hospital," I said.

He glanced at Rosemary. "No, it's not really necessary."

I stood aside and let Rosemary escort him out. He gave me a nod and went quickly. I heard Rosemary say something to him near the door but not loudly enough to catch it.

Zelda came over and stood closer to me than she needed to. I didn't mind; she was tall and slim and she had nice eyes. She looked as if she'd have a sense of humor.

"Funny doctor," I remarked. "A criminal assault and no questions asked. Are politics really so hot around here?"

"Sometimes," Zelda said. "Bill Dempsey's in the middle of something

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very hot just now. I thought that was why you're here."

"No."

"Well I'm curious. Why are you here, Mr Hardy?"

"Cliff. I'm sorry I can't tell you. A family matter."

"You tell me and I'll tell you why Bill got bashed."

"Sorry. If Mrs Dempsey . . ."

"Mrs Dempsey what?" Rosemary came back into the room and leaned against the door. She looked drawn and tired and her hair definitely needed a comb.

"I'm prying, Rosemary. I want to know all about this mystery man. Tell him to talk to me."

"This is Zelda Robson, Mr Hardy," Rosemary said wearily. "She's my best friend and you can talk to her. She'll tell me everything you say anyway. I'm sorry, I don't think we can do much about your inquiry tonight. Perhaps tomorrow."

"Right. I'll check with you. Just quickly, you don't know anything about your husband's brother?"

"Nothing."

"Okay, thank you."

"Don't think me rude please. I'm washed out but thank you very much for what you've done."

"Come on, Cliff." Zelda had me by the arm and moved me across to the back door. Rosemary watched us go with an expression that was hard to interpret — it might have been one of approval, or maybe it was just because she'd seen the film before.

We went across some grass, a paved courtyard and through a gate in a brushwood fence. Zelda's house seemed to be a slightly smaller version of the Dempseys'; it boasted a lot of timber and glass and was straining a bit too hard to be natural. She held on to my arm while she gathered up a bottle of scotch and some ice cubes in the kitchen and ushered me through to her living room. It was carpeted, with a sofa and a couple of big chairs; these were covered with skins and furs and you could have copulated in comfort almost anywhere in the room.

"Well." Her voice was deep, almost mannish, and the bones of her face cried out for fingers to touch them.

"Cheers." I took a sip of scotch.

She laughed. "I think this is called fencing." She tucked one bare foot up under her; she was wearing tight black slacks and a white silk blouse. "Bill's trying to save a mine and a railway line and stop a road."

"Who's he up against?"

"Do you know anything about the mines around here, Cliff?"

I shook my head. "No."

"They're basic to the character of the place. Miners are terrific. There's a strong democratic spirit around here, the miners keep it thriving and they've prevented this part of the country becoming a great big McDonaldland . . . You know what I'm trying to say?"

"Yeah, I noticed some of the towns coming down. They still look like people live in them. There must be big money trying to change that though."

"That's what the Dempseys are fighting. There's a mine in behind here, about 50 kilometres in. It's small but it pays its way and the coal comes out by rail. There's pressure to build a road and move the coal that way."

"Pressure from whom?"

She held up her hand and ticked off on fingers. "The truckies want it, people who'll be paid for the land want it and, believe me, some of them only bought the land yesterday. The big mines want it so they can argue that all the coal here travels by road and they need a subsidy."

"What about the unions?"

"Some for and some against."

"Charming; and it's Dempsey who's leading the fight?"

"Right. He's held public meetings, organised petitions, and written to everyone who can read. He's writing a book on the politics and economics of it, hot stuff."

"Shouldn't he be teaching?"

She gave a short barking laugh. "He works it into his lectures. He sets essays on it. He gets students to interview truckies and management."

"That'd make him popular. And it's one of this mob that bashed him?"

"Bound to be."

"Where does the Communist Party fit in?"

She leaned forward to pick up her glass; I could see down inside her blouse, see the line and shape of her breasts. "That's another story," she said. "Now why don't you tell me why you're really here?"

I told her but I wasn't far into it before she crossed the gap and we were kissing and she was touching me and I was touching her. We went through to the bedroom and she took her clothes off and my clothes off and there was a good deal of laughing while we got used to each other. It didn't take long; she lay under me and we moved well together and we made a very good job of it. After, I held her breasts in my hands and she held me; she wasn't mannish at all.

In the morning we did the usual things — drank coffee, hugged and kissed and wondered what would happen next, if anything. I finished telling her about my assignment for the patriarch Dempsey and I learned that she was divorced with two children of whom the father had the custody. She didn't want to talk about that. I admired her figure and the quick, deft way she did things around the house while I waited to see the Dempseys again. On an impulse, I pulled out a copy of the newspaper clipping and pointed to the man in the crowd scene with his head circled.

"Know him, Zelda?"

She took a quick, casual look. "Sure, who doesn't?"

"I don't. Who is he?"

"Tommy Gibbons, bad news."

"What's his game?"

"Don't know what you'd call him, he's a sort of bodyguard."

"Who does he protect?"

"Harry Belfrage. He's a trucker and lots of other things."

"Like what?"

"Oh, security services. He moves money, I think, and guards buildings. You know."

"Yeah. This Gibbons. He used to be a unionist, so why'd he change sides?"

She shrugged; it was nice to watch. "I don't know. I don't follow this sport myself, I just get it from Bill and Ro. What's the connection? If Gibbons has any tie-up with the lost brother, it means he's a hood."

I was staring out the window at her well-kept but unfussy garden; she preferred trees and shrubs to flowers and there were big stones arranged in a circle that looked to be for sitting and drinking on. She snapped her fingers in front of my face.

"I see there's a great mind at work. Look, I have to go out soon, Cliff . . ."

"Okay. Can I ring the Dempseys?"

"Ring? They're just over there."

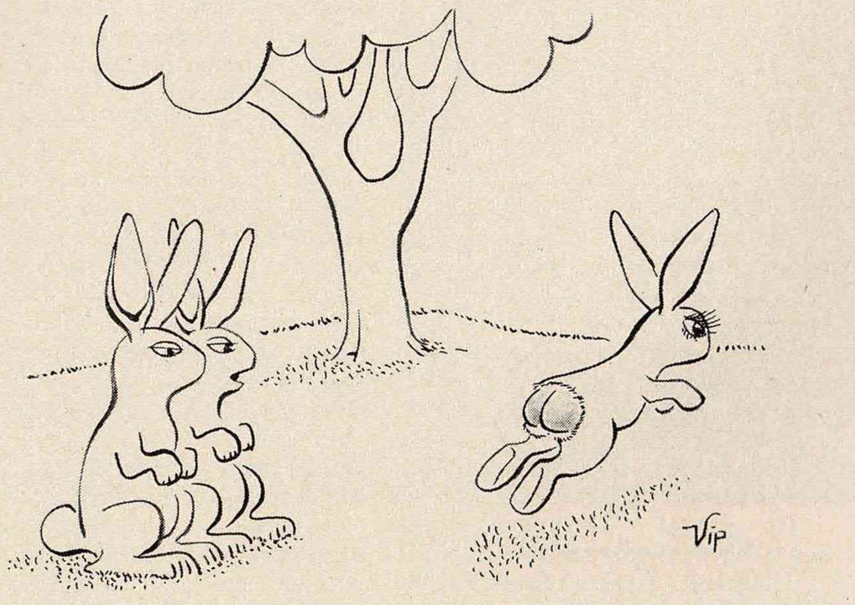
"I don't have time for the chit-chat. And I suspect he won't be up to seeing me."

She pointed to the phone, turned hard on her heel and went out. I made the call and got Rosemary, who confirmed what I'd thought. Bill was still drowsy and she wasn't letting anyone near him. I said I'd call later and hung up. I sat thinking for a minute and then located Belfrage's business address in the directory. When I went through the house I found that Zelda had left. I wrote a note on a paper napkin telling her where I was staying and saying I'd ring her later and left it under the scotch bottle.

I drove back to the motel for a shave and a shower. They saw me come, knew I hadn't slept there, saw me go, and not one of them batted an eye. As I drove off I remembered the first time I'd stayed, guilt-ridden, at a motel; the car had stalled and the luggage was faked and the manager had looked like he was about to call the cops. Now you couldn't faze them if you checked in with Les Girls.

The grounds of the Belfrage Trucking and Security Company were enclosed by a high cyclone fence. About 20 large trucks — Macks, Internationals and others — were parked on a strip of tarmac that looked long enough to handle a Concorde. There were workshops and other buildings inside the compound and up near the front gate a long, low structure with a curved roof like a Quonset hut.

It was past 10 o'clock on what was going to be a warm day. I sat in my car with a drop of sweat trickling down my neck and admitted to myself that I didn't have a clue what to do next. To bust in upon Gibbons and Belfrage demanding to see birth certificates seemed a sure way to land in the hospital, if not the harbor. I sat and watched, wishing I could smoke so as to convince myself that I was



"I think I still prefer the cottontail effect."

thinking. But I didn't smoke any more. Suddenly, I had something to watch: the door to the main building flew open and a dark, stocky man moved almost at a trot across to a Holden ute parked nearby. I was the best part of 100 metres away but I could hear his voice raised in anger and tell from his movement that he was not happy either; a big, middle-aged character with a pink shirt and a face to match. He was yelling, and the first man was yelling and then a guy in overalls came sprinting on to the scene. He did a bit of yelling, too, and some arm-waving as he unlocked and swung open the big gate which held a metal nameplate that had Belfrage Trucking and Security printed on it. The dark man gunned up the ute and roared out of the gate; he bounced inside the car as he drove over a gutter and passed within six metres of me heading toward town. I got a good look at him. He was the man in the photograph, aged a few years, and with his features a little distorted by ungovernable anger.

I got out of my car and moved quickly toward the gate. The two men were talking across a distance of 10 metres and the gate stayed open. The overalled man started to swing it to as he saw me. I held up my hand.

"Business with Mr Belfrage," I said. "That him?"

He nodded and let me through. I walked toward Belfrage who stood in the doorway watching me. He looked unhealthy; his grey hair was cropped short around his bullet head and thousands of veins had broken in his nose and face. He looked as if he was pumped-up and over-heated, ready to burst. I wiped my hand on my trousers and stuck it out.

"Mr Belfrage, my name's Hardy. I might want to lease a truck — a quarrying job."

"Talk to Eddie."

It followed that Eddie was the man in the overalls. I went over to him as he re-locked the gate. He was short, almost jockey-sized, with a sharp, intelligent face under a baseball cap.

His overalls had BTS in big blue letters on the pocket. Unlike his boss, he took my hand. I told him my business and he asked me several questions about the quarry. I was vague and tried to get him on to trucks, which I knew more about.

I nodded back at the gate as we walked toward the trucks. "What was all that about?"

He grinned. "Tommy blew his stack. He must've screwed up again."

I laughed. "You have fireworks like that around here often?"

"Now'n then. They had a blue like that a month ago. Always settles down. Gibbo'll get on the grog for a day. Now what about a Merc? Big bugger, should do the job."

We talked trucks and I noted down things about tonnage and fuel and tried to look interested. After a while I eased back, saying I'd be looking around for the best deal. The sun was high now and it was hot. I wiped my hand across my face. "I could do with a drink. What's the best pub around?"

"We use the Travellers." He gave me directions and opened the gate. I asked him to tell Belfrage that I'd probably be in touch; he nodded, but I had a feeling that he didn't believe me. I turned around once on the way back to my car and saw Eddie going in where the rude Mr Belfrage had gone.

The Travellers Arms was a nice old pub about two kilometres away. The verandah on the second level was supported by thin wooden piles ideal for the loungers from the public bar to lean against. It had an iron roof from which the red paint was peeling and a scarred and battered facade that recalled two world wars and the depression. There was an ancient horse trough opposite the entrance to the saloon lounge.

Gibbons' ute was standing outside along with a scattering of other cars. I parked a little way off, unwound the passenger window and put the Smith & Wesson .38 on the seat under a newspaper. There were 10 men in the bar not counting the beer puller. Two sat up at the bar talking, there was a group of five in one corner and Tommy Gibbons sat near a window with two other men. They were all drinking schooners of Old. I ordered a middy of New, sat down at the bar and pretended interest in my notebook. Gibbons had a long Irish face, and, although his hair had retreated on the sides, there was still plenty of it. He was wearing a sports shirt and slacks; his arms had been developed by work and his body looked firm. One of his mates was a skinny, ginger-haired character wearing a tattered track suit top and jeans, the other looked like a retired Rugby League forward; he was massive in the shoulders and upper chest but a roll of beer fat around the middle made his torso cylindrical. They finished their schooners and Ginger came across to the bar for his shout. The heavy man leaned forward to hear what Gibbons was saying and then made a muscle-bound flexing movement of his shoulders. "Well, why didn't ya?" he said.

Gibbons shook his head and looked across toward Ginger. He saw me but nothing registered on his face. They started on their round and I was wondering whether to order another when the red phone on the wall near the school of five rang. One of the men answered it and shouted for Gibbons. He came across and listened, then he looked up at me once and I started to venture toward the door. Gibbons shouted, "Get him!" The red-head stepped in front of me and I swung and got him on the side of the head and he went down.

Gibbons was putting down the phone but the front row forward was after me and moving pretty fast. I sprinted to the car and he wasn't far behind; I slowed down a bit to let him gain, put my hand in for the gun and swung around. He was about to grab me when I split his upper lip with the muzzle of the .38.

"Stay there fatty, or you're dead." He stopped and half-raised his hands. I nipped around the driver's seat and had the car moving in record time. I had a flash of Ginger and Gibbons on the move and I thought Gibbons had something in his hand but, by then, I was concentrating on turning, missing other cars and getting out of sight.

I was sweating freely and the beer was sour in my mouth and belly as I headed toward the Dempseys. He was going to have to talk to me whether he liked it or not, and if I knocked over a bowl of Rosemary's chicken broth, that'd be just too bad. As I pulled up at some lights, I noticed a truckie looking down into the car at the gun on the passenger seat. I put it away in the clip under the dashboard feeling rattled and inefficient. I hadn't used the gun for a long time, even to threaten, and I didn't feel easy with it. I parked down on the street in front of the house and ran up the drive. I must have looked pretty wild because Rosemary started building defences against me the minute she opened the door and saw my face.

"No, Mr Hardy, he's very ill. I'm sorry but he can't . . ."

I pushed her aside not too gently and closed the door. "He's got to see me. This is all getting very sticky. It'll be shooting next."

I went through to the main bedroom. Dempsey was sitting up wearing some kind of Oriental robe and reading a paperback. The room was feminine, and Dempsey, unshaven and with rumpled hair, was the only untidy thing in it.

"Hardy." He looked up quickly and then winced as a shaft of pain hit him. "Look, I'm very grateful for last night, I . . ."

"Skip it," I said. "It was Tommy Gibbons who bashed you, right?"

He looked surprised and stalled by carefully putting down his book. "Why do you say that?"

"I've just seen him. He's a very angry man, very upset and he's got a

gun. I don't think it'll be third time lucky for you, mate."

"Third time," he said slowly.

"Don't shit me, Dempsey. Gibbons had a go at you a month or so ago didn't he? You need help and if I know the cops in a place like this they'll treat a communist stirrer like you as an accident waiting to happen."

Rosemary was standing in the doorway listening and I had a feeling that she might be an ally. They looked at each other across the room and there was a lot in that look — trust and respect for other things. She gave a slight nod.

"All right," Dempsey gave in. "Gibbons had a go, as you say, a month ago, and it was him again last night. He told me to drop the campaign, the usual thing."

"Did Gibbons do the bashing?"

"Well, he pushed me around a bit at first, but no, it was the other one, the heavy one, who hit me most. Gibbons seemed to be holding him back almost. But the big one hit me and kicked me and I think he would have done some more except that there was something that scared them off — a light or a car or something."

Rosemary said softly: "You say this man Gibbons has a gun?"

"Yeah, and I think he's under some pressure to use it. Belfrage stands to gain if the road goes ahead, eh?"

"He certainly does. He controls the trucking, has an interest in the land and . . ." He'd dropped into a lecturing tone and I held up a hand to stop him.

"I get the idea. All this is known to everyone, is it?"

"Oh no," Rosemary replied. "Bill's told people, of course, but it's his research that shows what Belfrage is doing — he's got it all well covered with subsidiary companies and leases and things."

Dempsey looked modest and I tried to picture it — a known communist slandering a respected businessman, boring people silly with details of companies and stand-ins. It sounded as if Belfrage was nicely under cover while Dempsey was in the middle of a paddock without a bush in sight. Silence fell while I did my thinking and Dempsey broke it with an embarrassed cough.

"Look Hardy, I can't quite see what this has to do with finding Robert. Isn't that why you're here?"

For no good reason I suddenly remembered that I hadn't eaten breakfast and now it was early afternoon and I was hungry. Also I was curious about Zelda and why she'd taken off so abruptly. You're not supposed to be like this — distracted, thinking of your stomach — in the middle of an investigation, but it happens. I was confused and finding it hard to get a grip.

I muttered something about it being no good to find one brother and lose another and then asked Rosemary if she could give me something to eat. She looked surprised but drew on her bottomless well of politeness and agreed to make me a sandwich. I asked Dempsey a few questions about his brother whom he barely remembered, but my heart wasn't in it. His eyes dropped and his color wasn't good and I started to leave the room.

"I am a bit scared you know," he said faintly. "What do you think I should do?"

"I don't suppose you've got any trained fighters on your side — good men with the boot, a gun or two?"

He shook his head. "No, I don't, I wouldn't have . . ."

"Didn't think so. Well, the thing is to stop Belfrage."

"How?"

"Tell him a story," I said.

I ate a beef sandwich in the kitchen under Rosemary's curious eye. She offered to open a bottle of wine for me but I refused. I couldn't afford to get into the habit of opening bottles of wine for lunch. I had to get to Belfrage somehow and play the one weak card I had. I wouldn't know how to do it until I got there so there was no point in thinking about it. I told Rosemary about how Zelda had behaved and she only shrugged.

"She's very sensitive. You must have upset her."

She smiled. "I'm sure you can make it up. She's terrific, isn't she?"

I said she was, but I wondered what she meant. Suburbia, you can never tell. I finished the sandwich and drank some coffee.

Rosemary touched me on the shoulder as I walked over to the sink and rinsed the cup and plate.

"We're very grateful for what you're doing, Mr Hardy. I don't know anything about guns. Neither does Bill. And he has the children to think about, of course."

"Don't worry about it." I'd heard that line before; somehow your life is worth less if you haven't got children. "If you want to return the favor, tell Zelda what a prince I am."

"I will."

I walked down to my car thinking about the Dempseys and wondering what the mother had been like. I had my hands on the wheel when I felt the blade nip me behind the ear.

"Just sit still mate," a reedy voice said, "and nothing bad will happen."

I sat. Tommy Gibbons got in beside me and dug a vicious punch into my ribs. "That's for Stewie," he said. A green Datsun drove slowly down the street and Gibbons waved to the driver — the muscle man with the split lip.

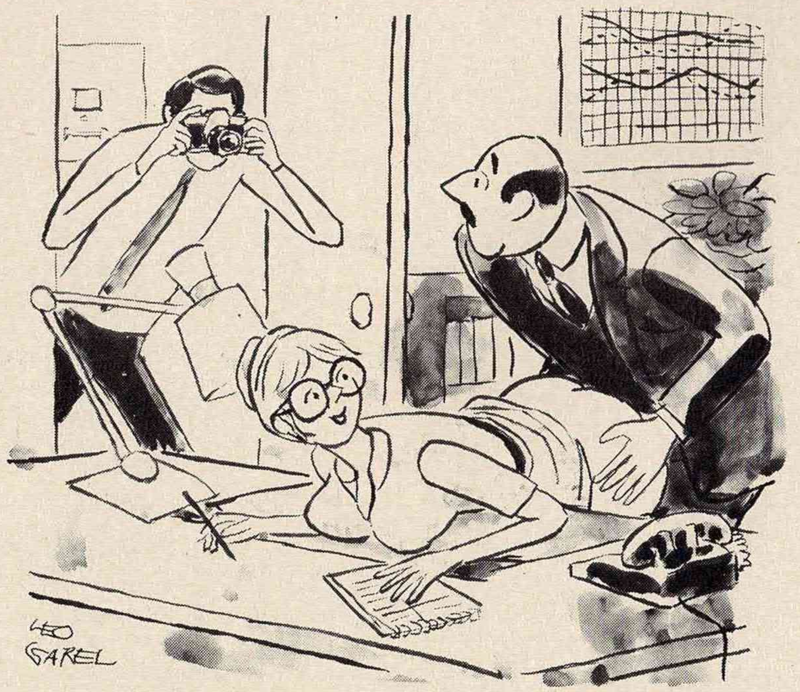
"Tell me where the gun is or I'll get my mate to cut off a bit of your ear."

I told him and he unclipped the .38 and put it in his waistband. "Okay, now just drive."

"Where to?"

"Where you were this morning, you friggin' spy."

The blade moved away and I started the car and drove. Ginger sat in the back smoking and doing a little bit of work on the upholstery with his knife. The upholstery is shot anyway but I still didn't care for it. Halfway across the town, I noticed that the



"Don't mind him, Mr Wilcox; he's just gathering evidence for my sexual discrimination lobby."

Datsun had fallen in behind us; he stayed back a bit and on my right which cancelled any ideas of leaping out of the car — if I knew Stewie, he'd put the front wheels over me and smile. When we got to Belfrage's place Gibbons directed me down a track which ran alongside the east fence. Near the end, well away from the main building and the trucks, there was a gate. Inside the gate was a small shed. I stopped, Gibbons unshipped the gun and we went through the gate and into the shed.

It looked like it had been made out of car crates. The timber walls were rough and there was a crude skylight instead of windows. The afternoon light fell on Belfrage who was standing inside, leaning against the back wall, sneering.

"Well, well. You did something right for once."

Gibbons stepped forward, he held my gun in his hand and he waved it crazily. "Listen Harry, stop riding me. I won't take any more of it. He's here, now get off my back."

Stewie came in then which made five of us in the shack. Ginger pulled up a packing case and sat down to work on his fingernails with the knife. Stewie sat on an old sea chest and gave me dirty looks. His lip was puffy and he worked with his tongue at a bottom tooth as if it was loose. That left the three of us standing; Belfrage was mean, Gibbons was furious, and I was scared.

Belfrage lit a cigarette and coughed as he drew on it. Veins stood out in his face and he let his belly go even slacker when he coughed. He was in bad shape. "Okay, Tommy," he said. "Take it easy. Where'd you get him?"

"Where d'you suppose," Stewie growled. "Out in front of that prick Dempsey's place."

Belfrage blew smoke in my face. "All right, you. You snoop around here, you spy on my boys in the pub and you hang around with Dempsey. What the hell are you doing?"

I shot a quick, uneasy look at Gibbons and tried to look shifty. "Well, it's hard to say. Couldn't just you and me have a talk about it?"

Belfrage laughed. "Oh, bullshit. Stewie, why don't you show him that I don't like bullshit."

Stewie got up slowly and took up his position about a metre in front of me. I felt sick and regretted the sandwich; being hit by blokes like Stewie is no picnic but it was something I had to go through. I swayed away from the first punch and ducked the second but his third swing got me high on the cheek. I felt the skin open and I went down harder and more clumsily than I needed to. Stewie stood over me rubbing his knuckles and grinning crookedly with his battered mouth.

"What d'you say now, smart arse?" Belfrage said.

I got up, swayed a bit and rounded on Gibbons. "You bastard, you've got the gun, use it for Christ's sake!"

Gibbons' jaw dropped. "What're you on about?"

It was too much for Stewie who didn't react at all. Ginger stopped excavating and looked at Gibbons. Belfrage was getting that over-heated look again. "What's this?" he snapped. "What's this?"

I put my hand up to my bleeding cheek and tried to look abject; I was on thin ice and it wasn't hard. "All right, Mr Belfrage, I'm a spy, I admit it. Dempsey hired me. But I'm not the only one. Dempsey's got inside your show properly. He knows everything. Gibbons is working for him too."

Gibbons gave a forced laugh. "What crap. Harry, that's bull."

"Hasn't he gone easy on Dempsey twice?" I said quickly. "Didn't you tell him to put Dempsey right out of it this time?"

Belfrage looked at Ginger. "Well? You were there, what d'you say?"

Ginger didn't know which horse to pick — Belfrage in fury or Gibbons with the gun. "I dunno, dunno," he stammered. "Tommy went sorta easy on him but . . ."

"He's Dempsey's brother," I said. I'd measured the distance to Stewie's crotch and reckoned I could get to Ginger before he could do anything with the knife. "He's his older brother and he's a commie as well. They're going to screw you, Belfrage."

"No," Gibbons said weakly. "No, it's not true." But he looked at me and Blind Freddie could see that he was lying. Belfrage was almost purple now and he bent down and picked up a length of pipe from the floor.

"Harry!" Gibbons threatened him with the gun. "Harry, listen."

"I can prove it," I yelped. I pulled out the clipping. "Look." I held it out. "That's him on the picket line."

"So what," Gibbons sneered. "I've done a lot of things, Harry . . ."

I checked my distances again before I said it. "That clipping came from Dempsey's mother, Belfrage. She kept it till the day she died."

"Died?" Gibbons' voice was an anguished groan. "Died, no . . ."

Belfrage swung the pipe, I put my right foot into Stewie's groin and nearly tore Ginger's head off with a roundhouse left: the .38 cracked twice and a sharp, acrid smell filled the shack. Belfrage went back, buckled and went down. Gibbons let the hand holding the gun drop to his side. I bent and looked at Belfrage; one bullet had taken him in the throat and the other had gone through his jaw and up.

I took Gibbons' arm at the elbow and shook it gently; he dropped the gun. "I couldn't kill my brother."

"I know," I said. "But why did you stay here?"

He shrugged. "I don't know. Harry paid well. I've done time. I made a cock-up of everything. I thought I could discourage Bill, talk to him later maybe . . . I don't know."

Gibbons had a glazed, resigned look, and I remembered the proud austerity of the father and the warm hopefulness of the sister.

"Get moving, Robert," I said. "I'll give you an hour. I'll have to tell them you shot Belfrage but I'll put it in the best light I can. Maybe there won't be much heat. Go north, go anywhere."

He nodded and went out of the shack. I sat there for half an hour chatting to Stewie and Ginger. When the flies started to settle on Belfrage, we went off to look for a telephone.

I told it to the cops pretty straight, leaving out the connection between Gibbons and Dempsey. After our little yarn about assault and abduction, Stewie and Ginger were content to let me take over. Stewie hadn't understood what happened awfully well anyway. William and Rosemary Dempsey and I got together over some Black Label and a couple of policemen interrupted us and it took a while to sort things out. The upshot was that Belfrage was as officially unmourned for various reasons as much as I was unwelcomed. I got a much better welcome from Zelda; she forgave me for being work-obsessed that morning and we went out to eat and back to her house for a short session with the bottle and a long session between the sheets. Turned out she was work-obsessed too, and we left it at that. I'd go down again and do some swimming when the weather was warmer.

I drove back up to Sydney, and Rosemary and Bill came up to have a pow-wow with Susan. They paid me my fee but I never got to make my report to old Hiram: he went into hospital while I was away, and the news was that he was in a coma and sinking fast.

Susan came to deliver the cheque in person; she was elegant but subdued, which only seemed to make her look even more elegant.

"What will you do with the land?" I asked.

"Keep it. Maybe Robert might come back sometime."

"Yeah," I said. "He might."

BMW 325i ALPINA

A WOLF IN SLEEK CLOTHING

WE WORK out all the rules for the game on the car ferry. We are both on the front row but, judging by the snicky right hander coming into view on the other side of the river, the Mercedes driver already has secured "pole" position. I wonder then if he did it as a matter of course; he has the look of a man who has been here before. He also has the look of "old" money — fine-tune grooming, expensive-cut clothing (not flashy), and a 450 SEL Mercedes that hardly looks trick, but is devastatingly fast. And can only be picked by its slightly fatter tread and simple boot lettering that tells you there's a 6.9 litre motor under the bonnet. By comparison we look like "new" money: BMW jackets and styled cords and, of course, some brash bodywork to ride in.

As the ferry noses into the bank, strainers screaming against a hard current, we wait for the gates to swing out. It's going to be a standing start. We shuffle both cars off and up to the stop-line marked on the road for the ferry traffic: Point "A". He raises one hand, counts three and drops it. From there it will be the first man to Point "B". In between lie 350 kilometres of top touring country. This is to be a contest to find the shortest time/distance between Point A and Point B. Surely something everyone wants to know.

The rules are simple: observe all the major road rules except one — the open road limit. Rules for road safety are one thing. Rules for revenue collecting are something else. But no other exceptions. Posted speeds in villages (no major towns on our route), no dangerous overtaking manoeuvres, no blocking, weaving, driving on incorrect side. In other words, no outright racing. But not necessarily no fun.

It doesn't start well for the Mercedes, and the BMW's nose is already out in front before the tyresmoke has settled. It is about 400 metres into that first curve, and it is the Bee M's corner all the way — just. The

motoring by Rob Luck

Photography by Rob Luck

Just what I've always needed...

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Componamatch is conventional stacked hi-fi that's been exactly pre-matched for optimum performance.

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Featured above is the Philips KS 3400 — an exciting top of the range system with a full 45 watts per channel output comprising the AH 394 tuner, the AF 577 precision turntable and the N 5391 feature packed cassette deck and two AH 493 three-way speakers.

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PHILIPS

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PHILIPS

Merc tucks in behind, respectfully distant, shuffling through the gears to keep pace, and probably wondering already where he's gone wrong. Perhaps he doesn't know what we do — that the BMW can match the Merc to 100km/h and will get over the standing quarter faster by a split argument over tenths. In fact, it's able to outrun a Porsche 924 Turbo to 100km/h. There's no room for error at the start, and we'd had a day of practice, matching clutch and revs only 24 hours before. Score one for the good guys.

We run into the twisty bits right off, lurching mercilessly from one roll angle to the next, pitching violently under brakes into snaking downhill right-left-anglers, the front spoiler crunching down to within a hairs-breadth of the hotmix, hungering to scrape its chin. The mirrors are full of Merc, left, right and centre. Not nice clean nose-views, mind you — sundry glimpses of offside doors, fat rubber cocked out of the wheel arch in opposite lock, spewing tyre-smoke, driver with armpits to the sun.

But it can't last. He can't hope to keep up that activity and stay on the road. But here he is, actually edging the tri-pointer star out for an overtaking manoeuvre!

Of course it doesn't work. It is simply an act of defiance in defeat. The Merc simply doesn't have the legs. Far from the sweet smell of success, the proud nose tucks in behind again at the next curve. Score two for the good guys.

•

It is 9am and there is still no one else on the road. For three hours we have pounded the tar without seeing another vehicle.

The Merc is gone now, courtesy of a fearsome half-lose on a big sweeper, and a better one down in a dinky little left-hand hairpin. Must have stalled and had trouble with the re-start, because he didn't hit anything. Or maybe he just lost his nerve. We didn't wait around to find out.

The next section gives us every chance to find out what the BMW bombshell will do. Over the legal limit in second without nudging the redline (105km/h), 140 in third and 190 in fourth with the red Alpina needle hanging out in the same place on the dial (6500). And top, direct-drive fifth, yields 210 at 6000 revs and still pulling hard.

And the brakes. Brickwall brakes — nothing else could stop you faster. The pedal feels squishy at first, but firms as the toe almost finds the firewall where g-forces threaten to leave you quartered by the seatbelt. There's no squeal, no scudder or lock, and no fade even after an endless mashing down a mineshaft of a gorge. But what else would you expect from four-wheel cross-drilled competition disc brakes?

The only limitation on the handling is the driver. Big heart, big balls and a big right foot are all mandatory equipment for the fastest lines. No wheel-swing is necessary. Just set it up, point it, poke it and power on through. The Pirelli P7s suck at the pavement and all the mechanical bits, like the adjustable Bilstein shock absorbers and the progressive rate springs, just push and pull like you would expect of a race car.

The ride is firm. However, the magnificent Recaro interior soaks up the worst short-pitch bumps. And the seats hug the frame so that the driver is left free to aim and fire while the passenger has no need to hang on to anything — except under violent braking — unless he happens to be the nervous type.

•

The number up ahead is 60 and the town is our destination. We've got the gold. And the Mercedes still isn't anywhere in sight.

Now there's plenty of time to check the town attributes of this road-bound missile. Fifth gear turns out to be good for a low of 60km/h, about 1500 revs, fourth will run down to 50 at the same mark and the lower three will serve to cruise along in any speed that keeps the tacho needle turning. The thing will pull from a standstill in second faster than most in first and, using all the gears, could get you to 140km/h in the average short city block. But we don't recommend that you try it.

The car is quiet and smooth, a bit hoppy on bitumen joins, water mains, and the sundry other bumps and humps you find on urban roads.

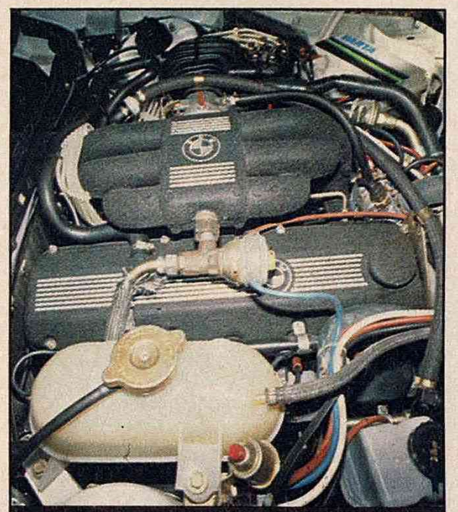
The power steering, which takes a holiday at high speed to give you plenty of roadfeel, suddenly turns up again to make town touring easier. The electro-adjustable twin mirrors ensure you don't miss anything on either side. The bodywork and trim will draw a bagful of eyes, and the chin spoiler which held us on the road at speed doesn't set down on every dip and spoon drain like some ill-conceived tack-on.

After a cruise around town we pull into a service station and the 120-litre tank is already half filled when the opposition cruises in and puts the 450 SEL in the next row. There is some mirthless shaking of hands and the mumbled mention of fuel surge and a re-start problem.

A true gallant, he opens the boot and offers to settle in Veuve Cliquot. Shades of B&H horse-trading.

At the hand-over ceremony, there is a rueful glance toward Europe's formerly fastest sedan as the spoils of war are passed to their new and younger owners.

There is just one humiliation left. The fuel bill. We've used up just 14.2 litres per 100 kilometres — 19.8mpg — something considerably short of our ambling best of 9.1 l/100 km. His checked out at a horrific 28.2l/100km (10mpg). A double victory.



BMW ALPINA 325i

Price: $33,100 (approx). BMW 323i plus about $13,500.
Contact: Alpina Australia, 2 Ocean Ave, Edgecliffe, Sydney. Ph 32 5040.

ALPINA MODIFICATIONS

Engine: 2.5 litre capacity, blueprinted to 8000rpm, produces 147kW (200 [DIN] bhp).
Transmission: Five-speed Gertrag competition close-ratio. (5-speed O/D available), limited slip differential, and diff cooler.
Suspension: Fully adjustable (four settings), competition Bilstein (sport optional) shock absorbers, Progressive rate springs, fully adjustable roll bars front/rear.
Wheels/tyres: Alpina 6/7 x 15in, Pirelli P7.
Brakes: Competition ventilated and cross-drilled.
Interior: Recaro combinations, retrimmed rear, Alpina trim, sports steering, others.
Body: Airdam, anti-lift tail spoiler, body stripe kit, I/D badges.
Detail: Electro engine fans, electronic ignition, etc.
Optional: Power steer ($880), air-cond (approx $1000), metallic duco ($570), radio cassette ($600).
Performance: 0-100km/h 7.1 secs; standing quarter 15.8 secs; top speed 215km/h.

Your next Evening Arrangement

Setting the scene.
For obvious reasons, keep it simple. Get your priorities straight: even with a less than perfect apartment and fast-food from around the corner, you can triumph with a well-set table and handsome accoutrements; and the right wine. Don't shun flowers; they can be heady. And if you're lucky enough to have an open fire, count a hundred points ahead.

Planning the food.
Note we said 'planning'. Planning and presentation are everything. Maybe you long to show off your souffle but save it for your mother: you'll need one hell of a masculine charisma to live down the frilly-apron scene. Good simple food and an irreproachable wine like Black Tower will keep you in authority. You've got better things to do than twitch about the kitchen. If you really want to impress, splurge on a tiny tin of Beluga.

Getting the drinks.
Forget the scene where you mix up batteries of martinis. Most of today's ladies don't need it. She'll be more at ease with another glass of fresh light white, like Black Tower, than the offer of another innuendo-loaded cocktail. (She knows what you're up to, but she doesn't want you to be transparent about it.) It's easier just to pour, than to mix-and-shake-and-pour...and that leaves you one hand free to organise romantic music from your impeccable sound equipment.

The setting.
Glasses are handmade in Denmark: Idielle by Holme Gaard from Opus Paddington. Stainless steel cutlery is Elophans, also from Opus, as are the Japanese salt and pepper shakers. Dinner plates, logically, are oven-to-table-to-washer; stoneware called "Caliente" from Habitat, who also supplied the English cotton serviettes. The bunching wall-unit in Philippines cane is from the Design Warehouse. Ashtray by Wartsila, Finland from King Agencies, Pyrmont. The talking-point candlestick is an old match-holder, made about 1920 by Raphael Tuck & Sons, London: it carries a poem by Rudyard Kipling. The sound equipment is Technics from National Panasonic and that's about as good as you'll get.

The wine.
We began by saying 'keep it simple' and that's what Black Tower Liebfraumilch can do for you. German. Imported. Impressive. Tall handsome black bottle. A light white wine to go all the way with, from your Beluga through to fruit, (stay away from strong cheese). If you want to impress the lady, the light touch of Black Tower is what'll do it. All the way.

The Black Tower.
The wine is Black Tower Liebfraumilch, a fresh, fruity wine from Germany. It should be served chilled. Black Tower isn't all that expensive and is absolutely perfect to serve right through your next evening arrangement.

Black Tower Liebfraumilch
White wine from Germany
Distributed by the House of Seppelt.

D691-AB524/80

HALSTON

From leading department stores, selected pharmacies and perfumeries.

1-12 FOR MEN

Clean, crisp, fresh.

Z-14 FOR MEN

Sparkling, warm, sexy.

PHILATELY FOR FUN AND PROFIT

Playboy's Pipeline

IN THE time between writing this article and your reading it, almost every stamp mentioned will have increased in price. Does that surprise you? Listen to this: nine months ago you could have bought a set of 1966 Navigators for $58. Today, you'd be lucky to get a set for $170. And if you'd bought a sheet of 100 seven-cent Christmas stamps over the counter from any post office in 1971, you could sell that sheet for $900 today — not a bad rate of return on your investment!

The fact that there is money in philately (stamp collecting) is not news to those astute businessmen who've been investing in stamps for years, but recently even slow-witted investors have begun to recognise their investment potential. If you need convincing that stamps are big business, just look at the huge annual turnover of stamp auction houses. Since September 1979 the four Harmer's auction houses have recorded total sales, worldwide, of more than $25 million! And, at auctions held by Status Stamps, Australia's fast-rising newcomer in the business, $2 million worth of stamps have been sold in the past year.

If the fact that tiny squares of colored paper with perforated edges and often uninspired designs should be a lucrative commodity surprises you, it shouldn't. In an economy where inflation runs at around 10 percent per annum, people are obviously going to look for an investment with a high rate of return. And they find it in stamps. At a very conservative estimate, philately offers a return of between 25 and 30 percent per annum.

To buy stamps as an investment, you can get them from dealers at their shops or at the stalls they may have at weekend markets. Or you can go to a stamp auction. If you can't get there yourself, you can place a postal bid for any item advertised in a philatelic publication. You can also answer a private collector's advertisement, or have stamps sent on approval. Current stamp issues are on sale at the Philatelic Sales Offices of Australia Post. Experts advise buyers to deal with members of the Australian Stamp Dealers' Association or the Stamp and Coin Dealers' Association and, when it comes to the auctions, to stick to the larger, well-established houses.

It's vital for the investor to buy stamps from countries whose stamp issuing policy is based on postal needs and not on attracting foreign exchange. The best countries are those such as Australia or Great Britain and the worst are the ones like Andorra and Monaco.

Before you rush out and start buying, there are a few important facts you should know about collecting stamps for profit. They must be in perfect, or "mint", condition. That means they should look exactly as they did when issued: no tears, creases, spots or missing perforations, and the gum should be intact.

It's a good idea to find out how long a stamp has been on sale and in what quantities it was issued. As a general rule, the smaller the number issued, the more valuable the stamp is likely to be.

Of course, the $64,000 question for investors is: how do you tell which stamp will rise in value? Guidelines are all very well, but which individual stamps should you buy? If you're very meticulous, you'll look back through 10 years of old catalogues and auction lists, and plot a chart of stamps you fancy. If you can see a steep and steady rise of between 25 and 40 percent, then it's a good stamp which will continue to increase. I know investors who use this method of predicting which stamps will rise, and one of them now has a considerable fortune in stamps.

If you're not prepared to spend this much time and effort, you can pick up a lot of valuable information from the magazines, the dealers and other investors. Or you can take an easier way out altogether and do what increasingly larger numbers of people and institutions are doing: use a stamp investment service. You won't make as much money this way but it will save you effort.

When you decide to purchase a stamp, shop around because prices vary from dealer to dealer, and the price reached at the latest auction may be different again. A dealer's price will depend in part on the price he himself paid for the stamps, partly on his individual profit margin, and partly on the scarcity of the stamps. Recently, I heard one dealer tell a customer that he himself would gladly pay double the listed catalogue price for a certain stamp if only he could get hold of it.

After you've bought your stamps, you must look after them properly or they will deteriorate and lose value. Buy a good quality album, not the cheap chainstore type — its poor paper will eventually mark your stamps. Keep the album upright and away from moisture because humidity causes mildew marks. Handle the stamps carefully with tweezers and on no account put hinges on them! Dust the back of each stamp lightly with French chalk, but don't use talc because its chemicals will damage the stamps.

A word of warning: no matter how much you decide initially to allocate for your stamp investment, you will end up spending far more than you planned. Just wait until the prices start rising — then you'll curse that you didn't buy more!

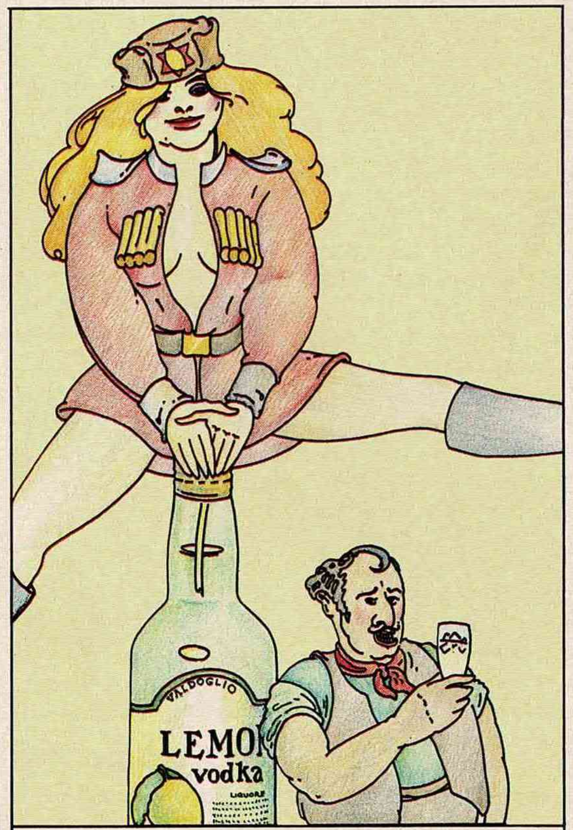
— DIANE ARMSTRONG

PLAYBOY POTPOURRI

people, places, objects and events of interest or amusement

MAGNETIC LURE

PLAYBOY'S shutter-bugs got together their suntan oil and their cameras before heading north for Magnetic Island to shoot off a few dozen rolls for the steamy, red-hot pictorial on show in this issue. Getting the gang back to base was the real problem. They returned tanned and toting tales of living the good life at Magnetic's Mediterranean Holiday Village. Service and accommodation were in line with the isle's image as a haunt for a seeker of serenity or a hot weather rage. It is obvious from the pics that Magnetic is the place to head for pleasure, not work. So that's why the boys are keen to reshoot the series! The field of magnetic attraction seems to pull all visitors back.



SLICE OF LEMON

A new taste for an old drink is Valdoglio Lemon Vodka. Imported from Italy, it works as a mixer, aperitif or a liqueur, costs $15.95.

JUST TAKE THE CUE

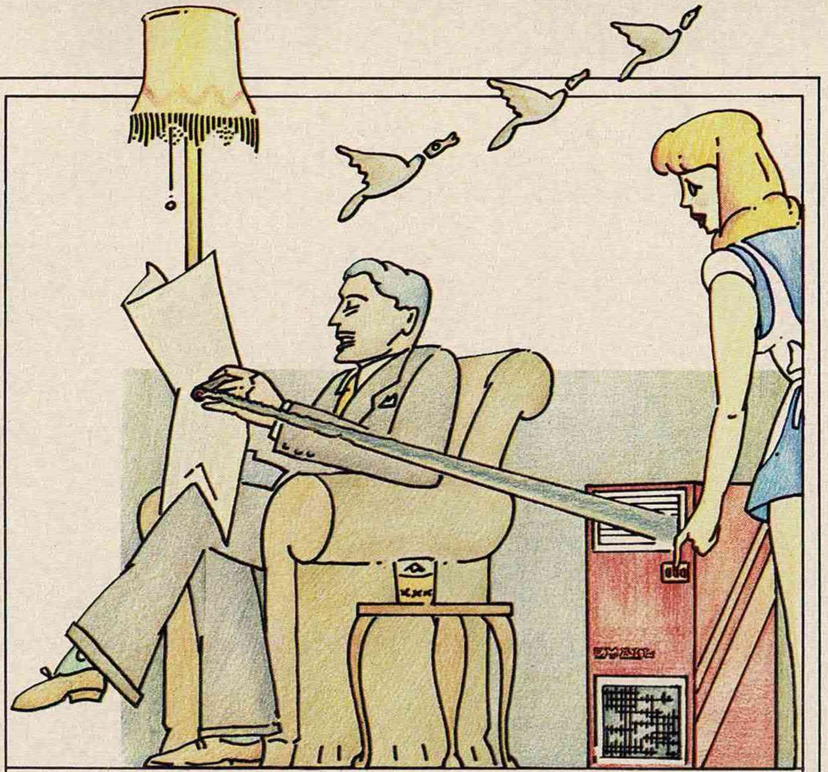
A digital score read-out makes it easy on the Lynx billiards table. It's available from A. J. Clarkson of North Balwyn, Victoria, for $2500.

SHADES OF FUN

If Cyclops had kept his eye out for this sort of optical gear that looks superb on just about anybody, he would have loved the "Way Out" collection designed by Peter Yeo for No. 1 Sunglass Co. They're available at leading department stores and pharmacies, and you can buy them for an eye-catching $24.95.

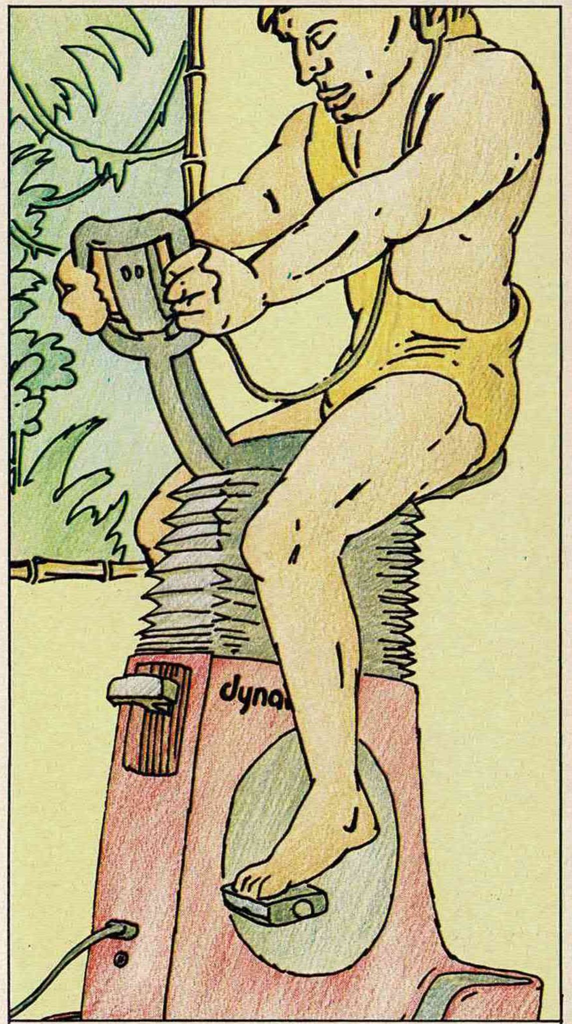
ABREAST OF THE TIMES

It's appropriately called the Keep Abreast Calendar, and it comes in black or white but not skintone. Available nationally for $11.95.



PUTTING A COST ON CLEAN AIR

Email's CC150 model air cleaner removes anything from cigarette smoke to pollen. From Email Air Handling Products, about $700.

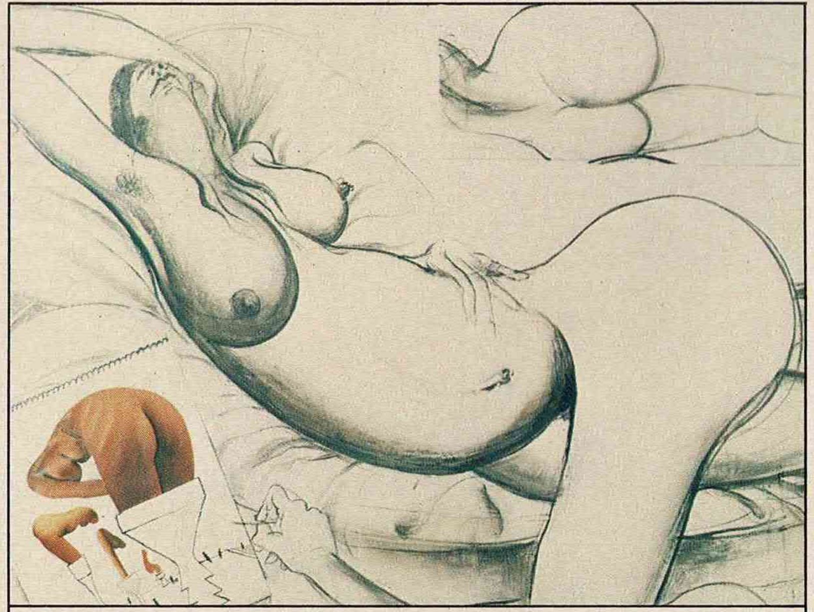


COMPUTER HEALTH GAMES

For all those who have not got the time for jogging, the Dynavit-Conditronic 30 computerised endurance-training system does the thinking for you. John Morris Scientific Pty Ltd sells pleasure and good health for $3490.

GET A WHIFF

They call it Halston the Fragrance to avoid any confusion with the other lines from that fabulous marque. It comes in a dual range for men and women, appearing in a variety of after-shave, colognes and perfumes. Men's Z-14 has a slight trace of warm spice and 1-12 has that crisp whiff of the forest about it.



HANGING OUT AT THE GALLERY

Well-hung art appears at Sydney's Hogarth Galleries December 12-23 with the PLAYBOY exhibition. Works by Brett Whiteley, Martin Sharp, Gary Shead and Peter Kingston are to be included.

Get your hi-fi act together.

If you're aiming to set up the hi-fi system that will turn your pad into the original magic carpet, here's how to do it right first time.
After all, Kenwood's engineers are *gurus* when it comes to getting the most out of reproduced music.
Take the system displayed here.
It's built around the KA-405 fast-response amplifier, which is incredibly quiet during record playing sessions.
It's built to live in harmony with the KT-413. A highly accurate, auto-sequential tuner.
The KX-500 offers you the rich potential of recording with metal tape. While the KD-1500 automatic cut turntable provides easy operation and high performance.
The LS-60 speaker system makes sure the sound comes naturally. And there's an attractive audio rack to keep your pad neat and tidy.
The Kenwood system. It's one of the simplest—and safest—ways to get into the real high-fidelity act.

KA-405
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55W/ch.
KT-413
Auto-tuning FM/AM stereo tuner.
60dB selectivity.
KD-1500
Automatic cut turntable.
W/F 0.05% (WRMS).
KX-500
Stereo 2-head cassette deck with metal-tape capability. W/F 0.05% (WRMS).
LS-60
70W 3-way 3-speaker system.
SRC-95
Audio rack.

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ON·THE·SCENE

what's happening, where it's happening and who's making it happen

summertime, and it's not only the livin' that's easy . . . so is the way you'll dress in the salad days ahead

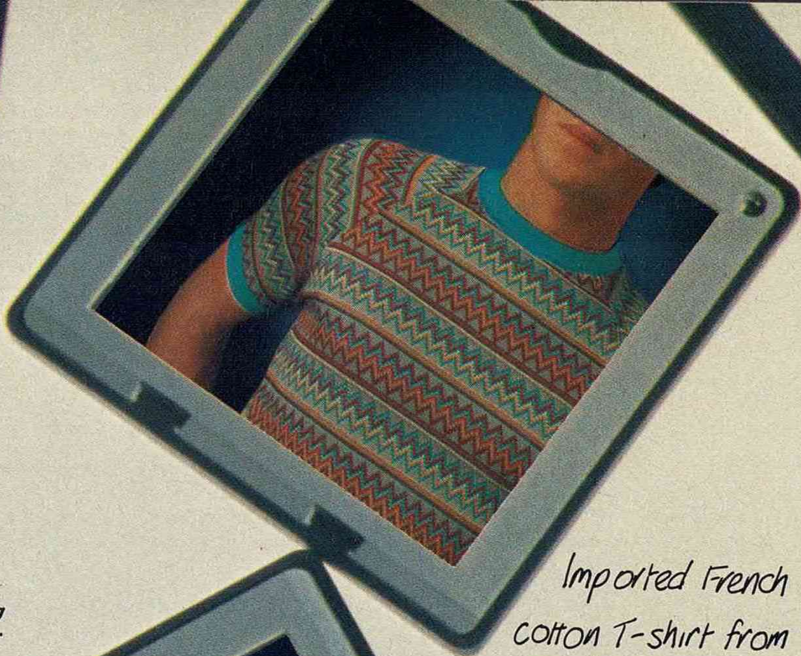
White cotton shorts, $30. Red raw silkshirt, $40. Both by Pierre Cardin. Straw hat by Vic Cooper.

Tomato red silk suit, $230. Tropical print shirt, $36. Both by Pierre Cardin.

For summer evenings, black chintz jacket by Mr John, $72, over mauve silky knit sweater by Pierre Cardin, $40. Black silk pants by Plot $60. Sunglasses and money clip from Pierre Cardin.

Photography by Colin Stead

For "cool" feet- perforated leather lace-ups by Pierre Cardin, $79.



Imported French cotton T-shirt from Mr John, $45

For stylish stops and starts to summer days, spotted silk coat from Richards, $115.

Green silk suit, $230 by Pierre Cardin, with a cotton T-shirt from Mr John. Belt by Pierre Cardin.

Rayon shirt $24, board shorts $15, by Ocean Pacific.

Blue sailcloth battle jacket, $46, striped cotton T-shirt, $25, Red/white striped belt and red cotton pants, $39. All by Plot.

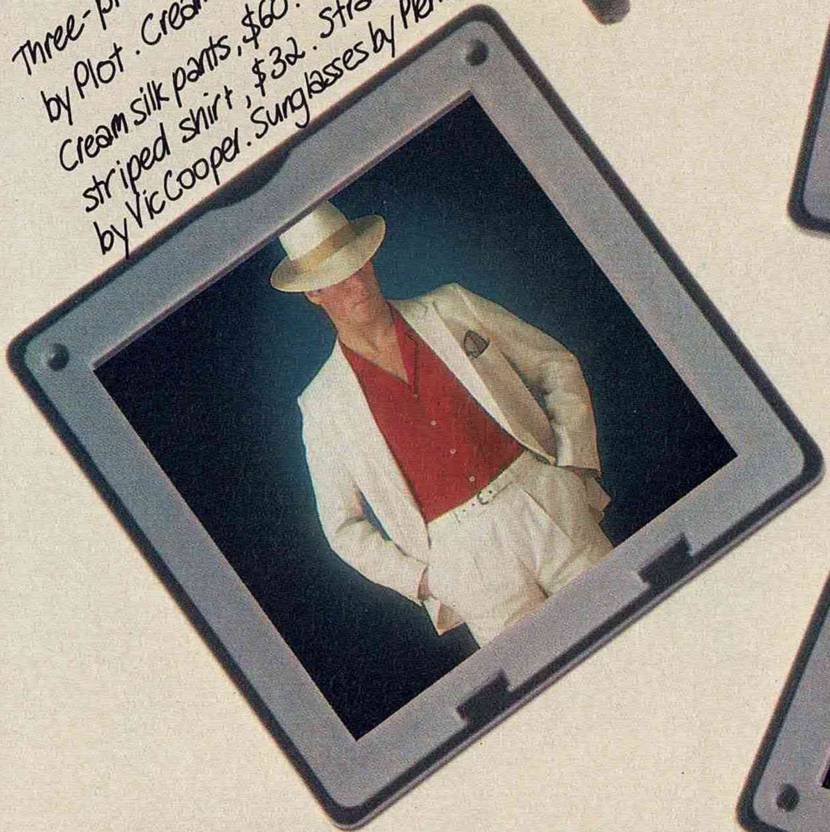
Richards' soft leather boat shoes, in blue or white, $55.

French cotton T-shirt from Mr John, $45.

Zingy springy running shoes from Mr John, $50.

Cigarette lighters and accessories by Pierre Cardin Accessories, a division of Mayfair Leathergoods (Aust) Co.

Three-piece co-ordinates by Plot. Cream silk jacket, $135. Cream silk pants, $60. Red and black striped shirt, $32. Straw hat by Vic Cooper. Sunglasses by Pierre Cardin.



Soft bone leather shoes by Richards, $88

Pastel checked crop jacket, $45. Yellow cotton pants, $39. All by Plot.... to go with white gauze crayon shoes by Thomas Cook, $40.

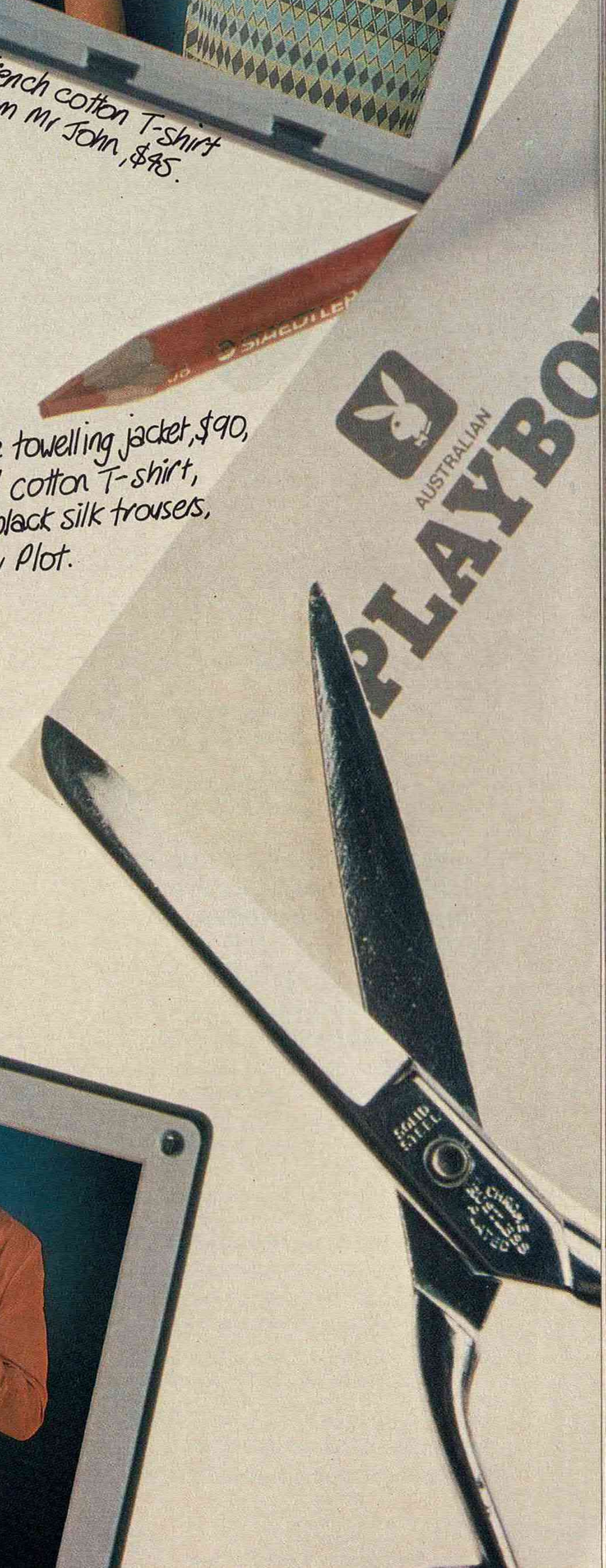
Mellow yellow walk shoes with white leather trim by Pierre Cardin, $79.

Pearly swim suit in soft towelling, $20 and silk shirt $35. Both by Pierre Cardin. Sunglasses by Pierre Cardin.

French cotton T-shirt from Mr John, $45.

Powder blue towelling jacket, $90, with striped cotton T-shirt, $25, and black silk trousers, $60. All by Plot.

Watermelon pink crop jacket, $65, with red/bone striped T-shirt, $27 and white calico pants $40. All by Plot.



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It's called the AGC Insurance Executive policy for homeowners and householders.

And it saves you dealing with six different insurance companies and worrying about six different policies.

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Up to six kinds of cover.
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AGC provides insurance cover for your home. Even garages, out buildings and swimming pools.

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Melbourne: 31 Spring Street.
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Adelaide: 10 Pulteney Street.
Perth: 165 Adelaide Terrace.
Hobart: 161 Collins Street,
and offices throughout Australia.

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prime minister of mirth peter sellers created his own comic constituency

Two fabled diamonds and essence of mummy must be pilfered in order to activate **The Fiendish Plot of Dr Fu Manchu**, which offers the late Peter Sellers twice over lightly. Sellers is predictably droll in brocade and wrinkles as Sax Rohmer's archvillain who,, *circa* 1933, has attained the ripe age of 168 and needs the stolen treasures to concoct his restorative elixir. He's even more deliciously dry as Fu's arch-nemesis, Nayland Smith, one of England's "top authorities on Chink crime". Smith's cases are apt to involve poison orchids and blowguns. Although director Piers Haggard receives sole screen credit, parts of the film were reportedly reshot by Sellers himself, usually a sign of trouble. Yet *Fu's* primary handicap is not its stately pace so much as an overworked but under-inspired scenario weighed heavily with notions that reach too far to be really funny. For example, giving the cerebral cop Smith an English cottage that's hoisted aloft by a giant balloon is to put the diabolical inventions appropriate for Fu Manchu in the wrong hands. Sellers as Smith, or as Fu doing a vintage musical duet with Helen Mirren (an unwilting English rose who can play the saxophone and a Cockney), keeps *The Fiendish Plot* afloat. Overall, though, it's second-rate Sellers, and an unfortunate final celluloid portrait of the master of comedic disguise. As Sellers himself said: "If all films were like *Strangelove* and *Being There*, it would be a different thing."

— BRUCE WILLIAMSON

•

Stuart Rosenberg's **Brubaker** is an absorbing, impressive and appallingly believable portrait of corruption and brutality inside an American prison. It is by no means the first film on this theme (for example, see *Stir*, Australia's own study of grim life on the inside, next review), but the subject has rarely been treated more powerfully. This is in part due to an unexpectedly good performance by Robert Redford as a reforming prison warden who's determined to clean things up. As Brubaker, Redford proves at last that he's more than just a pretty face. The man still looks as blank, beefy and too-casually-tousle-haired as I have always found him, but this is his best, most serious performance since *All the President's Men*, and he makes the most of it.

I don't want to sound cynical about a movie as earnest and well-intentioned as this one; integrity is written all over it. If Rosenberg and screenwriter W.S. Richter seem too intent at times on driving home their lessons about inhumanity in jails and cynicism in politics, we can be grateful at least for a gripping and well-told story. The squalor and the casual brutality of prison life are vividly conveyed, most effectively in the early scenes when Brubaker enters the prison incognito, and spends his first days living as one of the prisoners. Corruption runs rampant. A blind eye is turned to homosexual rape; convicts are fed on slops while their food and provisions are stolen and sold outside the jail; local businessmen enjoy the services of cheap prison labor; and discipline is well enforced with bashings and electric shocks. Redford's reforming efforts are resisted by conservative politicians and prison boards ("Don't mess with tradition"), but most of all by the odious trusties — that elite class of prisoners whose privileges include the right to flog and torture their fellow inmates. Sensational I know it may sound, but the whole thing carries a feeling of appalling authenticity. It's a powerful film which moves to a tense and horrific climax.

•

The Australian version of existence inside a prison is Stephen Wallace's excellent **Stir**, and seeing it hard on the heels of *Brubaker*, as I did, is the emotional equivalent of doing a brief stretch yourself (there are bound to be a few drive-ins who will schedule both of the films simultaneously). The theme is much the same: the brutality and, above all, the helplessness of prison life, but it surprised me how authentically fresh the Australian movie seemed. Perhaps fresh is not the word for such a subject, but at least we had a different and genuinely Australian treatment, without the note of slightly false heroics that marred the Redford movie. *Stir* has the faults that still cling to even the best Australian film: a tendency toward over-emphasis, a lack of subtlety, a certain slowness in script and editing. But these are just quibbles. Bryan Brown, an actor with a magnificent screen presence that is matched with emotional depth and intelligence, turns in a splendid performance as China Jackson, a hardened crim who is sent back to jail for six months after three years of freedom, during which time he has gone on TV to recount cases of bashing by wardens. Retribution is in store at the hands of Norton (Max Phipps), a warder whose violent instincts are repressed by guilt and loneliness, the ambitious Partridge (Ted Robshaw) and the sadistic McIntosh (Paul Sonkkila, effectively chilling in his peaked cap and sunglasses). *Stir* is loosely scripted on the Bathurst prison riots of 1974, and was written by Bob Jewson, a former Bathurst inmate. It is not especially a nice night's entertainment — the scenes of the bashing and rioting are almost unrelievedly harrowing — but it is a work of great power and integrity. It boils with an angry compassion for the suffering of the men — not only the prisoners but also the warders, trapped in the same web of barbarity.

The dual roles of the 168-year-old Fu Manchu and his arch-nemesis, the detective Nayland Smith, in *The Fiendish Plot of Fu Manchu*, ring down the final curtain on the career of that master of many faces, Peter Sellers.

•

Ross Dimsey's **Final Cut** is the first film to be made with the full backing of the Queensland Film Corporation, and is described in the

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production notes as "the first all-Queensland film of any substance." But many people will be hard put to discover where the "substance" is. My only consoling reflection on seeing this farrago of nonsense and vulgarity is that Joh Bjelke-Petersen apparently exercises little supervision over his State's movie-making activities. One look at *Final Cut* and Joh would have banned it immediately, if not on grounds of indecency, on grounds of incompetence.

Chris, a young filmmaker (Louis Brown) and his girlfriend Sarah (Jennifer Cluff) start out to make a documentary about Dominic, a sinister millionaire and entrepreneur who inhabits a preposterous Gold Coast penthouse and indulges in a fondness for drugs, wild parties and macabre practical jokes. Dominic, played by David Clendenning in tones of a wheezy urbanity ("I want you to *arrange* something for me") is a kind of poor man's Frank Thring, all bald head and rolling eyes. A girl is mysteriously killed on a yacht and our intrepid young lovers find themselves trapped inside Dominic's weird apartment. I refrain from giving away further details of the plot on the grounds that one or two feeble-minded people might be tempted to see the film. There is an embarrassingly protracted and irrelevant lesbian encounter filmed in the usual soft-focus manner, and one of the characters demonstrates what luxury living is all about — by casually dropping a Cartier watch off the parapet of Dominic's flat. It's the most original touch in the film, but tended to reinforce my feeling of uneasy guilt about the waste of public money.

— EVAN WILLIAMS

•

Carrying a full payload of good cheap laughs, **Flying High** (released originally in the US as *Airplane!*) leaves no cliché untouched. This send-up of every in-flight disaster drama since *The High and the Mighty* is, in fact, a direct spoof of *Zero Hour*, a less than memorable '50s melodrama about a planeful of passengers and crew afflicted with ptomaine poisoning. So if you think that's funny, you will be fair game for the people behind *Flying High*. They stop at nothing that might provoke a snicker. *Flying High* has a dying child en route to a heart transplant, a former fighter pilot (Robert Hays) who's afraid to fly, the hostess (Julie Hagerty) who loves him aloft or grounded, a lewd pilot (Peter Graves) with a penchant for corrupting young boys, and an inflatable automatic pilot for whom happiness is — you guessed it — a blow job. Need I add that *Flying High* is lowbrow, vaguely licentious, stretched thin, and uproariously funny despite a tendency to buckle in the second half? Cameo roles by stalwart veterans such as Lloyd Bridges, Leslie Nielsen, Robert Stack and Peter Graves all manage to push parody to its outer limits in an aerobatty comedy that won't stay down.

Old troopers Robert Stack (left) and Lloyd Bridges (right) keep heroically straight faces as they parody their disaster genre roles in the demented, off-the-wall comedy *Flying High*.

•

An all-powerful organisation devoted to Evil and Tyranny threatens to dissolve every known fabric, leaving the whole world stark-naked, in **The Nude Bomb**. Would you believe that *Bomb* brings back Don Adams as Secret Agent 86, Maxwell Smart, in a feature-length film reprise of TV's *Get Smart* series? Times may have changed, but Don Adams looks pretty much the same as a sort of booby-trapped James Bond, taking pratfalls and firing off gags with his usual aplomb. The humor is a shade raunchier on a big screen and the hardware looks much more costly — Smart's shoe phone and staple phone are familiar enough, but how about a turbo-charged deskmobile with a cruising speed of 130 km/h? Andrea Howard and Pamela Hensley are Smart's chief accomplices against the forces of evil, though Sylvia Kristel and Rhonda Fleming get bigger billing in smaller roles. It's '60s nostalgia on film, engagingly directed by Clive Donner.

•

Scary as the devil, Brian De Palma's **Dressed to Kill** gets off to a dandy hair-raising start with Angie Dickinson — one of filmdom's sexiest ladies — in a cinematic turn that conjures memories of Janet Leigh during the first reel or so of *Psycho*. Let's not dwell on the film's surprises. There are few of them following Angie's exit, unfortunately, though De Palma offers compensation in the form of a strong performance by Michael Caine as resident psychiatrist, and an even stronger one by Nancy Allen (Mrs De Palma offscreen) as a callgirl who has the bad luck to witness a murder while turning a trick. Although *Dressed to Kill* has suspense to spare, its last-reel revelations are so transparent that any semi-competent armchair detective will know all there is to know at least an hour too soon. So ogle Angie, squirm a little and let it go at that.

•

Paul Mazursky's **Willie & Phil** is such a warm, personal, goodhearted movie that I kept expecting to fall in love with it, and finally had to settle for just being friends. Some of the cop-out cleverness of *Bob & Carol & Ted & Alice* colors the story about a pair of Greenwich Village chums who are so crazy about each other that they even fall for the same girl. Margot Kidder makes the free-spirited Jeanette a damnably attractive down-home embodiment of '70s feminism without ferocity. Willie (Michael Ontkean), the English school teacher who wants to be a concert pianist, marries her, has a child with her, then goes off to the Far East to find himself in an ashram. Phil (Ray Sharkey) is the New York Italian photographer who yearns to be a Jewish intellectual. Instead, he becomes successful and moves out to California, taking Jeanette and her child along. Then Willie comes back.

Mazursky certainly intended to show us the way we were during the '70s, and he often makes this *ménage à trois* very agreeable, with very lovely cinematography by Sven Nykvist to render guilt-edged memories golden. But I wish Mazursky hadn't used voice-over narration (his own voice, in fact) to underscore the obvious. And I wish he hadn't felt compelled to assure the audience that Willie and Phil are straight, by god, *not* homosexual. Both solid actors, Ontkean and Sharkey needed no certification of their masculinity, yet *Willie & Phil* is too appealing a fable to be spoiled by this final filip of puritanism. The movie as it stands belongs to Kidder, who reads between the lines.

— BRUCE WILLIAMSON

What to have with chicken.

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SHOWBIZ

there's no bizness like show bizness to rake in the really big bucks

OUR OCTOBER tip about the return of Elton John is confirmed. He'll be here in December along with a band and, according to publicist Patti Mostyn, with lots of simply ravishing costumes. Elt', you may recall, played it fairly low key for his last tour. Then, it was all fresh hair transplants and cowboy clothes. But this time the costumes could well outdo his mid-'70s effort when he lobbed on stage looking like a cross between an owl and a moulting rooster. An outer space touch seems to be indicated this time. Lots of satin, sequins and pearls. Sssounds ssstunning, no?

•

And how about this for spectacular paranoia? John Newcombe, the laid-back tennis player with the fixed leer and photogenic moustache, had to visit our own dear Helen Reddy in the US for a television special. Helen's security arrangements are already very legendary. Electrified fences, steel gates, and a half dozen Dobermanns running about the grounds, but Helen still freaked out somewhat at poor old Newk. She had her security men search every inch of the film crew's car, the tennis player, and each piece of their equipment (no blue gag intended).

"It was all bloody amazing," the tennis artiste was reported to have said later.

But all of this shouldn't have come as too much of a surprise. Helen's pushy husband, Jeff Wald, had just finished a sentence in the can for ramming a shotgun barrel into some poor joker's mouth at a hotel.

•

Generally we don't give rumors a run on account of how in the showbiz world they usually spell rumor b-u-l-l-s-h-i-t. But, for the past two months at least, there has been persistent chatter about Donald Lane.

According to the chatter, Donald has been offered an Ed Sullivan type show in the US by "a major network".

It's no big deal except for the fact that Donald refuses to discuss the matter. He won't confirm or deny it, and so the battle rages. Personally, I'd say there was an offer (he's a talented fellow, you know) and he would like to go, but doesn't want to desert Bert Newton and the Nine Network. Why can't he do both?

•

By now you'll all have been Kissed to death, due to one of the greatest publicity barrages that your correspondent has seen in Oz since the arrival of the Beatles 16 years ago. None of it, of course, is by accident. That particular group of musical weirdos fronts a corporation which is listed in the world's top 1000 companies. Their 1979 turnover in America alone was $117 million, and their upcoming Oz tour is expected to send about $20 million spinning through the system. Their financial empire is run from three stories of suites in Madison Ave, New York, and it's a vast, incredibly complicated network of music, concert, and record agreements which operate in just about every western country.

It's a long way from the days when Ken Brodziak brought out the four mop tops for about 300,000 quid, and a dozen or so pirate companies made fortunes with T-shirts, posters, stickers and magazines.

John is the name and the message's the same: Elton and Olivia Newton warble their way into wowing Oz audiences.

•

And speaking of rich Australians, there's one chap in Melbourne who has figured how to make a quid out of those penniless days in the early Oz Pop scene.

John Farrar, as you may recall, was one of the faceless members of that faceless, never terribly successful band called The Strangers. At the occasional football club date they'd back John's wife Pat and a girl called Olivia who worked as a spectacularly unsuccessful duo. Starting to twig yet?

Yep, the Sheila called Olivia is obviously Olivia Newton-John, and said Mr Farrar is the man who writes her songs. As a result, he's very, very rich. He drives a Porsche, Pat gets about in a XJ6 Jag, and they've got a Rolls rusting in the garage. How much does he get for each melody? Well, when Olivia copped a number one with his song Magic a month or so ago, she rang and told him. Farrar's reaction?

"Beauty, I'll be able to have that $250,000 tennis court I've been wanting."

•

MORE OVERSEAS NOTES: Actor Rod Taylor, who went to drama school with Johns Ewart and Meillon, has been more than a little rude about Oz film industry lately. According to sources close to the star, he reckons the industry is filled with wall-to-wall wankers who still haven't woken up to what the film business is all about. He no doubt is referring to the monumentally dopey Actors Equity organisation which is opposed to overseas talent appearing in local films, the idea being to protect our local, generally mediocre, cinematic talent. Artistes who are known to be savagely opposed to this attitude include both Jack Thompson and Ms Angela Punch McGregor . . . two of the people who are the closest thing we've ever had to real film stars.

•

MORE NEWS FROM TV LAND: Chris Bearde, the chubby Oz television producer with a flair for comedy and publicity (not necessarily in that order) is due back in Sydney in November to begin work on a series of variety shows for local and overseas consumption. He's signed deals with Hanna Barbera, entrepreneur Pat Condon and Bernard King's outfit, King Quinn Productions. He reckons they'll spend about $1 million on pilots and pre-production work, but this could result in deals worth $20 million in America alone. Wonder if any of it will get back to Oz?

– ANDREW SAW

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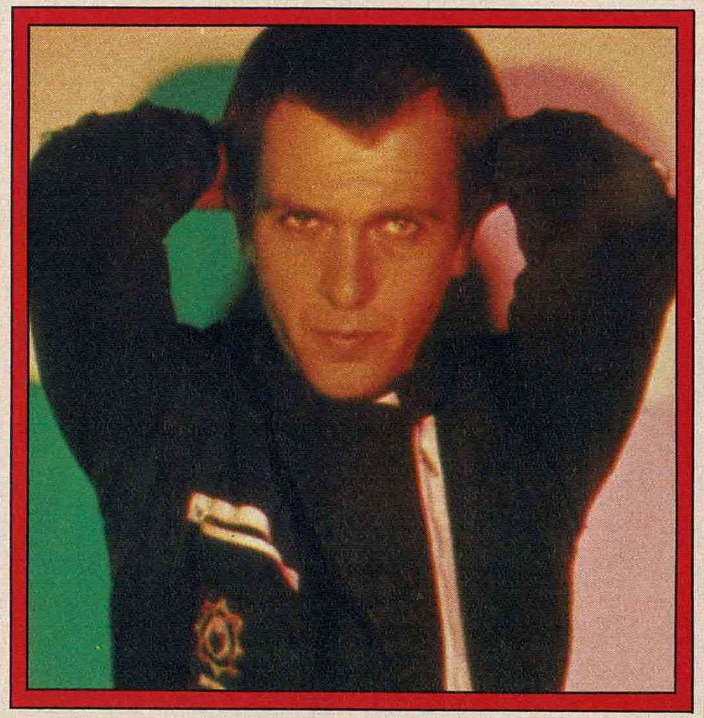
MUSIC

leaving the genesis of a successful band, gabriel sounds his own horn

It's been five years and three albums since Peter Gabriel, shown at right, left the successful, sophisticated backdrop of Genesis to hunt a solo career, make babies and free the head a bit. It has hardly been the most productive period of his life but the three albums have left no doubt that the whole exercise has not been completely without merit. This latest release, on Charisma, bears the obvious similarity with the others in that it is untitled — the sleeve carries only the artist's name. Gabriel's explanation is that the complete work's individuality should be ascertained by just its sound and appearance. In this case, the cover photo throws up a warped image of the vocalist's facial features. That's nothing new for this chameleon of visual and musical imagery who has specialised in the field of distortion and exploration of the odd aspect.



On this album, he even bends his own rules by adapting rhythm rather than melody as the foundation of the music. The trimmings that Gabriel uses to embellish the rhythm are standard musical devices which sound alarmingly different when used in such a context. Take Biko (a song about Steve Biko, the black equal rights campaigner who was killed, courtesy of the hospitality of the South African police): a soulful African rhythm forms the bridgework for the top-line melody. One's immediate impression is that Gabriel has forsaken familiar melodies in favor of something else which leaves the album with a distinctly non-commercial touch. It is high-risk reasoning in terms of commercial acceptance, and only the release of his next work will finally determine the logic of this exercise. In other words — will Gabriel be game enough to repeat the dose? Judging by the less than warm reception the album has received from some sectors of the music industry, perhaps not. But hiss and boo to the industry. If Pete wants to stand on his own convictions, let's look at the product.

Undoubtedly, the most memorable track is called Games Without Frontiers where Gabriel ices an African percussion line with a keyboard support. Melodic whistling and his spooky vocals summon awesome waves of mood which tend to linger with the listener. The threatening tom-tom pace and accompanying prising-open sound portray the obvious menace of the Intruder. Gabriel's vocals are low and sinister as the idea of trespass and intrusion pervades all. Thankfully, he balances these explorations with a return to the rock and roll mark on I Don't Remember and Not One of Us. On both these cuts, he hasn't forgotten about the cymbal-less drumming style which earmarks the album, but the format of a fastpaced electric guitar lead gives Gabriel the freedom to jump out front and assume the role of rock singer once again. It's a redeeming factor that provides something bordering on balance and offers just the slightest smattering of a commercial appeal. In spite of any misgivings about Gabriel's coy flirtation with experimentation, as a complete item, his third solo effort has got the goods.

•

Unless you go to an art school or date a member of the rock and roll media, you're not likely to know what the Off-Mod sound is. But if you buy Mental As Anything's *Espresso Bongo* (Regular), you will at least learn what it sounds like. Scuttling along with the rewind through the popular music dial, the times are going back to, or just beyond, Mod. Hence, Off-Mod? Who knows? Not this reviewer, because, to me, the Mentals sound like the Shadows at their best, and, at the same time, the worst band you've ever heard. So, they break a lot of laws and make writers of the rock and roll rulebook run for cover. It matters for nought, because the Mentals give out the notion they just might be the most innovative thing to hit Australian racks since Daddy Cool. Perhaps Semi Trailer might have been a better choice for opener than Troop Movements in the Ukraine, but it is the unfolding of such surprises which makes *Espresso Bongo* anything but bland. Not everybody is convinced Greedy Smith's overstated organ inserts are as innocent as they sound, particularly when chopped up by crazed guitar and vocal stunners. Oddly, it somehow hangs together.

Come Around is a tune that really deserved to shake the shavings out of the singles charts. And the same could have applied for Insect Liberation. Come Around was written by Martin Plaza but it is the four-way team of Plaza, Smith, Reg Mombassa and Peter O'Doherty which packed this kit.

Plaza twists the rules (and gets away with it) with Cannibal, which stands as a suitable primer for Blacktown to Bondi, an obvious Mentals' favorite.

Espresso Bongo is a more bold stab than the previous *Get Wet,* and an obviously important step for a band which bailed out of the Virgin International distribution wagon to try its luck with Regular. Happily, this album leaves the impression that the Mentals will continue to improve with age.

•

The storm clouds were building over Western Europe when Germany's Nina Hagen Band launched into the stores with its second album, *Unbehagen* (CBS).

The term "*unbehagen*" means ill at ease, and that's how you feel when this east-of-the-Wall nasty finishes off with you. It wasn't until December, 1976, that Nina blew herself through the Wall with the approval of an exit application. She'd been bottling up her frustration to sing rock and roll and it all came out when she hit the West. It took her 12 months to soak up influences and pick up a band. When their first self-titled album appeared, the tag "eccentric" sprang readily to critics' lips. Listeners to *Unbehagen*

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might also toss in bizarre, brilliant, woeful and at least outrageous. Half of her influences are buried in punk, reggae and various forms of destruction and self-abuse, so nobody was surprised when Johnny Rotten was knocked out by a coloratura pitch that sounds like she slipped off the bike seat and landed on the bar. Hagen and guitarist Bernhard Potschka have handled the bigger share of the songwriting including a very up-tempo shuffle called African Reggae. A German remake of Lene Lovich's Lucky Number appears under the tag of We're Still Alive and, in parts, the association with the original is pure coincidence. Herrmann Was His Name is probably Nina's dismissal of her previous relationship with one Herman Brood. Untangling the lyrics from the manic leads is quite a problem because, like the music, they're weird . . . real weird.

Try this from Fall In Love: "Your slacks are great/Your red hair's supershort/Oh fall in love with me/Or else I'll let a whopper loose." . . . A whopper? Hmm, perhaps Nina can teach Chrissie Hynde or Patti Smith something even they don't know. Especially how to loose their whoppers.

•

It is not Gladys Knight & the Pips' long service record which leaves *About Love* (CBS) just a breath short of the mark. The failure lies with the material supplied by the songwriters Nickolas Ashford and Valerie Simpson, the team responsible for the work's eight cuts. A good album it is, but a great one it is not, simply because it fails to boast a single cut which radiates the memorable candescence of previous Pips' hits. We might have tolerated a little less slickness of production, several less talented players and permitted one or two faults to give the album some sort of identity — if it only yielded just one song worthy of the Knight reputation. The feverish Bourgie', Bourgie' is arguably the high point of the set but the rest fails to match the promise of the lively opener, Landlord. You're bound to hear Get The Love played on this season's party circuit. It has an inoffensive danceable pace — ideal for a subdued sway, or talking over.

•

The Boss Brothers aren't biding their time on the debut album *Stalling For Time*, but the LP's sleeve illustration (above) doesn't reveal the quiet classiness of its musical contents.

Knowing nothing about Boss Brothers was a great advantage when first listening to *Stalling For Time* (Mercury), for there might have been a definite risk of prejudging what is really a fine album from the Manchester (UK) band making its LP debut. Yes, it does sound like Dire Straits, J. J. Cale and other experts of the muted electric field, but those domains aren't exclusive so it was pleasing to hear four new players with the musical pedigrees to do justice to the school. An examination of the British field from Police to Dire Straits hints that the market still allows for diversity. Boss Brothers' Where Are You Going is a tune which puts the band much closer to West Texas than Wales. Steve Whalley's vocals have the laid-back coax of Cale, Kottke and Cooder rather than the "cop-this" insistence of British rock. The comforting addition of Jon Ash's keyboards exposes the real dimensions of Boss Brothers' product. This is never more evident than in Harps of Bretagne, a track which successfully splices an obvious French theme with the sound that stems from the opposite side of the Atlantic. Whalley's guitar, here adopting a calculated raunch, reveals another surprising facet on an extremely commendable album.

•

The conviction that Disco Apocalypse is out of step with the rest of the album does little to harm the overall success of Jackson's Browne's *Hold Out* (Asylum). Superficially, perhaps much of the man's work sounds like the rest, but it's the subtle blend of his astonishing lyrics and low-key melodies which puts him almost beyond reproach. The first reward, on *Hold Out*, comes with the confirmation that Browne has not severed his association with that master of all the stringed things, David Lindley. It is not just Lindley's electric and lap steel guitars assisting in plotting Browne's course; his contribution in the writing of Call It A Loan makes that song one of the album's finest. The imposing light thrown by the excellence of *The Pretender* album casts that work as possibly the finest of Browne's more recent achievements. But Of Missing Persons, off *Hold Out*, is one song with the reach to rank as one of his all-time best.

The ability to round off an album as a self-contained artistic offering is something which Browne, Neil Young and but a few others are true masters. Hold On Hold Out (co-written by keyboardist Craig Doerge) is the album's closing equaliser for the questions posed by the title track on side one. Verdict: It's certain to please the converted.

•

If Roxy Music's *Flesh + Blood* (Polydor) was as good as the best of the band's previous six albums, everyone would be jubilant by now. They're not. But the LP is still one of the smartest items around because it fields 10 strong tracks from one of the best groups flogging the international circuit. For proof, it blew the ceiling out of the English charts, and Over You was one of the better singles of the year. But what does it mean in terms of the Australian market? It means that eight dollars plus the risk of getting a dud is lower if you buy something of the Roxy quality. It is bound to sound good in six weeks — or six years' time. The Manzanera, Ferry, Andy Mackay liaison is as tight-knit as ever (despite Ferry's lung-collapse), and on *Flesh + Blood* it shows. There is no multi-star cast for this Anglo-US production, just a basic unit which includes ace keyboardist Paul Carrack, and the allegiance to a tight band format shows. Bryan Ferry's serve of the old Wilson Pickett pitch, The Midnight Hour, works a treat. In a more original vein, the scope of the Ferry-Manzanera writing team makes No Strange Delight (featuring Andy Mackay's oboe) and Running Wild a pair of superb closing items for a well-balanced album.

— NEIL JAMESON

•

SHORT CUTS

After hearing too much of it, Joe Camilleri's Caribbean clone voice becomes all too

much of a yawn to make *Hats Off Step Lively* (Mushroom) all that much better of an album than the previous *Screaming Targets.*

If Kiss are a little strong for those of suspect taste, try Queen. *The Game* (Elektra) is their latest dose of glam-bag packaging, and it has enough prissy posturing and cute commercial cuts to satisfy everyone from teen queens to long-haired heavies.

Robert Fripp's *God Save the Queen/Under Heavy Manners* (Polydor) should sell for half price. One complete side is not even worth the stylus wear.

The Blues Brothers (Atlantic) is one of the great original movie soundtracks of all time. With John Belushi and Dan Aykroyd as Jake and Ellwood, the item gets its added class from contributions by James Brown, Ray Charles, Carrie Fisher and Aretha Franklin.

Pretty face and heaps of style do not compensate for Grace Jones' pathetic vocals on *Warm Leatherette* (Island). In contrast, it is the power range of diversity of Benny Mardones' larynx which sets his *Never Run, Never Hide* (Polydor) as one great listen.

Willie Nelson has found another limpet in Ray Price as the pair dig out a collection of recyclables on *San Antonio Rose* (CBS). In Nelson's case, there is nothing like too much of a good thing, but one wonders when he'll stop doing favors for old buddies. —OMAR DARRAS

•

No use denying it: when it comes to crossover music, I believe Tom Scott to be in a class of his own. CBS have just issued a star package titled *The Best of Tom Scott* which is a beauty. It has a barrel more jazz content than most of his contemporaries' albums whose music often seems a little shallow.

This is the musician who has worked with the likes of Steely Dan, Joni Mitchell, Paul McCartney, George Harrison, Carole King, Joan Baez, Doc Severinsen and Buddy Rich. He would have to have *something* going for him to be so much sought after, and this LP reveals it all: his superb ability on a variety of reed instruments (the saxella on New York Connection, alto on Breezin' Easy, tenor on Dirty Old Man, Tom Cat and Rock Island Rocket); composer of seven of the 10 tracks; arranger throughout; and session producer on most of the dates that range from 1974 up to 1980.

As usual, he is surrounded by a great bunch of kindred spirits such as Bob James, Joe Sample, Max Bennett, Johnnie Guerin, Ralph MacDonald, Eric Gale, Steve Gadd, Richard Tee and Larry Nash. The resultant music is predictably excellent with some beautiful sounds on Spindrift and Shadows which nicely balance the subtle urgency of the Starsky and Hutch Theme and Gotcha.

Scott has made a lot of great music for Impulse, A&M, Ode and Star labels. And for once, a "Best of . . ." title is a fair description of the music offered on a release which features the diverse talents of one of the catalysts of today's music.

•

One of the minor enigmas of jazz is trumpeter Freddie Hubbard. Most of us expected him to take on the mantle of Miles Davis. But it never quite happened. Maybe that spark of genius was missing. But he keeps at it. His latest for CBS, *Shagly*, is one of his best in a long time. He deserves more success than has come his way. The man has a ton of talent: just listen to him swing on Happiness is Now with sterling support from Hadley Coliman's tenor saxophone.

The flugelhorn can be a rather bland instrument at times, even in the hands of such an exponent as Art Farmer. Hubbard outshines all of them on the melodic theme from Summer of '42 with a solo of indescribable beauty, most particularly the stunning final chorus. Truly breath-taking music! Cascais features some amazingly controlled pyrotechnics from the leader that precedes an outstanding bass solo from Larry Klein and lovely flute by Coliman, less known on the instrument than he should be.

George Duke's clavinet comes in as guest on the lengthy album title track that reveals Hubbard as a latter-day Cootie Williams in an emotive number set against a propulsive rhythm background provided by percussionists Carl Burnett and Paulinpo da Costa. The album closer, Rustic Celebration, is an imaginative example of '80s jazz which alternates between pretty and punchy with Hubbard at his lyrical best. This man is a swinger who deserves more recognition for the single-minded purpose of his pursuit of true jazz minus vocal choirs or the clichéd electric guitars.

—KIM BONYTHON

NEWSBREAKS

Quote Of The Month: It would have to go to the keyboard player **Greedy Smith**. When asked by a Sydney journo if his band would be doing any showcase gigs in Europe, the hungry one responded: "I don't think **Mental As Anything** *could* do a showcase gig." The Mentals' *Espresso Bongo* features two tracks which appear to be so out of tune they make fastidious musicians cringe . . . The Mentals' Regular Records stablemates **Flowers'** new album *Icehouse* should be on the racks. shortly, hot on the tracks of their national hit single I Can't Help Myself.

Out Now or Shortly: LPs by **Robert Palmer** *(Clues)*, **The Police** (delayed after sessions in Holland ran late), **Peter Allen, Willie Nelson & Family** (soundtrack from *Honeysuckle)*, **Mickey Gilley, Van Morrison** *(Common One)*, **Nervous Rex** (English new wavers making a fair bit of noise Over There), **Pat Benatar** *(Crimes Of Passion)*, **The Cars** *(Panorama* — it's their third **Roy Thomas Baker** production and rumored to be much more **Ric Ocasek** basement experimental), **Gary Numan** *(Telekon* — and is he *really* going to retire next year?), **John Cougar** *(Nothing Matters And What If It Did)*, with suggestive making-out-in-my-lap lyrics and produced by **Steve Cropper**, ex-**Booker T. & The MGs** and currently playing guitar with **The Blues Brothers, Joni Mitchell** *(Shadows And Light,* a very swinging double live set), **The Amazing Rhythm Aces** (recently wowed 'em with **Leon Russell**), **Roy Buchanan**, Sydney's crossover contemporary jazz-rock-funk band **Crossfire** *(East Of Where?* — which title WEA reps swear is *not* a reply to **Cold Chisel** — produced by **Daly-Wilson** and **John Sangster's** producer **Martin Bench**), **David Essex, Siouxsie & The Banshees** *(Kaleidoscope)*, **Thin Lizzy** *(Chinatown)*, **Cream** (a seven LP box set which Polygram will retail for $63), **Harry Nilsson** *(Flash Harry)*, *The Adventures Of Luke Skywalker* (don't ask), the jazz version of *The Empire Strikes Back* (don't wake me up for cocktails), **Suzy Quatro, Pete Seger** *(Best Of)* . . . and **Carolyne Mas** . . . that's it for now!

LA: **Duke Ellington** impersonator and all-round nice guy **Tom Waits'** new album, *Heart Attack And Vine*, was written after Tom moved to New York and got himself an apartment and a piano. The piano was two weeks coming, however, so he bought himself an electric guitar and learned how to play it. The result is that said LP was covered with grungy R&B guitar . . . When Waits had finished writing and was about to move into the studio, he got a phone call from **Francis Ford Coppola**, who wanted him to write the full soundtrack for his next movie — before it was shot. Sure, buddy, said Tom . . .

—JENNY HUNTER-BROWN

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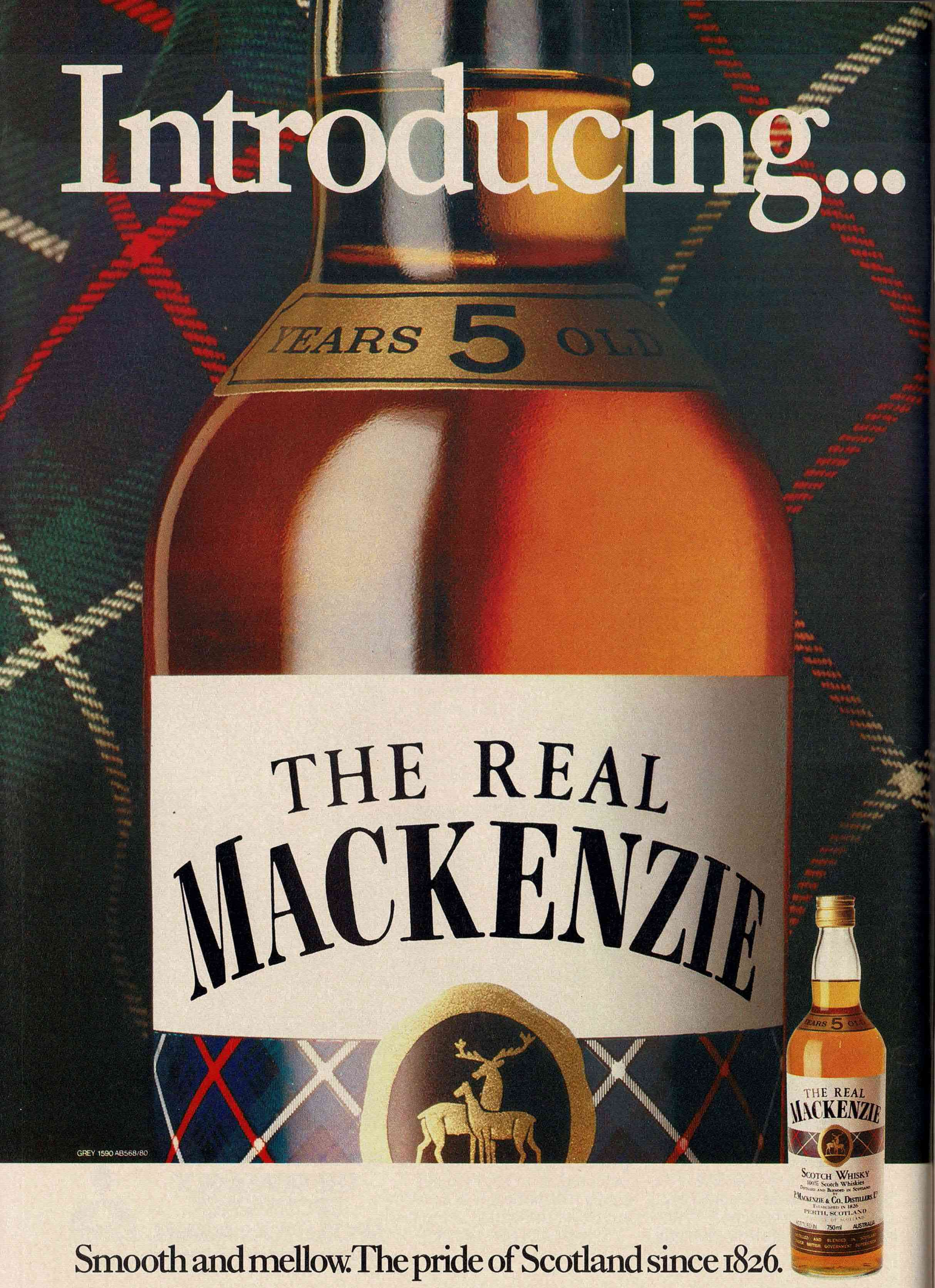

BOOKS

the horse in art will be well placed with the champers crowd this season

DESPITE WHAT the ancient Chinese calendar decrees, this is the season of the horse in Australia. Only in the antipodean spring does a young man's fancy turn from love to equine form. This is the time of year when the affairs of state, stock exchange and seduction recede to leave the centre stage free for the unfolding of events and wallets in the manicured arenas of Caulfield and Flemington.

And in a month when Australians beatify the winner of the Melbourne Cup, what better time for a publisher to launch a most lavish volume — in terms of production and the $85 price tag — in praise of the horse in history, John Baskett's *The Horse in Art* (Weidenfeld and Nicolson)? While this book, which is being restricted to 100 copies in its deluxe version of the Australian release, might be a shade rich for the paddock punters, it will be an absolute must as a conversation piece for the champagne set this cup season.

But it is a book for all seasons. For the gentleman rider and patron of the turf and equine art Paul Mellon, who writes the foreword, Baskett's portfolio carries him back to the gymkhanas of his childhood, the thrill of riding favorite fox hunters and allows him to relive "those halcyon days when Mill Reef won the Gimcrack, the Derby, the Eclipse, the King George and Queen Elizabeth Stakes, as well as the icing on the cake, the Arc de Triomphe."

Everyone to his special taste. My memories conjured up by *The Horse in Art* are less fond. The remembrance of being thrown from a gelded son of that mediocre sire Tide Race is no less painful today than it was 25 years ago. Nor have the years dulled the anguish of that day in 1969 when the VATC stewards relegated Nausori from first to second in the Caulfield Cup and me from wealth to penury.

My personal predilections ignored, Baskett's book is a stunning tribute to the horse as seen through the eyes and hands of artists and sculptors since the dawn of civilisation. And, as such, it reflects man's dependence and worship of the noble steed. In the book's glossy pages we find representations of ancient Egyptian carving, Neo-Hittite bas-relief, Greek and Etruscan bronzes, Chinese terracotta and superb examples of the Persian silversmith's and the medieval French tapissier's expertise.

Off to a good start: *The Horse in Art* is due to be released during the same month that the Melbourne Cup is run.

Baskett's record of the horse in modern art begins with examples of the work of the Renaissance painters and sculptors and moves through to the Baroque, Romantic and Impressionist periods until the present day. Justifiably, no artist is better represented than the self-taught English painter George Stubbs whose serious anatomical studies of the horse are leavened with his charming racing scenes.

Which brings us back to the Australian spring racing scene and Baskett's one serious omission — not one of the 115 Melbourne Cup winners is represented. We can only assume our painters have let the side down.

— RUSSELL DEILEY

•

The life of the artist remains a popular vehicle among novelists. As representatives of obsession, passion, and mystical transportation, artists offer the writer a way of relating every aspect of his main character's life to a single purpose, the placing of paint on a canvas. James McQueen, a Tasmanian writer who has already achieved some distinction in the short story field, has created, in his novel *A Just Equinox* (Macmillan), a remarkable artist whose life story taunts and disturbs the reader as it rolls on toward destruction. His skill in describing the artistic process at times demands comparison with Patrick White's portrait of a painter in *The Vivisector,* though *A Just Equinox* has nothing like the range of that towering work. It is a miniature, a compact assemblage of fragments that leaps back and forth over gaps of many years without ever seeming gimmicky or contrived. A stylish, innovative writer, McQueen mixes a fluid stream of consciousness in with flashbacks of straight descriptive writing, and the result is one of the most compelling, emotionally harrowing stories in recent Australian literature.

McQueen's artist character, Paul Fegan, apart from being a painter of distinction, is a virtuoso drunk, and at the beginning of the story is on the bender that may end it all. The pages at times seem soaked in alcohol as McQueen describes in lurid detail all the different ways a huge intake can ravage a body and mind. From here, he takes Fegan back to where it started, to landmarks of his childhood and youth. He gives a vivid, subtle description of the development of a sensibility, and is convincing in his analysis of the manner in which the events of an artist's life make his work what it is. Fegan is a remote, driven man whose past constantly looms up and disrupts his path to anything new. He only feels himself to be fully alive when he is painting, but increasingly can paint only when he is plastered. The drying out process saves his life, but at the same time destroys it. His struggle with this dilemma makes him a genuinely tragic figure and, though the book's ending can in some ways be seen as negative and pessimistic, there is also an element of private, secret triumph of the most perverse kind. It is McQueen's triumph that the reader should care about a man who throws away his life, and the book deserves to be read widely.

— GORDON GRAHAM

•

A monstrous nine-metre crocodile chomps a swathe through the Northern Territory; after it run a dedicated zoologist, a mystical Aborigine who is the beast's hereditary guardian, government officials both benign and obstructive, and a collection of bloated Darwin rednecks after its blood. Lives are lost, and limb torn from limb; environmental conscience confronts hatred and greed; and at the end there are more dead bodies scattered around than in the final scene of Hamlet. This is *Numunwari,* (Aurora Press),

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a first novel by Grahame Webb which succeeds because of the author's intimate knowledge of his subject. Webb is a zoologist with a particular interest in crocodiles, and has spent a number of years in the Northern Territory researching these much misunderstood reptiles. Within the form of a good adventure yarn he makes a plea for greater concern for this fearsome reptile that has existed for 150 million years. Through a zoologist main character, Steve Harris, and through the Aborigine, Oondabund, he gives convincing reasons why the crocodile, or any other creature for that matter, should be respected for reasons much more complex than its apparent usefulness to the human race. Webb also, in the sections which involve Oondabund, shows in some depth the place that animals occupy in Aboriginal systems of belief. *Numunwari* is an embodiment of ancient knowledge and a link with countless generations of the past. He is almost God-like.

At times, Webb pushes the reptile's great feats just a little too far, such as when it leaps up and grabs a man on the deck of a trawler. Generally, though, he keeps the tension high, and the story has a real sting in the tail. — GORDON GRAHAM

•

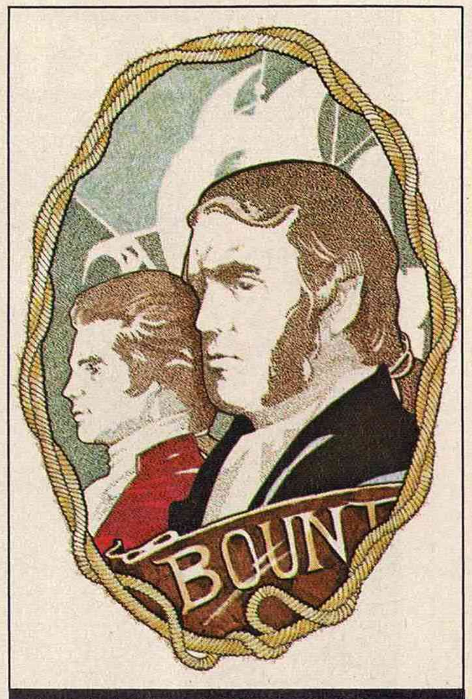
The Russians might have taken Andrei Sakharov into custody, but prison has not prevented the Nobel Laureate sending a dire warning to the West on behalf of all Soviet dissidents. In this testament, recently smuggled out of Russia, Sakharov said many influential people in the West had in fact been "bought" by Soviet organisations. Sakharov writes: "These include some political figures, businessmen, a great many writers and journalists, government advisers and heads of the press and of television." Furthermore, adds Sakharov, "Overall, they make up quite a group of influential people."

Sakharov's claims were corroborated in recent media interviews by the words of the chief foreign correspondent of *Newsweek* Arnaud de Borchgrave. He reported that Western journalists were continually being manipulated by Soviet intelligence and propaganda. De Borchgrave stated he had interviewed every major defector from Soviet Bloc intelligence agencies for the past 20 years and they'd all related a similar story: "Soviet disinformation has anaesthetised the Western media and the Western opinion-makers as to their real intentions."

Alarming words for us who treasure the "freedom of the press" and bureaucratic integrity, and de Borchgrave and his fellow author Robert Moss have taken the scenario several chilling degrees further in their first novel, *The Spike* (Weidenfeld and Nicolson). Their hero of the piece, Robert Hockney, is every journalist's paragon — he's liberal and zealous enough to make his own breaks which espouse the leftish cause, acutely embarrass the US Administration and win him the affection and physical charms of a beautiful actress crusader.

The deeper Hockney digs, however, the more convinced he becomes that he has been pillorying the wrong villains. Happily, the truth of his investigative reportage triumphs over the anarchic propaganda web. But, whereas Hockney wins through in de Borchgrave and Moss' fictionalised account, we are still left with the factual warnings and wondering just which side is now leading in the emerging ice age of hearts-and-minds propaganda. —GAVIN PLATTS

•



Captain Bligh and Mister Christian sets forth the premise that the mutiny on the *Bounty* was caused by the end of an affair.

"Rum, sodomy and the lash" were the ruling forces in the Royal Navy during times of war, according to Sir Winston Churchill. He should have included mutiny as well, claims Richard Hough, author of *Captain Bligh and Mister Christian* (Cassell). Hough, in this expanded version of a previous book, expounds a carnal theory which he claims caused the infamous mutiny on the *Bounty*.

As Hough explains it: "Somewhere between Tahiti and Tofua . . . the same ship's company which had survived the physical hell of the Horn cracked under the emotional strain of life on a tranquil, tropical ocean, heading for home."

And he blames a lover's quarrel between the captain and Mr Christian. Moral standards in the Royal Navy had never been lower than they were at the end of the 18th century. Long sexual abstinence led to restlessness, disaffection and "unnatural practices".

Obviously, the ship's commander, with his own cabin and the privilege of privacy, was in a special position to enjoy intimate relationships. Of all those on the *Bounty*, Bligh's friendship with Christian was the closest and most enduring. This was their third voyage together and it was, says Hough, "clear that Christian was singled out for special favors, both in the *Britannia* and later in the *Bounty*. With the key to Bligh's liquor store, when on watch he would often send down one of his men to fetch him a tot. He is reported as having supper with Bligh every other night."

Hough takes we readers back in time to April 1789, where we find Bligh angry at the state of the ship and the slackness of the officers and men. For more than five months, he has observed them enjoying themselves with native women. These women are superbly beautiful, and Bligh is the first to appreciate this. He is 34, corpulent, pale, not too fit, and angry.

The young man, Fletcher Christian, whom he has long indulged and instructed and lived closely with, has been sharing his bed with a particularly beautiful young woman, the daughter of a chief, in a state of delightful self-indulgence for a long time. He is now "slack, careless, handsome . . . If Bligh has been experiencing sexual jealousy, which is extremely likely, then his first target for vengeance will obviously be Christian," Hough said.

"Christian, perhaps experiencing a feeling of disgust, is now unwilling to renew this relationship with the older man who has insulted him in front of his lover and her relatives on Tahiti and has singled him out for special abuse the moment the *Bounty* is at sea again." Whatever happened there was no turning back for Christian when the final moments of the mutiny came, even though Bligh pleaded: "I'll give my bond never to think of it again if you'll desist."

Christian made no reply.

"I have a wife and four children back in England," Captain Bligh went on, "and you have danced these children on your knee."

"It is too late," replied the mutineering Fletcher. "I have been to hell."

It will be interesting to see how David Lean's film version interprets the relationship. — ALAN MOULT

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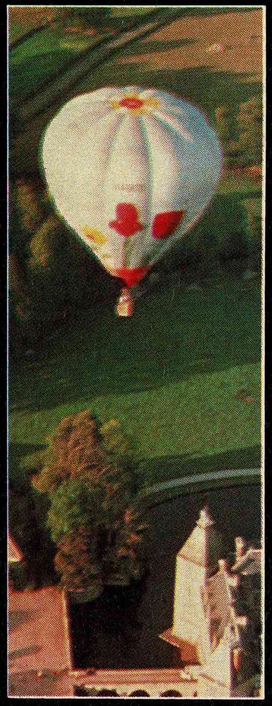
Pleasure Island (Pages 59-66): Swimming costumes by Brian Rochford.
On The Scene (Pages 175-179): Mr John, Pitt Street, Sydney and Collins Street, Melbourne: **Richards,** MLC Centre, Sydney, and Double Bay, NSW; **Plot,** from all leading department stores and men's boutiques; **Vic Cooper,** Royal Arcade, Sydney. **Pierre Cardin suits:** Ron Bennett Stores, Sydney; Tony Barlow Stores, Sydney, Adelaide and Perth; Just Men, Brisbane; Clothes Circuit, Melbourne. **Pierre Cardin shirts:** Wagstaffs, Maroubra, NSW; David Jones, Sydney; Jentz, Melbourne; He For Men and Southern Gentlemen, Surfers Paradise; Male Manor, Brisbane; Marchesi, Perth; Bonacelli, Adelaide. **Pierre Cardin silk knits:** Kenrays, Sydney; Jentz, Melbourne; John Conlan, Brisbane; Bonacelli, Adelaide; Tony Barlow, Perth. **Pierre Cardin shoes:** Grace Bros, Street, Sydney and Collins Street, Melbourne; McArthurs, Tom Brown, Nikki's, Brisbane; Tony Barlow, John Martin, Adelaide; Tony Barlow, Boans, Perth. **Thomas Cook:** Ron Bennett, NSW; Mr Figgins, P. B. Shoes, Opals, Melbourne; Harris Scarfe, Adelaide; Peter Shearer, Brisbane; Southern Gentlemen, Surfers Paradise; Carriage Men's Boutique, Perth. **Ocean Pacific:** Leading department stores and surf shops.
And The Living is Easy (Page 115); Blouse by Club 33, Imperial Arcade, Sydney.

NEXT MONTH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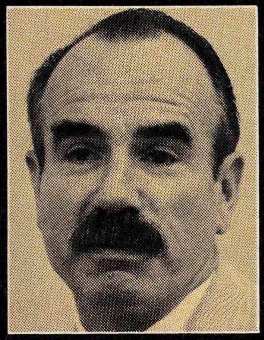
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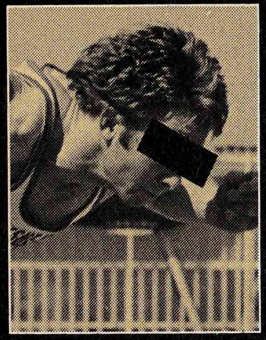
CHEATING

THE HIGH PRIESTESS REVISITED — JANE PRIEST, THE LUSCIOUS, LEGGY LADY WHO GRACED THE PAGES OF OUR MARCH ISSUE, HAS BEWITCHED PHOTOGRAPHER **COLIN STEAD** WITH HER MAGIC, AND HER SMOULDERING BEAUTY WILL BEDAZZLE YOU, TOO

THE PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: G. GORDON LIDDY — DUBBED BY THE U.S. PRESS AS "THE DARTH VADER OF THE NIXON ADMINISTRATION", WATERGATE MASTERMIND, SUPER-PATRIOT AND UNREPENTANT HATCHET MAN LIDDY TALKS FREELY ABOUT HIS DAYS IN THE NIXON REGIME AND IN PRISON

CHEAT LIKE CRAZY, BEND THE RULES — IT'S THE ERA OF THE PROFESSIONAL FOUL, GAMESMANSHIP AND THE WIN-AT-ALL-COSTS ATTITUDE. WE SEND STAFF WRITER **NEIL JAMESON** DOWN TO THE SPORT'S DEPARTMENT OF DIRTY TRICKS TO ANALYSE THE REFINED ART OF CHEATING

PHILEAS FOGG NEVER HAD IT SO GOOD — ONE OF AUSTRALIA'S MOST DISTINGUISHED JOURNALISTS, **DAVID McNICOLL,** WRITES OF THE TRIP OF A LIFETIME, SOARING ALOFT IN A BALLOON OVER THE VINEYARDS OF FRANCE. UP, UP AND AWAY . . .

BUSHFIRE! — SUDDENLY LAST SUMMER, **KIT DENTON** FOUND HIMSELF IN THE MIDDLE OF THE FLAMING HOLOCAUST ENVELOPING THE BLUE MOUNTAINS. IT COST HIM TWO DAYS AND NEARLY HIS LIFE AS HE FOUGHT THE BLAZING TERROR WHICH GREW IN POWER AS IT CONSUMED BUSHLAND, HOUSES, ANIMALS, EVERYTHING. FACING THE PROSPECT OF ANOTHER FLAMING CHRISTMAS, DENTON RELIVES THE NIGHTMARE

PLAYBOY'S 1980 CHRISTMAS GIFT-GIVING GUIDE — TO FIND WHAT YOU REALLY WANT UNDER THE TREE THIS YEAR, TRY LEAVING PLAYBOY OPEN TO THESE PAGES WHEN SHE'S OVER FOR DRINKS . . . AND YOU KNOW UNCLE CHARLIE? THE ONE WITH THE MONEY AND NO HEIR? THERE'S THE PERFECT PRESENT IN THE GUIDE FOR YOU TO GIVE HIM

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AC590 – Stereo Cassette Player. Features auto switching from tape to radio. Auto reverse. Chrome/metal tape selection. Bass/treble boost (DSS). Output 2 x 20 watts (Max.)

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"George", she gurgled.

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